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# CONTENTS of VOL. CCXCV.

	PAGE
About Cuckoos. Mrs. Vickery's Record Aged Cuckoo. By ALEX-ANDER H. JAPP, LL.D. . . . .	374
Ah Sin, The Passing of. By WILLIAM KELLY . . . . .	417
Among Warwickshire Pea-Pickers. By HERBERT W. TOMPKINS . . . . .	602
Amwell in Hertfordshire. By HERBERT W. TOMPKINS . . . . .	276
Anne Askewe, A New Light on. By PHILIP SIDNEY . . . . .	282
Austen's, Jane, Novels. By PERCY FITZGERALD, M.A. . . . .	399
Bacon and Comenius, Schoolmaster Followers of. By Professor FOSTER WATSON, M.A. . . . .	428
Battersea, The St. Johns of. By J. F. MORRIS FAWCETT . . . . .	54
Berwick, The Duke of. By ALISON BUCKLER . . . . .	244
Bret Harte : First and Last Tales of the Argonauts. By Madame M. S. VAN DE VELDE . . . . .	535
British Forestry. By GEORGE CADELL . . . . .	16
Camel and Elephant Lore. By BARBARA CLAY FINCH . . . . .	9
Centenary, The, of the Immortal Scottish Itinerary. By G. W. MURDOCH . . . . .	289
Chapter, A, on Names. By Rev. L. D. DOWDALL, B.D. . . . .	545
"Cob-Walling," The Decadence of the Art of. By I. GIBERNE SIEVEKING . . . . .	221
Coffee and Coffee-houses. By EMILY HILL . . . . .	47
Combe, William. By CHARLES WILKINS . . . . .	162
Concerning Southern French Character. By A. R. WHITEWAY . . . . .	92
Cowley, Abraham. By JOHN T. CURRY . . . . .	578
Crabbe. By J. LAWSON . . . . .	23
Cuckoos, About. Mrs. Vickery's Record Aged Cuckoo. By ALEX-ANDER H. JAPP, LL.D. . . . .	374
Decadence, The, of the Art of "Cob-Walling." By I. GIBERNE SIEVEKING . . . . .	221
Dr. Pope : a Sketch. By J. W. SHERER, C.S.I. . . . .	1
Duke, The, of Berwick. By ALISON BUCKLER . . . . .	244
Eccentric Leader, An, of Society. By C. J. HAMILTON . . . . .	480
Elephant and Camel Lore. By BARBARA CLAY FINCH . . . . .	9
Elizabethan Playhouse, An. By MAUDE PROWER . . . . .	300
Elizabethan Tourist, An. By SYDNEY HASTINGS . . . . .	190
England, The, of the Paston Letters. By CHARLES MENMUIR, M.A. . . . .	327
Failings and Fallacies in Foods and Fluids. By Dr. YORKE-DAVIES . . . . .	64
Fiction, History in. By PHILIP SIDNEY . . . . .	571
Fiesole. By MARGERY G. J. KINLOCH . . . . .	31
First and Last Tales of the Argonauts : Bret Harte. By Madame M. S. VAN DE VELDE . . . . .	535
Forestry, British. By GEORGE CADELL . . . . .	16
Forgeries, Literary, in England. By GORDON GOODWIN . . . . .	491
Gossip, Some, Consequent on Signs. By ETTA COURTNEY . . . . .	267
Gout the Nemesis. By Dr. YORKE-DAVIES . . . . .	384
"Green Park, A Piece of Land on the East Side of." By W. M. J. WILLIAMS . . . . .	175
Heine in London. By JAYE GARRY . . . . .	231
Hertfordshire, Amwell in. By H. W. TOMPKINS . . . . .	276
History in Fiction. By PHILIP SIDNEY . . . . .	571
In Memoriam : To a Red Dog. By E. M. RUTHERFORD . . . . .	90
In Search of a Pedigree. By E. G. WHEELWRIGHT . . . . .	521
Jamaica Wit and Wisdom. By Lieut.-Col. A. R. LOSCOMBE . . . . .	564
Jane Austen's Novels. By PERCY FITZGERALD, M.A. . . . .	399
Literary Forgeries in England. By GORDON GOODWIN . . . . .	491

	PAGE
Literary Highway, A. By WALTER DEXTER . . . . .	365
London, Heine in. By JAYE GARRY . . . . .	231
Marchioness, The Tragedy of a. By A. CLAY ROBERTSON . . . . .	105
Names, A Chapter on. By Rev. L. D. DOWDALL, B.D. . . . .	545
New Light, A, on Anne Askewe. By PHILIP SIDNEY . . . . .	282
On Sleep. By T. R. PEARSON, M.D. . . . .	179
Passing, The, of Ah Sin. By WILLIAM KELLY . . . . .	417
Paston Letters, The England of the. By CHARLES MENMUIR, M.A. . . . .	327
Past, Realistic Peeps into the. By ALLAN FEA. . . . .	117
Peakland Jottings. By JOHN HYDE . . . . .	151
Pea-Pickers, Warwickshire, Among. By HERBERT W. TOMPKINS . . . . .	602
Pedigree, In Search of a. By E. G. WHEELWRIGHT . . . . .	521
"Piece, A, of Land on the East Side of Green Park." By W. M. J. WILLIAMS . . . . .	175
Planet, The, of Romance. By ED. VINCENT HEWARD . . . . .	358
Playhouse, An Elizabethan. By MAUDE PROWER. . . . .	300
Real François Villon, The. By H. SHEFFIELD CLAPHAM . . . . .	609
Realistic Peeps into the Past. By ALLAN FEA . . . . .	117
St. Johns, The, of Battersea. By J. F. MORRIS FAWCETT . . . . .	54
Schoolmaster Followers of Bacon and Comenius. By Professor FOSTER WATSON, M.A. . . . .	428
Scottish Itinerary, The Centenary of the Immortal. By G. W. MURDOCH . . . . .	289
Sheep-finding after a Snowstorm. By W. T. PALMER . . . . .	444
Sleep, On. By T. R. PEARSON, M.D. . . . .	179
Society, An Eccentric Leader of. By C. J. HAMILTON . . . . .	480
Some Gossip Consequent on Signs. By ETTA COURTNEY . . . . .	267
Southern French Character. By A. R. WHITEWAY . . . . .	92
Swinburne's, Mr., Early Dramas and Poems. By RAMSAY COLLES, M.A., LL.D. . . . .	128
Table Talk. By SYLVANUS URBAN :—	
Abuse of Initials in the Press—Abuse of Initials in Books—	
The Egret—The Bull-fight in England . . . . .	102
Recent Social Development—Social Influence of "Bridge"—	
Decay of Gleaning . . . . .	206
The Doones of Exmoor—Were there ever any Doones?—	
Charles Reade as Dramatist and Novelist—Reade's Auto-	
biographical Revelations—"Readiana"—Reade's Domest-	
tic Surroundings . . . . .	309
Reviving Appreciation of Milton—Strange Theory concerning	
"L' Allegro" and "Il Penseroso"—The Scenery of	
"L' Allegro"—Cheap Process of Newspaper Production . . . . .	414
Browning and Shakespeare—Shakespeare's Attitude towards	
the Working Classes—Shakespeare Aristocratic in Con-	
viction—Court Influence on the Dramatist—A Criticism	
on Sylvanus Urban . . . . .	517
The Origins of Bibliography—The First Book Catalogues—	
Earliest English Book Catalogue—The Second-hand Book	
Catalogue . . . . .	618
Those Shadowy Recollections. By PAULINE W. ROOSE . . . . .	451
Tin Mug, A. By J. LAWSON . . . . .	209
Tourist, An Elizabethan. By SYDNEY HASTINGS . . . . .	190
Tragedy, The, of a Marchioness. By A. CLAY ROBERTSON . . . . .	105
Two Delineators of Wessex. By M. M. TURNBULL . . . . .	469
Villon, François, The Real. By H. SHEFFIELD CLAPHAM . . . . .	609
Wessex, Two Delineators of. By M. M. TURNBULL . . . . .	469
William Combe. By CHARLES WILKINS . . . . .	162
Winged Victory, The. By BERNARD HOME . . . . .	313



THE  
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JULY 1903.

*DR. POPE: A SKETCH.*

By J. W. SHERER, C.S.I.

THE small station of M., in North-west India, was near the western frontier, and was usually occupied by cavalry and a troop of Horse Artillery. But in a certain winter, some years back, under the arrangements of the Relief, the soldiers all left in October, and their successors were not to arrive till the next February. During the interval, all the civil officers were out in tents except one functionary, officially styled the Joint Magistrate, to whom the contraction generally in use—the Joint—shall for convenience be here given. The station, when deserted by its garrison, seemed dull enough. No bright young fellows driving and riding about, eager in the pursuit of amusement; no matured warriors, inclining, some of them, to *embonpoint*, and not sorry, where it was feasible, to exchange the saddle for the buggy; no bugles, no kettledrums, no band at the mess-house; all was emptiness and silence.

The Joint, being the only European in the place, was in charge of the regimental bazaar and the post-office, and was expected to visit the dispensary, unprofessionally, besides his own duties. Christmas, when it came round, promised to be very quiet. Marigolds were hung on strings at the Joint's outside gate and over the front door; and the gravel approach had an extra sprinkling from the water-carrier. And all the forenoon, native visitors made their appearance, to offer vegetables, Cabul grapes, &c., including the entire band of dancing girls, accompanied by their professional mothers, and possessed of manners which were, at any rate, much better than their lives. Congratulations were freely expressed on the anniversary

of the Great Day, as Christmas is called, interspersed with favourable opinions on the British rule.

As the Joint had found his evenings rather desolate, he had stationed a man at the travellers' bungalow to give information of the arrival of any stranger, so that if he was willing he might dine with the involuntary Robinson Crusoe of the station, and cheer his solitude. And on that Christmas Day, about 3 P.M., the man on watch came to say that Dr. Bote Sahib had arrived, and would sleep at the bungalow. So presently the Joint walked down to the place and sent in his compliments, and would the new arrival grant an interview? The doctor's real name turned out to be Pope,—adapted to their own pronunciation, with the Grecian audacity of Indian servants,—and he was a man of middle size, apparently between forty and fifty, stout, but not unwieldy, and well-featured, though the eyes were too near together and had a furtive look. He seemed healthy, but he had no colour, his cheeks being quite pale, though marked in places with tan and freckles. He grew a beard, but it was closely trimmed, and on spots, presumably threatened with grey hairs, the native dye had been used which turns purple. Very odd clothes were his; too big to begin with, and constructed without regard to recognised shapes. He had a red turban on his head. When the Joint asked him to dinner and to take a bed at his house, the doctor at first excused himself on the score of having lived for many years out of the world, and being unaccustomed to the modern usages of English society. When, however, he learnt that the Joint was entirely alone, he at last consented, only making the proviso that all defects in etiquette should be overlooked. And so, about seven, to the Joint sitting in his parlour, advanced the stranger, who had now put on over his roomy tweed waistcoat and trousers a swallow-tailed dress-coat, high in the collar and very tight for him under the arms. It was gathered that he was a physician to a Nawâb whose principality lay to the west of Delhi. He had never been to England since he first came out; but he was of pure blood, and hailed from Bristol. The Joint and he sat down together to dinner, but just before the second course the guest rose and asked if he might be excused for a few minutes. And when he had left, a pensive trumpet-note was heard, indicative of a blowing of the nose. "I ought to apologise for leaving you," said he, on returning, "but it is better to be frank and to speak truth, I was afraid of my handkerchief. You see it is a very large blue one with white spots, and I thought it might give offence. I do not suppose such have been used since George the



Fourth's reign." The Joint tried to assure the too diffident doctor that age gave an historical value to an equipment of the kind, and that he felt interested rather than repelled.

But the subject evaporated at the appearance of a plum-pudding, wrapped in the blue flames of brandy. The doctor was delighted. "It is like old days in the Broadway. Ah, dear me! I can hardly believe my eyes."

Later on a small wood fire was lighted, as there was a grate and the air was chilly, and the two drew their chairs nearer the slender blaze.

The Joint thought it would be rather amusing to hear this quaint visitor on his own professional ideas, and so turned the talk on medicine.

"I suppose," said he, "the latest magazines and treatises written by members of your calling scarcely reach your place, doctor?"

"O Lord, no!" he replied, "and I should not read them if they did. They are no good amongst the Moors." (Dr. Pope said "Moors" for Indians, and "Morse" for their language, after a strange practice even then long exploded, but lingering in a few remote Eurasian families.) "A native wants a lot of drugs for his money, and they must be active, or he suspects he is being defrauded. Quantity is easy to manage: coloured water for draughts and flour for pills, but what remedies I use have to make themselves manifest."

"What! senna and rhubarb and so on?"

"Bless you, no. My patients would laugh at such genteel doses. Croton oil, calomel, and strychnine are amongst my favourites."

"But they are rather dangerous, are they not?"

"Well," the stranger replied, "I have to be careful. Some have died, but I have received no complaints. Sick people *do* die at times, whatever treatment is employed. There are some Morse lines, I believe, on that point, and the whitey-browns jingle them into English doggerel:—

"The thing that is to be must surely come to pass,—  
In the presence of death, the physician is an ass."

The doctor laughed when he repeated the distich, but he did not seem to care for the topic, and was otherwise rather under restraint, so the Joint asked him if he was fond of music.

"I am fond, but not skilful," was the answer.

It came out, however, that the physician, like a predecessor, Dr. Goldsmith, played on the flute, and the Joint insisted on an air. But his guest was too nervous and diffident of his powers to perform. At last it was agreed that the flute should be played in the bedroom

where the auditor would not embarrass the flautist by looking at him. The scene was of course droll : the Joint seated by the fire, and the "Last Rose of Summer" performed for his delectation in a distant bedroom. It might have served for a sketch of how Britons enjoy Christmas beyond seas.

Afterwards the Joint, who trifled with the guitar, offered a few songs of a romantic character. The doctor was a modest drinker, but his ultimate glass of grog relieved his shyness in a measure, and he launched into a new topic of his own accord.

"I hope the postmaster here is honest, and does not play tricks."

The Joint bowed, and laughingly said : "You behold the Postmaster before you."

The doctor begged pardon. "I was thinking," he said, "of the baboos ; they are sometimes too curious."

"You are expecting a letter?"

"Yes," was the answer, accompanied by a sly look, "a very important one."

The stranger was silent for a few minutes, but he was evidently bent on confession, and, as encouragement was given to his disclosures, he continued :

"I see you are a good fellow, and I can confide in you my secrets. But as they are about the ladies, you must not pass on."

Profound reserve was guaranteed.

"Well," said he, "I must tell you that my Nawâb last rains had a veterinary surgeon over from Delhi, to see a favourite horse that was ill. This gentleman stayed at my house, and told certain strange adventures. He was coming out to India, but travelled by Constantinople to visit a brother who kept an hotel there ; and, after a short stay, passed on, and so reached Alexandria a few days before the steamer arrived from London. And one Mr. Doggett, who was a shipping agent there, and had been for many years at sea as a purser, asked him to stay at his house. This Doggett was a widower, and a very curious gentleman indeed. I think his wife must have died from not having her way, for Doggett—he must be lord of all ! He had three daughters, and named them in a strange manner : the eldest Olive, that is, O for one ; then Terentia, T for two ; and last Theresa, Th for three. And Doggett said they must marry in this succession. But Miss Theresa, when she was seventeen, being of a flighty disposition, ran away to Cairo, and was married there to the first officer of a P. and O. boat. But now for my vet. Of course, staying in the house, he must fall in love with Miss

Terentia. And she, I should inform you, is very pretty. And a year after he had returned to Indian duty, he wrote to the old purser, describing his position, his bungalow and furniture, and saying that if Miss Terentia remembered him favourably he should be very happy to marry her, and would come to meet her at Bombay, if she could be sent there. An answer came in due course, intimating that Doggett was pleased the vet. wished to be allied to his family, and that a daughter was quite ready to start for Bombay, but not Terentia, as it was not her turn, nor would be, till Olive was married. The vet. was much upset by this answer; the affair fell through, and the intending bridegroom tried to live on, as well as he could, in a desolate bachelorhood. The attempt failed; after six months' agony he could stand it no longer, and wrote off to the purser: 'Send Olive.' And so Olive came, and married the vet.; and, if he can be trusted, it has turned out a fortunate match. I did not say anything to the vet. about myself. But it occurred to me—don't you laugh—why should not Sam Pope have a try for Terentia? And I set about it. I got a letter from my Nawâb that I was a high-born, very intelligent and kindly man, and it described my salary as ample; and then I made the Nawâb's artist paint a miniature of me,—not exactly as I am now; the same man indeed, but younger and more beautiful, and with rich colour and a smile. And now I am awaiting his answer. I have told my people to send any letters on to me here, and that is why I pass the night at M. But there is one little thing I must add."

"Yes, please tell me all."

"Well, I am engaged in another quarter."

"That is awkward."

"Rather. But if to-morrow's letter is favourable I have a plan to get out of the trouble."

"Go on, pray."

"My loved one lives at Bhurtpore. She is Portuguese, and her father, Gomez, has a post under the Raja. But this father is very tedious. (The Doctor used this word more than once, and perhaps meant tiresome.) He consented to the betrothal; but when I urge marriage, Gomez cries: 'I cannot part with her,' 'You are heretic,' 'The priest says "No,"' and plenty of nonsense like this. But Rosina, who is quite young, says, 'Wait, all will come right.' Now, if to-morrow Doggett writes, 'Terentia is starting,' I am on my way to Bhurtpore, you know, and I shall make a rumpus. 'You are too tedious, Gomez; all is ruined. My health is broken; I have quarrelled with the Nawâb. If I am turned away I shall drink in

the bazaar. It is too late. Consider my marriage broken off.' And I shall bolt."

The Joint could only preach jokingly, but he put his hand on Don Juan's arm, and said, "Remember the old saying : Honesty is the best policy." The doctor looked round quite innocently, and replied :

"Ah, well, in the old country perhaps ; but not, I should say, out here."

The next morning the important letter arrived, and the doctor thought it quite satisfactory. There were a few stipulations, but not embarrassing ones. Amongst them, a certificate was required from a minister of religion or person of position that the suitor was of good moral character. Stipulations guaranteed, Terentia should start for Bombay.

"The certificate is nothing," cried the doctor. "I know a young Moor who is from your Delhi College,—writes English well, and has done his moral philosophy and I do not know what ; he is in the Nawâb's service now, and can draw up all that is necessary."

So the doctor went his way after breakfast, and he only occasionally returned to the Joint's recollection at odd times, till the following April.

It was getting warm then, and about ten o'clock each day in the forenoon the hot wind blew steadily, if not with great force, till 4 P.M. The Joint had taken his turn with the tents for a month, and was encamped in a mango grove close to the high road, some twenty miles north of M. The peasants were collecting for what may be termed the hedge court held each morning, and the Joint was arranging to close his large tent on the west side against the increasing breeze, when he heard the low chant of palanquin bearers, and, coming out, observed a traveller being wafted along, with the usual train of spare men and the carriers of the tin boxes in wooden frames used for luggage. The occupant of the vehicle looking out, a recognised face was caught sight of. A messenger stopped the vehicle, and Dr. Pope was asked to alight and interview his acquaintance.

"How are you, doctor?—married, I hope, and happy. But where is Madame?"

"There have been mishaps," responded the traveller,—not, it was observed, in an absolutely miserable voice. "I am on my way home from Bombay and Bhurtpore. Do you remember my love affairs?"

"Perfectly. I am very curious to hear your adventures."

"When I left you after Christmas Day I broke off my match at



Bhurtpore, as I proposed to do ; went to Agra to arrange for my journey, and proceeded in due course to Bombay. I was too early for the steamer, and so planned to visit Poona, and I was at that place for a day or so, and then went back to meet the vessel. It was a fast one, and came in a day before it was expected. When I got there, Terentia was not to be seen. And on inquiries, I found she had gone off to Ceylon, if you please, with a fellow-passenger ; and in due time I learnt they were married at Colombo. Check-mate for poor Samuel ! Never mind, I was not going to mope for this unworthy woman. I stayed the races at Byculla and went to the theatre, and knocked about for a week or two, just to show that though I had been badly treated I could survive. And so back to Bhurtpore, to see whether matters could be put on their former footing by a little explanation. I was meaning to be foxy, to have recovered my health, to have had my salary increased, and to have felt a leaning towards Rome. But when I reached my sweetheart's door that villain Gomez comes out and shouts, 'Go away, false one. Mrs. Pinto does not wish to see you, or ever to hear of you again.'

" 'And pray,' said I, 'who may Mrs. Pinto be ?'

" 'Mrs. Pinto is Rosina, and Pinto is bandmaster to the Raja, on thirty-five rupees a month, with rooms and grains and sweet-meats ; and, I tell you, Pinto is ready with fisticuffs if you wish for that.'

" However, the Raja let me stay a week at the travellers' bungalow, and I went out every day to insult Gomez, and to frighten them all. As for Pinto, I found him in the bazaar one morning, and shook my fist at him ; and he ran away, covering his face and pretending to be some one else. A nice boy for a hero, Pinto !"

Wishing to sympathise with the ill-starred physician, the Joint remarked, "You should go home, Dr. Pope, and choose a nice sensible woman from amongst your Bristol people."

"No, no," he said, "I cannot leave my Nawâb ; if I was to go, some rival would prevent my return."

"Well then, you must settle down into a contented bachelor."

"No need," cried he. "I can fall back on Beebee Phoebe. We understand each other. I told her long ago I might end with her."

"Who on earth is Beebee Phœbe ? Your resources seem boundless !"

"She is a widow in our city—properly Mistress Hammerdinger. Her husband was secretary to the Nawâb, but she being a native Christian, the blacks call her Beebee Phœbe."

"And is she young?"

"She has been."

"But not equal in beauty to the fair Terentia?"

"She has a bungalow which is her own property, and a little carriage with a nice pair of Burmah ponies."

"And she will make you a fond wife?"

"Those Burmah ponies are very strong; they draw the vehicle like a toy."

"You said a native Christian; well, there is nothing in our faith against colour."

But, as if not understanding, the medico went on about the ponies: "Their colour is a kind of mouse colour, with black manes and tails—stiff manes, like blacking brushes."

Nothing more, it was plain, could be got out of the old delinquent, and, as he had refused refreshment, the queer creature's wish to depart was not opposed.

The doctor got into his palanquin; he was anxious to reach a good staging bungalow some way on.

But the Joint's conscience gave him a little pang; he had listened to a good deal he could not approve. So, as the doctor was waving his farewell from the litter, his host called out, "Remember what I said about honesty."

The answer returned was, "Best policy, and so on? Yes, yes, I will think over the matter."

And in a short time a streak of dust on the horizon was all that remained of Dr. Pope and his travelling party. A curious instance of what an Englishman may become who leaves his own people and elects to live under the conditions of a native Court.

But, it has been said before, all this was some years back. We know what improvements have taken place in native Courts, and, of course, the European hangers-on are of a different class from that of Dr. Pope.



## ELEPHANT AND CAMEL LORE.

Two-tails is camp slang for the elephant.—*Jungle Book*.

"MY Lord the Elephant" is emphatically not a personage to be overlooked. Even when he does not go must, and the British public, in one of its rather reasonless accesses of sentimentality, weeps over the woes of a banished Jumbo, he is always a factor to be dealt with, both in reality and literature, though he came on the scene in Western Europe so late that he has little place in hagiology. Saints lived with lions, familiarly associated with wolves, made hackneys of bears, and were on friendly terms with stags and wild boars; but the "huge earth-shaking beast" is unrepresented in the miscellaneous menagerie of their four-footed companions. Perhaps if he had been known earlier we should have selected him rather than the pig as the embodiment of that peculiarly exasperating form of obstinacy we characterise as "pig-headedness," for the idea was general that he was—very literally—not easily put down, having no joints in his legs. "This beast," says Gwillim in his "Display of Heraldry," 1611, "is so proud of his strength that he never bowes himselfe to any (neither indeed can he); and when hee is downe (as it is usual with proud great ones), he cannot rise up againe." Another old English writer speaks of "the olefawnte, that boweth not the knees." In a play of 1633 an obstinate woman—let us, like Oom Paul, amend our phrase, and say we mean a resolute lady—is ungallantly described as "stubborn as an elephant's leg—no bending in her;" and Shakespeare adds his dictum, that "the elephant hath joints, but not for courtesy—his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure." Sir Thomas Browne, who kindly pointed out their "Vulgar Errors" to his fellow-men, asserted that the personage in question *had* joints, but after thus enlightening his friends promptly fell into the slough of mistake himself by dogmatically asserting that both elephants and apes could be taught to speak. The jointless theory had at least the merit of being venerable, for Philippe de Thaun, in his "*Livre des Créatures*," dedicated to la belle Alix, the second wife of our Henry I., *circa* 1121, thus speaks in his curious Norman French of

the beast whom Kipling's captain happily designates a "pachydermatous anachronism":

Et Isidres nus dit, ki le elefant descrit,  
 Es jambes par nature nen ad que une jointure,  
 Il ne pot pas gesir quant il se volt dormir,  
 Ke si cuchet estait par sei nen leverait ;  
 Pur çeo li stot apuier, el lui del cucher,  
 U à arbre u à mur, idunc dort aseur.  
 E le gent de la terre, ki li volent conquere,  
 Li mur enfunderunt, u le arbre enciserunt ;  
 Quant li elefant vendrat, ki s'i apuierat,  
 La arbre u le mur carrat, e il tribucherat ;  
 Issi faiterement le paruent cele gent.

At the opening of Parliament in 1426, Cardinal Beaufort, as a substitute for a speech from the throne, preached a sermon before the baby king on the text, "Glory, honour, and peace to every man that worketh good," inculcating submission to even imperfect rulers and proceeding to describe an ideal councillor—by whom it was surmised he indicated himself—as being like an elephant for three reasons—"the first, that he wanted a gall; the second, that he was inflexible and could not bow; and the third, that he was of a most sound and perfect memory."

"The huge elephant, wisest of brutes," held, as may be imagined, a very high place in Indian estimation. Ganasea, the Hindoo god of wisdom, wears his head. His stately walk was the invariable Eastern simile for grace and dignity; the storm-clouds—the steeds of the rain-god—were likened to him, as in Keats's lines:

Up-piled  
 The cloudy rack slow-journeying in the west  
 Like herded elephants;

and, as the symbol of strength, was an honorary title of rulers. Hindoo mythology declares the earth to be supported by eight elephants, and the "Ramayana," one of the learned books of the Brahmins, describes the interviewing of them by a party who penetrated to the interior of the earth. The first four are thus noticed: "They descended to Patala, and there renewed their digging. There, O chief of men, they saw the elephant of that quarter of the globe, in size resembling a mountain, with distorted eyes, supporting with his head this earth, with its mountains and forests, covered with various countries, and adorned with numerous cities. When, for the sake of rest, O Kakootstha! the great elephant,

through distress, refreshes himself by moving his head, an earthquake is produced. Having respectfully circumambulated this mighty elephant, guardian of the quarter, they, O Rama ! fearing him, penetrated into Patala. After they had thus penetrated the east quarter, they opened their way to the south. Here they saw that great elephant Muhapudince, equal to a huge mountain, sustaining the earth with his head. Beholding him, they were filled with surprise ; and after the usual circumambulation, the sixty thousand sons of the great Sugura perforated the west quarter. In this these mighty ones saw the elephant Soumanca, of equal size. Having respectfully saluted him, and inquired respecting his health, these valiant men, digging, arrived at the north. In this quarter, O chief of Ruzhoo ! they saw the snow-white elephant, Bancha, supporting this earth with his beautiful body." Phil Robinson tells us that "the white elephant—curiously enough, a 'demoniacal' form of the animal in Vedic myth—meets with only humorous reference as a monstrous monstrosity, though the immense dignities of this beast from time immemorial should perhaps have invested it with a somewhat mysterious dignity. Morris, however, has 'huge elephants, snow-white, with gilded tusks.' 'The elephant,' or 'the lord of elephants,' is a distinction proudly assumed by many rajahs ; but 'the white elephant,' or 'the lord of the white elephant,' only by the premier prince of Hindostan or a sovereign. Then, too, that white elephant of Vedic myth who malignantly hunts the hermits up and down the hills of India, allowing them no leisure for meditation on their travels, who is the mortal enemy of Jatyas, the bird-god, the adversary in eternal conflict of the tortoise, and afterwards of Garuda, the eagle-deity, but whose ultimate ruin, as already foretold in legend, will be wrought by a sparrow—what a delightful personage he is !"

The elephant was supposed to be a very religious animal, a belief shared by the Romans and alluded to by Pliny. "We find in him qualities which are rare enough amongst men—honesty, prudence, equity ; religion also, in his worship of the sun and moon. Authors say that in the forest of Mauritania the elephants, at the sight of the new moon, descend in troops to a certain river named Anelo, where they solemnly wash themselves, and, after having rendered their homage to the star, return to the woods, supporting the young ones that are fatigued." When Abraha, a prince of Yemen, brought an army to Mecca to destroy the famous Kaaba, or oratory, which Abraham had built there, the elephant he rode behaved with commendable discretion. "For when," we are told, "Abraha drew near to Mecca, and would have entered it, his elephant, which was a very

large one, and named Mahmud, refused to advance any nigher to the town, but knelt down whenever they attempted to force him that way, though he would rise and march briskly enough if they turned him towards any other quarter; and while matters were in this posture, on a sudden a large flock of birds, like swallows, came flying from the sea-coast, every one of which carried three stones, one in each foot and one in its bill; and these stones they threw down upon the heads of Abraha's men, certainly killing every one they struck." A curious account is given in the "*Liber Festivalis*," printed by Caxton in 1483, of elephants being frightened at—of all creatures in the world—pigs! "Then on a tyme there were many grete clerkes and rad of Kyng Alysaunder how on a tyme as he sholde have a batayle with ye kynge of Inde. And this kynge of Inde brought with hym many olyphauntis berynge castelles of tree on theyr backes, as the kynde of them is to haue armed knyghtes in the castell for the batayle, then he knewe Alysaunder the kynge of the olyphautes that they dred no thyng more than the jarrynge of swyne; wherefore he made to gader to gyder all ye swyne that mighte be goten, and caused them to be dryuen as by the olyphautes as they myghte well here the jarrynge of the swyne, and thenne they made a pygge to crye, and whan the swyne herd the pygges a none they made a great jarrynge, and as soon as the olyphautes herde that, they began to flee eche one, and keste downe the castelles and slewe the knyghtes that were in them, and by this meane Alysaunder had ye vycory."

Readers of the Apocrypha will remember the self-devotion of Eleazar Maccabeus when Antiochus brought his "two and thirty elephants exercised in battle" to war against his forces.

"And to the end they might provoke the elephants to fight they showed them the blood of grapes and mulberries. Moreover, they divided the beasts among the armies, and for every elephant they appointed a thousand men, armed with coats of mail and with helmets of brass on their heads; and besides this, for every beast were ordained five hundred horsemen of the best. These were ready at every occasion; wheresoever the beast was, and whithersoever that beast went, they went also, neither departed they from him. And upon the beasts there were strong towers of wood, which covered every one of them, and were girt fast unto them with devices; there were also upon every one two and thirty strong men that fought upon them, besides the Indian that ruled him. As for the remnant of the horsemen, they set them on this side and that side, at the two parts of the host, giving



them signs what to do, and being harnessed all over amidst the ranks. Now when the sun shone upon the shields of gold and brass, the mountains glittered therewith and shined like lamps of fire. So part of the king's army being spread on the high mountains, and part on the valleys below, they marched on safely and in order. Wherefore all that heard the noise of their multitude, and the marching of the company, and the rattling of the harness, were moved, for the army was very great and mighty. Then Judas and his host drew near, and entered into battle, and there were slain of the king's army six hundred men. Eleazar also, surnamed Savaran, perceiving that one of the beasts, armed with royal harness, was higher than all the rest, and supposing that the king was upon him, put himself in jeopardy, to the end he might deliver his people and get him a perpetual name; wherefore he ran upon him courageously, through the midst of the battle, slaying on the right hand and on the left, so that they were divided from him on both sides. Which done, he crept under the elephant, and thrust him under and slew him; whereupon the elephant fell down upon him, and there he died." In the Third Book of the Maccabees, which is not printed in our English version, but is to be found in the Greek Septuagint, we are told that during the persecution of the Jews at Alexandria by Ptolemy Philopater, B.C. 210, the king, preparatory to causing them to be trampled to death by elephants in the hippodrome, ordered Hermo, their keeper, to dose them the day before with frankincense and undiluted wine; and the order was obeyed, and the potion repeated till the elephants were excited to madness; but instead of trampling on the Jews, they spent their fury on the armed troops and guards, of whom they destroyed numbers.

Spenser draws an unexceptionable moral at the elephant's expense :

Soone after this I saw an elephant,  
Adorned with bells and bosses gorgeously,  
That on his backe did beare (as batteilant)  
A gilden towre, which shone exceedingly;  
That he himselve through foolish vanitie,  
Both for his rich attire and goodly forme,  
Was puffed up with passing surquedrie,  
And shortly gan all other beasts to scorne,  
Till that a little ant, a silly worme,  
Into his nostrills creeping, so him pained,  
That, casting down his towres, he did deforme  
Both borrowed pride and native beautie stained.  
Let therefore nought that great is therein glorie,  
Sith so small thing his happiness may varie.

His brother-poet, who apostrophises the creature as

O truly wise, with gentle might endowed,  
Though powerful, not destructive,

apparently never had the pleasure of meeting, as did Kipling's hero,

A commissariat elephant who had suddenly gone must.

Such a *rencontre* one would rather honour in the breach than in the observance ; but who would not be willing to accompany little Toomai in that wondrous excursion to see the Elephants' Dance ? And surely the Hindoo feeling that the animals stand on a different level from other quadrupeds has some foundation, when we remember how the great African hunter tells us that, instead of turning on a wounded comrade, with the ordinary instinct of wild creatures, they have been seen to support and help a disabled mate with almost human tenderness and care.

We haven't a camelty tune of our own  
To help us trollop along,  
But every neck is a hair-trombone  
(Rtt-ta-ta-ta ! is a hair-trombone!)  
And this is our marching song :—  
Can't ! Don't ! Sha'n't ! Won't !  
Pass it along the line !  
Somebody's pack has slid from his back,  
Wtsh it were only mine !  
Somebody's load has tipped off in the road—  
Cheer for a halt and a row !  
Wrrr ! Yarrh ! Grr ! Arrh !  
Somebody's catching it now !

It is much to be feared that Tommy Atkins has hardly as high an appreciation as could be wished of the "merkub elbur"—the ship of the desert—of whom the Koran says, "They carry you in the earth as the ships bear you in the sea."

Wot makes the rear-guard swear so 'ard when night is drorin in,  
An' every native follower is shiverin' for 'is skin ?  
It ain't the chanst of being rushed by Paythans from the 'ills,  
It's the commissariat camel puttin' on 'is boomin' frills !  
O the oont ! O the oont ! O the hairy scery oont !  
A-trippin' over tent-ropes when we've got the night alarm !  
We socks 'im with a stretcher-pole an' 'eads 'im off in front,  
An' when we've saved 'is bloomin' life 'e chaws our bloomin' arm.  
"The 'orse 'e knows above a bit, the bullock's but a fool,  
The elephant's a gentleman, the battery-mule's a mule ;  
But the commissariat cam-u-el, when all is said and done,  
E's a devil, an' a ostrich, an' a orphan child in one !"



And yet his history and his old-world associations are above reproach. Over and over again, both among Jews and Moslems, he plays an important part. He formed a very important item in Eastern wealth ; and Mahomet's camels are well known among the faithful. "Al Adha," the slit-eared, the swiftest of them all, performed the whole journey from Jerusalem to Mecca in four bounds, and was admitted into Paradise ; and Al Kaswa, his favourite, knelt at Koba, when the prophet fled from Mecca, on a spot now covered by a mosque. It is curious that the words of Scripture : "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God"—should be almost echoed in the Koran : "The impious shall find the gates of heaven shut ; nor shall he enter till a camel shall pass through the eye of a needle." "With a camel," says Phil Robinson, "one of the most provoking, discontented animals in the world, the poets express a very pleasing sympathy ; and Byron, in his phrase, 'the patient swiftness of the desert ship,' sums up compendiously three of the reasons for the poets' tenderness ; while, if we add Thomson's 'patient of thirst and toil, son of the desert,' we have them all four. The extreme patience and extraordinary swiftness are two proverbial and erroneous attributes of 'the hunch-back camel,' as Quarles (adopting Isaiah's epithet) calls it ; while the voyaging of the 'helmless dromedary' (Byron) over the sandy oceans of the desert, and its supposed independence of wells, naturally commend it to poetical fancy." It is to be feared that distance lends enchantment in the case of the camel's moral qualities. One can hardly, with the most charitable intentions, think highly of a fellow-creature who, the Orientals declare, "curses its parents when it has to go uphill, and its Maker when it has to go down." "Gloomy-eyed and slow," as Jean Ingelow describes him, it is to be feared that "East and West"—Tommy Atkins and his Oriental brother—are not far wrong in their estimation of the "oont," who poses better across the mist of centuries, with "the red Sahara in an angry glow" as a setting, than in the prosaic light of the present day.

BARBARA CLAY FINCH.

## BRITISH FORESTRY.

**BRITISH FORESTS.**—It has engaged the time and attention of two Committees, one a Select Committee of the House of Commons, the other a Departmental Committee of the Board of Agriculture, to discover that no British forestry worthy of the name exists. This is hardly matter for surprise, seeing that there are no British forests. Forestry is not a science which can flourish apart from a field of practical demonstration. Given such a field, the most illiterate forester is more fully equipped for teaching than the most learned professor whose demonstration area is bounded by the walls of his class-room. Forestry can be taught by forests without books. Forestry cannot be taught by books without forests, nor can "example plots," as they are called, fill their place. And we acknowledge this very unmistakably when we complete the training of our Indian Forest cadets in France or Germany. Now, the so-called Crown Forests have reverted very much to the position in which they were described by Manwood, *i.e.* "certain territories of woody grounds and fruitful pastures privileged for wild beasts and fowls of forest chase and warren to rest and abide in the safe protection of the king for his princely delight and pleasure."

When the service of the navy demanded a large and continuous supply of oak for timber, the efforts of the surveyors were directed to this being forthcoming. And some sort of sequence of crops was necessary. The demand then, however, was for crooked timber suitable for the knees and curved portions of the war-vessels. To obtain such timber it was necessary for the trees to have ample space for branching, and the consequence was that the woods had been so heavily thinned as to approach the conditions of commons interspersed with isolated trees or clumps, rather than what could by any stretch of courtesy be called forests. Sylviculture, or the science of growing woods systematically so as to have a full crop on the ground, gave place to Arboriculture, or the growing of trees, which, except for the purposes above stated, did not contain marketable timber. Now that wooden walls have given place to armour-plated ships, to which the teak of Burma is found to give a more efficacious backing than

the oak of England, this particular purpose has ceased to exist. The demand now is for long, straight timber, which is obtainable only from trees growing densely together. Forestry which does not effect this object is considered wasteful and a misuse of the ground. But the necessary change from the one system to the other is costly and lengthy. Meanwhile sea-borne supplies are poured into the country at a cost which freight and distance affect infinitesimally. So that the Crown Forests are again very much what Manwood described, with the exception that communal and other rights have supplemented in great measure the princely pleasure of the king.

Forests that are to be scientifically managed, however, brook no rights, whether of people or king, within their confines. The beasts of chase are no less hostile to their well-being than the cattle or the horses of the villager. So far as the present position is concerned, there are no British forests, and, as a consequence, no British forestry. The question for consideration was, Should it be established or re-created? Regarding this, it may be said generally that the affirmative premisses for such a proposition seemed, to the lay mind at any rate, to be overwhelmingly strong.

*The premisses of the proposition placed before the Committee.*—The former of these lay in the fact that wood and timber to the value of some 25,000,000*l.* sterling were annually imported from abroad, and for the most part from countries which were not British possessions. The kind of wood principally imported was fir, in its different varieties, for the raising of all of which the soil and climate of Great Britain were pre-eminently suited.

The latter premiss came as a supplement to the former, and was to be found in the fact that there was a very large proportion of the soil of Great Britain unoccupied by crops.

Neither of these premisses was in a temporary or stationary position. On the contrary, it could safely be affirmed that it was progressive, and to all appearance likely to progress. Not only were the imports increasing, but new fields of supply were being constantly made available by the extension of railways, to which streams and lakes acted as feeders for carriage. The Trans-Siberian Railway, with its ice-free port of Dalny, close to Port Arthur, has tapped the huge belt of forest which traverses Central Asia. And the possibilities of the proposed Trans-Canada Railway are thus described: "The territory to be traversed is the natural home of pulp-wood, and of this vegetable substance the unoccupied regions of Quebec and Ontario have an inexhaustible crop ready for harvesting."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See *Fortnightly Review*, March 1903.

Concomitantly with this came the increased uses to which wood and its products were constantly being put. And this, too, not in spite of, but rather in consequence of, the increased use of iron and steel.

This is affirmed in full knowledge and entire appreciation of the admirable paper, on the "Insufficiency of the Production of Timber in the World," read by M. Mélard at the International Congress on Forestry, *quorum pars fui*, held at Paris in 1900. It was there shown by the writer, himself a Forest official, that owing to the decrease of forests, even in countries where the exports of wood have hitherto exceeded the imports, there now exist dependable reserves of forest in only three countries, viz. Sweden, Finland, and Canada, and that these reserves are absolutely insufficient.

But that paper, in which a resolution was unanimously adopted that "an international understanding should be arrived at, to protect forests against destruction, and so to assure the security of wood manufacturers, and that statistics should be periodically published setting forth the forest resources and the consumption of wood in each country," has struck the note of warning, not before it was required, and has aroused the attention of foreign governments to the conservancy and replanting of their woods. For such measures of reafforestation every foreign State is infinitely better equipped than our own. In each of them there is already an organised Forest Department, to whom the greater part of the forests officially belong. Where they are not actually their own property, but are in the possession of either communes or individuals, they are still managed under their direction and expert advice. Given, therefore, the necessary grant of money, there is ample room for expansion in forestry.

On the other hand, the depression in the prices of grain had caused the raising of wheat and other cereals in Great Britain to be a discredited and almost ruinous enterprise. The imports of foreign wool had destroyed the hopes of sheep farmers, as well as of the proprietors, whose interests in this enterprise were inseparably interwoven with those of their tenants, seeing that they are bound, at the expiry of a lease, to take over the sheep, not at their market but at their acclimatised value, words of very debatable and conflicting meaning. There was thus a large area of land, which could not be said to have merely a "prairie" value, set free for such an enterprise as planting. And as this land came in the middle of the cultivated area, its occupancy by wood, even if that wood did not return a farthing of profit, seemed not only advisable, but necessary in self-defence.

*Further considerations.*—To what may be called the two direct



premisses came in support economic considerations which were in themselves sufficiently weighty. The rural population was flocking into the towns, and, finding there no congenial or wanted employment, passed rapidly into the category of the "unemployed," and swelled the legitimate rates of the already overburdened taxpayers. Districts at one time the happy hunting-ground of the recruiting sergeant, no longer yielded their quota of men for the army, and the less able-bodied product of the towns took their place. The newly imposed death and succession duties practically destroyed any plan of remunerative enterprise by way of permanent improvement upon landed estates. There was thus no prospect of rural employment becoming available. With this there were always present to the thoughtful mind the possibilities of war and the stoppage of all sea-borne supplies. To any Committee there seemed to be a plain issue from the premisses above stated, if in no other direction, in the regular and all-the-year-round employment given by the operations of forestry, which roughly absorbs fifty men for every thousand acres. To a Committee composed of agricultural members the solution appeared peculiarly easy. In any case it was eminently a question to be either shelved altogether or resolutely tackled. The *via media* was not the safest. It was, indeed, out of court, absolutely.

*Forestry in its relation to agriculture.*—Agriculture is our premier industry. By this we mean, if we mean anything at all, that it should be the first object of our care. Over it, as its titular head, we have a Cabinet Minister, who is assisted by a Board, in which he has at his command the expert intelligence of the country. It is, therefore, the more surprising that when the opportunity occurred of strengthening the position of their particular charge, it was not seized with fitting vigour.

It is no overstrained aphorism, as a well-known French writer phrases it, to say that "countries rich in agriculture and in industries are at the same time rich in forests. Poor countries, which have neither agriculture nor industries, have also lost their forests. The Forest Chart can, up to a certain point, indicate to us the prosperity of each country. A wooded country is a prosperous country. A country deprived of its woods is a poor country. There are few exceptions to this rule."

And it is a simple fact that when lands are exhausted by agricultural crops, their occupancy by woods, which not only keep down weeds and rank growth, but fertilise the soil, is not only advantageous but is necessary for the well-being of the soil. More especially is this the case in our own country. In the times of our

great European wars—those of the Peninsula and of the Crimea—many woodlands were grubbed up to make room for the extension of wheat, the price of which was temporarily, but only temporarily, inflated. Putting aside for the moment the question of direct pecuniary profit, the balance which ought always to exist between clothed and openlands was adversely disturbed. Pastures formerly sheltered by the surrounding woods were thrown open to the cutting blasts of spring and of autumn. They were flooded in rainy seasons, and burnt up in dry ones. They were no longer tenable by either sheep or cattle.

And when the prices of corn fell, as they did fall with amazing rapidity, to their normal level, the newly created arable thus pressed into unwonted and unnatural service ceased to pay the cost of cultivation. Gladly would owners have again seen their arable covered with woodland.

Here it must be confessed that if the value of agriculture and forestry rises together, so also does it fall in a similar ratio: the hop industry, for example, is ruined, or partially ruined, by foreign competition, and simultaneously the demand for poles, the most easily raised and the most remunerative of our woodland products, ceases to exist. The difference, however, and it is an important one, is that poles are not the only product of the woods. The saplings which furnish them become trees of timber value if left to mature. And they assist in the beneficent and useful work of regenerating and sheltering the soil. In some countries in Europe they are even placed in the ordinary rotation of crops. The cultivation of the maritime pine, *Pinus Pinaster*, in the Landes is an enterprise not yet fifty years old, for it was not till after the Paris Exhibition of 1855 that it was seriously entered into. To-day the district is celebrated not only for a special breed of cattle, which was originally imported from Brittany, but for the excellence of its vines, which rival those of the Gironde.

It may be said that this was a government undertaking. In reality it was a joint enterprise entered into by the Government, the Communes, and the private proprietors. Here is the example of a private individual whom the writer has personally visited.

Mr. X., a retired Anglo-Indian, obtained land for planting operations in France in 1870-1. His work was temporarily suspended by the Franco-German war, owing to the inroads of the Uhlans. But it was afterwards resumed, and to-day he has large and thriving plantations, with a forest nursery of wide reputation. The land in his neighbourhood has so benefited by his own and similar undertakings that the district, formerly almost a desert, is



now one of the most attractive of the country, as well for residence as for sport, and the Order of Merit for Agriculture has been deservedly bestowed upon the pioneer planter.

There is no reason why both government and private proprietors should not in their respective spheres achieve similar results in this country. But they must work seriously as well as in unison.

*The recommendations of the Committees.*—It cannot be said that the recommendations of either of the Committees above mentioned convey to the uninitiated the idea of seriousness. Possibly this has been nipped in the bud by the fear of the Treasury. They appear to have been framed to suit the conscience of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in his strict custody of the public money.

Briefly, they amount on the part of the Government to the expenditure of £50,000 of capital in the formation of a demonstration area or model forest, and on the part of the proprietor to guaranteeing the interest on the above sum, in consideration of its possible usefulness to himself. The model forest contains, or will contain, some 1,900 acres; and as it is intended to illustrate the working of forestry on a revolution of 100 years, the annual cutting area will be 19 acres. This is to be our first line of defence against the foreign invasion of £25,000,000, the money value of our imported wood and timber!

The second or inner line, which is to be provided by the proprietor, can only be set forth by illustration. Assuming that, with the working of this model forest as his guide, he also apportions 1,900 acres of his estate for forestry, his first expense will be the capital value of this land, which can of course bring in no other rental.

	£
Take its annual value at only 5s. per acre, and multiply this by 25 years' purchase . . . . .	11,875
Cost of planting, draining, roads, fences, &c., say at £4 per acre . . . . .	7,600
	£19,475

roughly some £20,000.

Here perhaps a little explanation is necessary, for the above are not either arbitrary or haphazard figures.

First as to the area, which is perhaps the smallest possible. If less is taken, the cost of planting, placed here at only £4, will be proportionately greater.

Then as to the annual value. If the land taken be worthless, or if only prairie value, its usefulness for growing trees, and the facilities

for their transport when grown, will be proportionately lessened. Indeed, if the government outlay be placed at £50,000, the proprietor's outlay is very modestly placed at £20,000.

This sum then, at least, is to be locked up for 25 years, during which the planter can expect little or no return. On the contrary, he has to add to it compound interest, rates and taxes (fortunate if they are not doubled for sporting maintenance), payment of forester and woodman, provision by insurance, if that be possible, against losses by fire, flood, and winter storms.

To all these must now be added the death and succession duties, and, if there is only one payment of them within the period above mentioned, the estate may be considered to be lightly mulcted. Even for one payment, however, ready money is required, and the temptation to raise this by the cutting of some of the immature trees may be overwhelmingly pressing.

In the above forecast the singular number, *i.e.* the private proprietor, has been used. Co-operation demands an absolute community of interests and identity of circumstances which are not likely to be found for so continuous a period as twenty-five years on neighbouring estates, so as to ensure unity of policy. That the returns after this interval are likely not to be only adequate but handsome does not affect the existing position.

The policy of permitting what amount to penal conditions to exist on such permanent improvements as planting, without present or prospective amelioration, hardly requires condemnation. It would appear to be an elementary axiom of statecraft to encourage, and not to extinguish, a struggling industry which cannot in its nature pay at the beginning of its history. The foundations of the Great Nile Barrage, afterwards repaired by our engineers, were found to be defective, owing to the fact that the native engineer was ordered, under pain of the bastinado, to finish so many courses per mensem. Whether such faulty construction, or no construction at all, is the greater folly, our next great national emergency, which may not be long in coming, will determine. Then we are told we shall have ample warning, so as to enable us to buy what we may require. Even that course is intelligible, and possibly soothing. What is neither intelligible nor soothing is the creation of a model forest which no one can take as a model unless he is a millionaire with a self-imposed mission, or a philanthropist with ample means to gratify his philanthropy.

GEORGE CADELL.

## CRABBE.

GEORGE CRABBE was born at Aldborough in Suffolk on Christmas Eve, 1754. He was of mean extraction ; his son says so, plainly. In these days of fictitious pedigrees, in these days when everybody's ancestors seem to have come over with the Conqueror or gone on a crusade, it is a positive relief to find one man left with no pedigree at all.

Old Mr. Crabbe was a warehouse-keeper and pot-house politician, who drank hard, and never rose higher than "saltmaster" on Slaughden Quay, where the boy-poet helped, much against his will, to pile kegs of fish and firkins of butter. One of the old man's sons was master of a slaver. The slaves, tormented past all patience, rose against and slew him. Another son, too, ran off to sea, was captured by the Spaniards and settled in Mexico, where he married and grew rich. The Spaniards taxed him with Protestantism ; on which he absconded, leaving wife and family to fend for themselves.

When still quite small, young Crabbe was boarded out at a mean school on the borders of Norfolk. For playing at soldiers, he and some other boys were thrust into an empty dog-kennel. So tight was the fit, that Crabbe, who lay at the far end, was half stifled. He bit the boy in front, that boy bit the next, and so on, till the whole bitten pack gave tongue, like hounds in full cry. Their cries brought help and liberation ; but none too soon, for Crabbe was all but gone. Leaving school early, he tried his hand as "surgeon's apprentice," and narrowly escaped being haled before the bench as a resurrectionist. The body of a dead child had been unearthed in his closet, and the woman with whom he lodged swore it was hers, which she had buried a week back. Luckily for Crabbe, he had means to show it was come by honestly, for purposes of experimental dissection.

Finding he had no steadiness of either nerve or hand, he soon forsook the trade of *sawbones*, and fell back for a season on his native place, idling away his time in botanical rambles. A love and knowledge of plants stuck to him through life, and about the year 1785 he wrote an "Essay on Botany in English." Mr. Davies, vice-

master of Trinity College, Cambridge, was so disgusted at the idea of a scientific treatise in the vulgar tongue, that he persuaded the author to make a bonfire of his manuscript. Crabbe was vexed at this later on, as well he might be ; for he had become a fair botanist, and was, indeed, first finder of several hitherto unknown things—among others, *Trifolium suffocatum*.

Sick of piling fish and butter on the shelves of his drunken father's store at Slaughden Quay, he staked his little all on literature, and set out for London to try his luck, sailing in a hoy, with three guineas in his pocket.

In London he devoted himself steadily to verse-making, submitting his effusions to the criticism of Bonnycastle—of “Bonnycastle's Algebra”—to whom, by-the-by, Crabbe's contemporary Cowper, ere he came under the lash of the pitiless Newton, also submitted one of his earliest pieces.

Nothing, however, came of Crabbe's venture ; the publishers wouldn't have his verses at any price.

He was soon reduced to the lowest pitch of poverty and despair, and had to pawn his clothes.

A barber, whose garret he shared, recounted for his benefit the story of Chatterton, and indeed from a Chattertonian fate only his strong sense of religion preserved our future poet.

All through those darkest hours he kept a journal—a simple, unaffected, boyish record of his daily doings—for the girl he had left behind him in Suffolk. One day he tells how he had spent seven farthings on a pint of stout. Another, for her edification, he transcribes a sermon which had struck him, a sermon on the not too cheerful text, “For many are called, but few chosen.” On a third, he mentions that after an hour's chaffer he had purchased at a bookstall three octavo volumes of Dryden for three-and-sixpence. Perhaps in one of those volumes he may have seen—

Heaven has to all allotted, soon or late,  
Some lucky revolution of his fate.

Anyhow, help now stood at the door. Edmund Burke took him by the hand, carried him off to Beaconsfield, and treated him as a son. Finding the young man had a mind to take orders, he prevailed on the Bishop of Norwich to ordain him as a “literate.” His first curacy was that of his birthplace, Aldborough. The natives looked askance at their fellow-townsmen in his new dress, and spread evil reports of laxity of morals. Also, it was bruited about that he had been seen on the pulpit stair of Mr. Whitefield's meeting-house.



These calumnies made his stay at Aldborough irksome to him, and it lasted for but a few uneasy months.

Appointed chaplain to the Duke of Rutland, he now went to reside at Belvoir ; making occasional visits to London, and occupying rooms vacated by a brother clergyman, hanged for murder.

Chancing, on one of these excursions, to come across Lord Thurlow, the Chancellor cried, "By God ! he is as like Parson Adams as twelve to a dozen," and forthwith gave him the livings of Frome St. Quintin and Evershot in Dorsetshire.

In December 1783, being now in his thirtieth year, Crabbe married the girl he had long courted and coveted, and for whom he had kept his "Journal to Mira." Like the general run of poets' wives, she was not a brilliant success, being indeed but a poor weak creature, and, for long before her end came, a confirmed invalid.

The curacy of Stathern, not far from Belvoir, falling in his way, Crabbe, soon after his marriage, transferred himself and his bride from the castle to the parsonage, and spent four years there, botanising and begetting a family.

At the end of that time he managed to obtain the livings of Muston in Leicestershire and Allington in Lincolnshire. There was some little trouble in getting them for him. The Chancellor, in whose gift they lay, had growled, "By God ! I will not do this for any man in England." But what he would not do for a man, he did for a woman. The fascinating Duchess of Rutland poured oil on the waters of his wrath ; and after much ado Crabbe got his two livings, and shifted his quarters from Stathern to Muston.

In 1792 he left Muston, and set up as a squireen at Parham in Suffolk, adding to his already long list of sinecures Sweffling and Great Glemham.

About the year 1799 the bishops began to clamour unpleasantly against pluralists and non-resident clergy ; and Crabbe was ordered to betake himself to one or other of those many parishes of which he had nominal charge. It was by no means an easy matter to decide which of the lot he should fix on ; and Mr. Dudley North got the Bishop of Lincoln (Pitt's old tutor) to grant four years of grace, in which to think the matter well over. After thinking the matter well over during those four years of grace, our divine pitched on Muston, and lived there with a dying wife from 1805 to 1814.

In that year, and now a widower, he was presented to the rectory of Trowbridge in Wiltshire ; but finding the stipend not quite up to the mark, he got the young Duke of Rutland to throw in the incumbency of Croxton.

By this time our poet was well advanced beyond middle age, and made up his mind to rest content with the share of luck that had fallen to his lot. He was aware, he says, that no parson, wanting the advantage of a college career, might hope for higher preferment.<sup>1</sup> Hence, he now settled down quietly at Trowbridge for the remnant of his days.

After eighteen years of plodding parish work, enlivened by visits to his fine friends in town and country, the old poet faced his end with fortitude and pious resignation. Fondly tended by two clerical sons, he entered into rest February 3, 1832, in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

Such is a brief outline of Crabbe's life, abstracted from his son's biography of him—a life passed, like the lives of most poets, without great adventure or much movement. He was present, it is true, at the burning of Newgate, and fifty years later was an eye-witness of the Bristol riots. But, with those two exceptions, there was little of stir to mark for him the flight of time. The din and bray of battles, the bloody story of the guillotine reached him only from afar, in the columns of some weekly despatch or newspaper.

A Whig in politics, he dabbled but little in affairs of State or the contests of party, while for theological squabbles he ever showed a strong distaste. Sober and unenthusiastic in the main, he was nevertheless a stout Churchman, taking in high dudgeon the incursions of dissent into the several parishes of which he had charge, and expostulating loudly.

With a conscience free from stain of mortal sin, some few venial faults beset him through life, keeping their hold of him to the last. To say nothing of a curt petulance in dispute, and a not unpardonable strain of vanity, love of money—the love of it growing, as the money itself grew—was the most unpleasing trait in his character. He seems to have laid to heart Johnson's monstrous saying that "no man but a blockhead ever wrote except for money"; and to have acted on another saying of that "*respectable Hottentot*" equally monstrous, that there are "few ways in which a man can be more innocently employed than in getting money."

In all business transactions he loved to have two strings to his bow. A hankering after good bargains cost him dear at times; and in negotiating the sale of his last manuscript, "*Tales of the Hall*," he was saved from falling between two stools only by the joint exertions of Samuel Rogers and Tom Moore. However, if greedy

<sup>1</sup> He seems to have overlooked the author of the "*Divine Legation of Moses*."



in getting, he was liberal in giving. What he raked in eagerly with one hand, he dealt out lavishly with the other :

His little nameless unremembered acts  
Of kindness and of love

are doubtless registered in heaven ; for from him the poor and needy never went empty away. Unhappily, in his gifts he made no distinction between good and bad : thus, he was too often the victim of gross imposition. "God forgive them—I do," was his mild remark when such imposition was brought to his notice.

He was remarkable for simplicity of mind and manner—not an ornate or trained simplicity, but one inherent in his disposition, and probably congenital.

Once, when staying with the Hoares, a lady—Joanna Baillie—sent him a blackcock, and in her note said, "Have a look at the pretty bird." He looked it well over, and was at his wits' end to know what he should do with it. To have so pretty a present cooked might savour of disrespect to the donor, he thought ; so he had it stuffed and put in a glass case !

He was utterly unspoiled by his rise in the social scale and the caresses of those fine folk with whom, during his closing years, he came in constant contact. Detraction and envy—two besetting sins of the low-born—found no room for lodgment in the generous soul of Crabbe. At the tables of the great he knew his place, and kept it. Neither insolence nor familiarity could he abide, curiosity was insupportable, from a "*quid-agis-dulcissime-rerum*" man he shrank as from a pestilence.

Though but a poor talker, he was not to be put down when in the right ; and, indeed, as a youngster, had held his ground against the "stupendous" Johnson himself.

To charge a man with scribbling is injurious and rude. There is scarce any charge he bears with less patience ; and Gibbon, as we know, was highly resentful of his king's ill-judged "Eh ! What, what ! Scribble, scribble, scribble !" But of being a desperate scribbler, not his warmest apologist may acquit the poet Crabbe. Even to the last it was his wont to turn out so many lines a day. The tools of his trade he kept bright and burnished. In the field, notebook and pencil were ever in his hand ; in the house, pen and paper ever on the table. Thus it came about that at times the accumulation of manuscripts was too great to be borne, and a bonfire was decreed. As years slid by these fires grew more frequent, and their days of observance were hailed by the household with glee.

The kitchen chimney not sufficing for the sacrifice, Crabbe was publicly burnt in his own backyard ; children capering wildly round their father's expiring flame, or rekindling his smouldering ashes with shrieks of unfilial joy.

To give an account, however brief, of his numerous works would make this paper run to an exorbitant length. To appreciate his genius, Crabbe's works must be taken *in extenso* ; for our author is not one that lends himself readily to the compilation of " Beauties " and " Elegant Extracts." For my part, I cannot call to mind a single line which, torn from the context and standing by itself, has deserved to pass into currency.

Crabbe's chief works—taken in their order of appearance—are "The Library," "The Village," "The Newspaper," "The Parish Register," "The Borough," and "Tales of the Hall."

Of these, "The Parish Register" and "The Borough" were perhaps the most admired in their day. The pretty tale of Phœbe Dawson, in the second part of the former piece, solaced C. J. Fox in the languor of his long last hours.

"The Borough" abounds in beauties : the description of a sea-storm is admirably contrived and carried out—force of expression matching accuracy of description, and the grandeur of the verse rising to the grandeur of the theme. A sudden gleam of moonshine bursting on the watery waste is finely painted—

From parted clouds the moon her radiance throws  
On the wild waves, and all the danger shows ;  
But shows them beaming in her shining vest,  
Terrific splendour ! gloom in glory dress'd !  
This for a moment, and then clouds again  
Hide every beam, and fear and darkness reign.

And again, what can be better in its way than this portrait of a harmless vicar ?

Few now remember when the mild young man,  
Ruddy and fair, his Sunday work began ;  
Few live to speak of that soft soothing look  
He cast around, as he prepared his book.  
Mild were his doctrines, and not one discourse  
But gain'd in softness what it lost in force :  
Kind his opinions ; he would not receive  
An ill report, nor evil act believe.  
He ever aim'd to please ; and to offend  
Was ever cautious ; for he sought a friend ;  
Yet for the friendship never much would pay,  
Content to bow, be silent, and obey,  
And by a soothing suff'rance find his way.

"An admirable sketch," says Jeffrey, "of what must be very difficult to draw : a good, easy man with no character at all."

As an author, Crabbe is commonly placed among the satirists ; but his satire is never marred by venom or truculence. His vein is epicurean rather than cynical. He deals mainly with village life and affairs ; not meddling, like his predecessors, with the foibles and follies of the great. He paints his villagers as he found them, not as he wished them to be. The sot, the harlot, and the rake stand out in their true colours. Hence it comes to pass that in many a canvas of Crabbe's the lights are low and far between, the shadows dark and heavy.

His descriptions of natural scenery are good, as far as they go, and always faithful. But it is not his way to babble o' green fields : a tour in search of the picturesque is quite out of his line.

For the sterner aspects of Nature he seems to have cared not a fig. Mountains he barely mentions ; perhaps, with the exception of Arthur's Seat, he never came across one, for, in the matter of travel, he stands scarcely ahead of Cowper or Dryden.

The dead levels of East Anglia he paints with a relish ; on the mud flats of his native Aldborough he is thoroughly at home.

Here samphire banks and saltwort bound the flood,  
There stakes and seaweeds withering on the mud ;  
And higher up a ridge of all things base,  
Which some strong tide has roll'd upon the place.

Crabbe's verse is wanting in the high polish of his master, Pope ; and the careful reader may stumble here and there on a halting line ; which, in an author whose pen was so prolific, is matter of no great wonder.

The current of his theme flows smoothly along. There are none of those jerky and distracting breaks, none of those uncouth and inconsequent transitions so much in vogue to-day, and which jar like tunes out of time, or notes struck wrong.

His sense is always plain and clear ; an unhappy use of opium not leading, as with De Quincey, Coleridge, and (in less measure) Keats, to morbid rhapsodies, helpless self-reproach, and paralysis of will. What he set himself to do, that he did—did strenuously, and with nerves unshaken.

All throughout he keeps the even tenor of his way, neither rising to the sublime nor falling to the ridiculous. He never attempts to express the inexpressible, hence never lapses into absurdity. He never scoffs, he never sneers ; but looks with an eye

of pity on all things piteous. To bathos he never sinks ; no such line as Milton's horrible

A thousand *liveried* angels *lackey* her,

or Dryden's still more horrible

Of Paradise *manured*, and till'd by hands divine,

astounds the student of Crabbe.

Moreover, he is never extravagant or coarse ; no ribaldry of wit, no gross humours besmirch the purity of his clean page.

"There is nothing in these pages," says our author in a preface, "which has the mischievous effect of confounding truth and error, or confusing our ideas of right and wrong." He speaks the plain truth ; he arrogates to himself no more of credit than is fairly his due, no more than his pages warrant.

Sir Walter Scott, in his last lucid intervals, would have but two books read at his bedside, "his Bible and his Crabbe."

Taken as a whole, Crabbe's poetry, it must be admitted, is wanting in poetic fire ; a want which, though fatal to an epic, may be borne with in an eclogue or a pastoral.

Not his warmest admirers claim for their idol that he should sit among the greater gods on the top of the mount. They are content that he has place on a lower slope—a slope where pilgrims, bound for the awful summit, may halt awhile and pay a short devotion.

To come to a conclusion. The works of Crabbe, long held in high repute, now stand untouched on some high dusty shelf ; nor is it likely that this generation will see their day of popularity come round.

On such as clap and cheer at the rockets of an ecstatic Kipling, or dive for pearls in the troubled waters of a Browning, the pure English and clear sobriety of an eighteenth-century poet are apt to fall a trifle flat. But for those simple souls, those children of Nature, who pine for a natural diet, what better fare, what dish more wholesome or easier of digestion can be provided than the works of him whose life is sketched above ?

Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull ;  
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

J. LAWSON.

*FIESOLE.*

I know a mount, the gracious sun perceives  
 First, when he visits, last too, when he leaves  
 The world ; . . .  
 O Angel of the East, one, one gold look  
 Across the waters to this twilight nook,  
 The far sad waters, Angel, to this nook.

ROBERT BROWNING.

THERE is no fairer scene on earth than that which meets the dazzled eye from the terraces of the Monastery of San Girolamo, on the mountainside of Fiesole. One thousand feet below lies the Val d' Arno, through which the broad waters of the Arno roll ; and in the centre of the valley the city of Florence, "of fairest Italy the fairest gem," rests in a setting of hills which are as thick with human habitations as with vineyards and oliveyards. Well did Shelley call Florence "the smokeless city." No veil of smoke comes between us and the spires and domes, towers and campaniles, far too numerous to be all mentioned. The mighty Duomo, Santa Maria del Fiore, rises in the centre, and keeping watch over her and the venerable Baptistery of San Giovanni stands the lily in marble, Giotto's Campanile. There are, amongst many others, the spires of Santa Croce, Santo Spirito, Santa Maria Novella, and the Badia ; the domes of San Lorenzo and San Frediano, and the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio. On the hills beyond can be discerned Bellosguardo, San Giorgio, San Miniato, and Santa Margherita ai Montici-Arcetri, "sung of old for its green vine" and its "Star Tower of Galileo," and the monastery of the Certosa ; on the left appears Vallombrosa, and near Fiesole is the white mountain town of Settignano, where Michael Angelo was put out to nurse and Desiderio the sculptor was born, and the village church of San Martino a Mensola, where the body of Sant' Andrea di Scozia lies uncorrupt beneath the altar.

On the right is Monte Morello, and immediately below are the Badia or Abbey of Fiesole and the Monastery of San Domenico,



where Sant' Antonino and Fra Angelico first offered themselves to the Religious Life.

As one gazes down, not even the distant rush of the train speeding south to Rome or north to Bologna, nor the whirl of the electric tram can dispel the illusion that one is living in a far-off age, and the thought of that "picciola città di Firenze,"<sup>1</sup> for which Dante yearned, when she kept within the circle of her earliest walls, and said her Terce and Nones, and when her women sat quietly at home, and over the distaff told tales "de' Troiani, di Fiesole, e di Roma,"<sup>2</sup> is constantly present. And it is that Fiesole which they talked about, that little mountain city of the great Etruscan walls, of the Tuscan Romanesque cathedral, and of San Girolamo, we would talk about also.

Very ambitious and picturesque are the myths and legends encompassing the earliest records of Fiesole. Fiesole or *Fasula* is, says the visionary genealogist and enthusiastic if uncritical explorer, the oldest city in the world. Built by no mere man, her mighty battlements were the handiwork of Atlas, the son of the Titans, brother of Prometheus, father of the Pleiades and the Hyades, the presumptuous immortal who stormed the heavens, and who chose the city he had founded on a rock as the tomb of one of his celestial daughters. Without according to Fiesole the distinction of unapproachable antiquity or the glory of an unearthly architect, we acknowledge that the little mountain city is indeed white with that exceeding old age, with that fulness of years which Pliny says "in man is venerable, in cities sacred," and that, although erected by human hands, the interests surrounding her beautiful history, from the far-distant day of her birth until the present, mingle the human and the divine.

As an Etruscan city, a city of martyrs in the first days of Christianity, a field for the labours of the saints of ancient Ireland, a home within whose shadow mediæval saints were nourished and mediæval poets and painters sought inspiration, beneath whose vines gifted men and women gathered in the summer residence of one of the greatest of the merchant princes of Florence, and as a home which in the twentieth century has lost none of its charm, we propose briefly to contemplate Fiesole.

Ten hundred and ninety years before Christ, and four hundred and thirty-four years before the historic shepherds descended from their native volcanic hills to the banks of the Tiber and erected the

<sup>1</sup> *Istorie Fiorentine di Giovanni Villani*, vol. i. p. 148.

<sup>2</sup> *Paradiso*, cant. xv. ver. 97, 120, 124.

rude huts and ramparts which marked the site of the future Mistress of the World, the foundations of Fiesole were laid by the Etruscans, and the home of "the tribe on the rock" was numbered amongst the cities of Etruria—not one of the twelve great dynasties, but a city of dignity and of singular religious renown.

The very name of Etruria suggests mystery, and the Etruscans have been called "the unsolved problem of ancient ethnography."<sup>1</sup> The belief of many scholars is that the aborigines of Italy and the Pelasgi were conquered by a race called by the Greeks Tyrrheni, by the Romans Etrusci, or Tusci, and by themselves Rasena. But who were the Rasena, and whence came they? Their origin has been variously assigned to the Greeks, the Egyptians, the Phoenicians, the Canaanites, the Libyans, the Cantabrians or Basques, the Celts, and lastly to the Shepherd Kings of Egypt. Whence they came, and by whatever names they were known, certain it is that the strangers peopled that region called Etruria proper, which comprehended a great part of the land of Italy, being bounded on the north by the Apennines, on the east by the Tiber, and on the west and the south by the Mediterranean. It is also certain that their first leader was Tarchun, who established the twelve great cities or dynasties of Etruria: Veii, Tarquinii, Cære, Clusium, Cortona, Perugia, Vulci, Volsinii, Velutonia, Volaterræ, Arretium, and the twelfth either Rusellæ, Falerii, or Populonia.

The antiquary who gropes about in the earliest ages of Christianity has often to pause bewildered in the darkness, and awed by the silence of the immemorial past. But if for the Christian investigator "the awful faces of other times" are silent, and "the corridors of time" are dark, what shall be said of the silence of the centuries before the Christian era, and of their darkness before the Light to lighten the Gentiles had dawned upon the world? Yet the student knows that even this great silence is not unbroken, while to the darkness of the buried past a marvellous amount of light has already penetrated.

It is not that literary remains afford their guidance. The Etruscans were indeed a highly cultured and a literary people, and they possessed "histories, poems, dramas, and works of augury and divination." Of their libraries not one scroll remains, and to guide us through their language we have found no Rosetta Stone, for all our knowledge of it is derived from some 5,000 inscriptions, consisting chiefly of proper names. In their despair over the language of Etruria, scholars have contended on fruitless battlefields that it

<sup>1</sup> *The Etruscans; were they Celts?* p. 11. John Fraser.

was either Sanscrit, Celtic, Scandinavian, Old German, Slavonic, Rhæto-Roman, Armenian, Chinese, Ugric, or Turanian.

It is not from books that we have learnt about this mysterious nation. Her history is "written on the mighty walls of her cities, on her roads, her sewers, her tunnels, but above all in her sepulchres: it is to be read on graven rocks and on the painted walls of tombs; on sarcophagi and cinerary urns, on vases and goblets, on mirrors and a thousand *etcetera* of personal adornment and of domestic and warlike furniture." "We can now enter into the inner life of the Etruscans almost as fully as if they were living and moving before us, instead of having been extinct as a nation for more than two thousand years. We can follow them from the cradle to the tomb—we see them in their national costume, varied according to age, sex, rank, and office—we learn . . . their fashions, their toilet—we even become acquainted with their peculiar physiognomy, their individual names and family relationships—we know what houses they inhabited, what furniture they used—we behold the princes in the council-chamber, the augur or priest at the altar or in solemn procession, the warrior on the battle-field or returning home in triumph, the judge on the bench, the artisan at his handicraft, the husbandman at the plough, the slave at his daily toil; we see them in the bosom of their families and at the festive board, reclining luxuriously amid the strains of music and the time-beating feet of dancers—at their favourite games and sports, encountering the wild boar, or looking on at the race; we behold them stretched on the death-bed, the last rites performed by mourning relatives—the funeral procession, their bodies laid in the tomb and the solemn festivals held in their honour. Nor even here do we lose sight of them, but follow their souls to the unseen world—perceive them in the hands of good or evil spirits, conducted to the judgment seat, and in the enjoyment of bliss or suffering the punishment of the damned."<sup>1</sup>

We know enough to recall the daily life of "the tribe on the rock" at Fiesole as well as of many another Etruscan city, even though sadly conscious of the separation made by the lapse of time, for we are 2,000 years late for the feast; the homes and hearths of Etruria have been long deserted, the busy heads and hands have ceased to toil and the time-beating feet to dance, and the augur has long since passed within that veil he so vainly strove to rend on earth. We know enough to be aware of a certain sense of awe and veneration at the greatness of the mysterious people. For in all

<sup>1</sup> *The Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria.* Introd. pp. xxii, xxiii. George Dennis.

that has been bequeathed to us, the genius of the architects of the Capitol, the Cloaca Maxima, and the Servian Wall is witnessed to ; we find indications of the splendours of the Tarquinian kings of Rome, and can trace the origin of many a custom which Rome received from the nation she absorbed and conquered, and which perpetually leavened her social, political, and military life. Above all, we know that the ancient Etruscan was, according to his lights, extremely religious, and that his religion was the leading element of the daily life. The utter nothingness in itself of this poor existence on earth was deeply impressed upon him, and an eternal existence was ever before his eyes. There are frequent representations in the sepulchres of death-bed scenes and bitter partings—the steeds stand saddled and bridled, ready to take the traveller to that bourne whence he shall never return—but there are as frequent glimpses of his “life of the world to come”—such as it was. Such as it was!—not the possession of God, not the Beatific Vision—but the “dreary theme” :—

A cloudless sun that softly shines,  
Bright maidens and unfailing vines,  
The warrior's pride, the hunter's mirth—  
Poor fragments all of this low earth.

Over this paradise presided a multitude of gods and goddesses. There were the three great deities who had each a temple in the Etruscan cities : *Tinia*, the supreme god, analogous to the Jupiter of the Romans, the Zeus of the Greeks, who wielded the thunderbolt ; *Cupra*, who answered to Juno, and *Menra* to Pallas Athene. Besides these there were many other deities : there were the senators of the gods, the Nonsensiles, who also wielded thunderbolts, the awful Shrouded Gods, enveloped in gloom and mystery, who ruled both gods and men ; there were the infernal deities who governed hell, and there were the Genii.<sup>1</sup> At Fiesole, besides these and many other deities, there was a goddess, *Ancharia*, who there received special worship.<sup>2</sup>

The Etruscans believed implicitly in Fate, and in absolute submission to the inexorable decrees of Fate. One revelation had been vouchsafed to their nation, and the laws then laid down were unalterable and inviolable. Cicero gives an account of this great tradition. Whilst a certain man was ploughing near Tarquinii (most probably ploughing the sacred foundation of the city walls), a genius suddenly arose from the deep furrow, an unearthly being, Tages by

<sup>1</sup> See *The Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria*.

<sup>2</sup> Tertullian, *Apol.* 24 ; *Ad Nationes*, ii. cf. p. 88.



name, the son of a genius, and the grandson of Jupiter, a child in body, but with the head of an old man. All Etruria soon gathered to the spot, and the awful child sang aloud the unalterable, eternal, divinely inspired laws of the nation. He then proclaimed the practice of divination by the inspection of entrails and the flight of birds, and, having completed his mission, sank down and vanished away. All that he had revealed was committed to writing, and formed the code of the sacred discipline of the Etruscans, a code which regulated the entire polity, religious and civil, of Etruria.<sup>1</sup>

Of the mythology of Etruria, and of the wisdom of the Etruscans, Fiesole was an illustrious and revered stronghold. From Fiesole the triple thunderbolt in the hands of Jove, symbolical of the three precious metals, was derived, and at Fiesole abode a number of priests or augurs, who practised and taught the rites of sacrifice and the science of divination. The person of the augur or haruspice was sacred, his privileges were very great, and as the representative on earth of the Immortals his powers were tremendous. When the sacred fire tended by the virgin priestesses was by accident extinguished, the augur alone knew the secret of rekindling it by drawing down the flame from the sun. In the midst of the raging of the storms of the Apennines, in the depth of midnight or at the mysterious hour of twilight, the augur watched from the mountain-top or in the temple the lightning flashes, and strove by their direction and their colour to understand and interpret the will of the gods, and to receive their messages to men. For each god possessed his own peculiar flash. Jupiter's three flashes were red, the flash of Minerva came in spring, and that of Saturn issued from the ground in mid-winter.<sup>2</sup>

Standing by the walls of Fiesole, whose colossal unmortared stones have remained unmoved in their places after the lapse of more than 2,000 years, we may endeavour to recall the day of the solemn dedication of the city. When, after long communing with the gods, favourable auspices had indicated their will, the founder appeared in a Gabinian toga, leading a white ox and a white cow yoked to a plough whose share was of iron, the ox on the right outwards, drawing a square with a continuous furrow; all the sods falling inwards to be used in building of the walls. At the place of the gates the plough was lifted up and carried over.<sup>3</sup> After the dedication of the walls the city was sacred; the erection of the

<sup>1</sup> *The History of Etruria*, by Mrs. Hamilton Gray. Dennis, vol. i. p. 20  
Cicero, *De Div.* ii. c. 23, 38.

<sup>2</sup> See Gray, vol. i.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* vol. iii. p. 209.



temples of the three supreme deities followed; and the walls, to which a special sanctity appertained, were guarded by a space within and without, called by the Latins *pomerium*, hallowed augural ground which no man dared desecrate.

The most flourishing period of Middle Etruria was from 500 to 400 B.C., yet long before 500, and long after Rome had humbled the nation she was to conquer, the life of Etruria existed in more or less vigour.

Had the augur really possessed the gift of seeing into futurity, his hand would have shaken and his cheek blanched when he heard of the settlement of the shepherds on the banks of the Tiber; for he would have known that these rude colonists were, by that destiny from which he believed there was no escape, one day to swell into the legions of Rome, and to take away his name and nation.

Meanwhile, the people of Romulus profited by the wisdom of the people of Tarchun. The Etruscans were to teach the Romans the science of war and the arts of peace, and from Etruria Rome learnt to assign to woman dignity and honour. From the same source they learnt augury and religious rites, and Fiesole was well qualified to afford instruction. Even after her conquest by the Romans, twelve youths from the Capitol were annually sent to study augury at the mountain city. On critical occasions Rome applied to Fiesole for soothsayers, and Pliny mentions a Fiesolan, who had seventy-four sons and grandsons, arriving at the Capitol to sacrifice and to divine with peculiar solemnity.<sup>1</sup>

The Etruscans were a great military nation, and Fiesole had her full share of military experiences. When the Romans marched from Clusium they met their enemies near Fiesole. There in 225 B.C. the Gauls defeated the Romans, and there Hannibal pitched his camp after crossing the Apennines on his march to Thrasymene. Fiesole took part in the Second Punic War, and during the Social War, B.C. 90-89, the city was ravaged by fire and sword. Sulla established a large garrison on her heights, and there Catiline sought a refuge.

With the campaign of Sulla the days of Etruria were numbered. One day of eleven ages had been granted by the gods to the nation. That day, which began 1187 B.C., was now, 87 B.C., drawing to its close. The tradition on this subject was persistent, and no Etruscan dared to fight with destiny. It is probable that this belief discouraged the people in their opposition to Sulla, and as one by one their cities fell, a certain haruspice publicly counselled submission,

<sup>1</sup> See Horner's *Walks in Florence*, vol. ii.

declaring that he had heard the shrill blast of a trumpet in the air, mingled with a voice that proclaimed in tones of loudest brass that the day of Etruscan dominion was at an end.<sup>1</sup> The Etruscans, who had been gradually romanised, were now admitted to the Roman franchise (89 B.C.), and became one with the people of Rome.

The evidence of the Roman occupation exists in the Amphitheatre of Fiesole; and its dimensions, twenty tiers of seats and six gates, imply a considerable audience. The dismal little vaults or holes on the hill, made of *opus incertum*, known as *le buche delle fate*, "the fairies' dens," are also Roman.

Of the little city's most ancient days, besides the immemorial Cyclopean walls—the dedicated walls which proclaim the sanctity within—the remains are not numerous, and they are treasured in the small museum in the former Palace of the Podestà. Amongst them is a large bronze she-wolf found near the supposed site of the Temple of the Augurs; a pagan altar of white marble, which, as well as a flesh-hook and gridiron, was found on the Arx; and there are fragments of marbles from the Roman amphitheatre. In the cathedral the great baptismal font of serpentine is believed to have been a Bacchanalian altar.

From these ancient days, and all their charm and all their mystery, we turn to the new era which is approaching.

From Etruria to Christendom, from B.C. to A.D., is indeed a far journey. Yet, according to sufficiently reliable tradition, it may be accomplished in a comparatively short time. The Divine system succeeded the heathen mythology with rapidity, even though the augurs did not by any means abandon their divinations till the second or third centuries after Christ.

To the interregnum from the fall of Fiesole till the feet of Christians first trod her streets is generally assigned the foundation of Florence. If Fiesole claims to be the mother of Florence, and to have given birth to her fair daughter when white with the snows of a thousand years, her maternal claims are not undisputed. Dante writes of "la bellissima e famosissima figlia di Roma, Fiorenza," and he also writes of "that ungrateful and malignant people, who of old came down from Fiesole." Even those historians who would fain believe that the earliest buildings of Florence were the direct work of the Roman legions under the generalship of Julius Cæsar, or of the conqueror Sulla, frequently admit that the first dwellers by the banks of the Arno were merchants who sailed up and down from Pisa and other cities, or were those who descended from the

<sup>1</sup> Gray, vol. iii. p. 70.

rocks of Fiesole to buy and sell in the more accessible valley which lay a thousand feet beneath. By whomsoever the foundation-stones of Florence were laid, the legend is that a field of lilies was mown down to prepare for them. Villani, the old historian, says that the prætor Florinus, with a Roman army, encamped beyond the Arno in the direction of Fiesole. There in two small villages, the one called *Arrnina*, the other *Camarte*, or *Campo* or *Domus Martis*, the people of Fiesole held a general market with the neighbouring towns and villages once a week. Florinus and the consul decreed that in the camp only bread and wine and warlike stores should be bought or sold.<sup>1</sup> On the site of this camp was erected the city of Florence.

Meantime, while the Etruscans and Romans were settling by the Arno, far away in Bethlehem of Judea the Desire of all Nations, He for whom men had yearned throughout the ages, for whom the poor priests of paganism had been unconsciously groping when they sought for God in the thunder and the flight of birds, He, the God of gods, the Light of light, had been born of a virgin—"The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us."

The exact date of the earliest appearance in Tuscany of the strange new sect, whose religion philosophers shrank from as a melancholy superstition, is uncertain, but the first century A.D. is the period of St. Romulus, to whom the cathedral of Fiesole is dedicated, and whose relics are cherished there. He is thus recorded in the modern Roman martyrology: "At Fiesole, in Tuscany, died St. Romulus, bishop and martyr, disciple of the blessed Apostle Peter, who sent him to preach the Gospel." When he had preached in many places in Italy, returning to Fiesole he was there crowned with martyrdom, along with his companions, under Domitian, the Emperor. According to the picturesque legend, Romulus, the first bishop of Fiesole, was the son of Lucerna, daughter of a Roman citizen, who fell in love with her father's slave, and by him became the mother of a boy. She exposed him in a wood, and, like another of his name, he was suckled by a wolf. Boy and wolf were discovered by the huntsmen of the Emperor Nero, and were captured by St. Peter by means of prayers and fishing-nets. The boy was baptised, and after exhibiting many signs of grace in Rome and Sutri, he was specially blessed and dedicated by St. Peter, and sent by him to sow the seeds of life at Fiesole, along with two companions, Marchitianus and Crescentius. They were joined by two others, Charissimus and Dulcissimus, from Volterra, and after many toils and many miracles

<sup>1</sup> Villani, vol. i. p. 51.

the pagan count of Fiesole, taking the alarm, ordered the whole party of missionaries to execution. On their way to suffer, Romulus, being thirsty, asked a girl who was drawing water out of a well by the roadside to give him a draught, but she refused; therefore Romulus rebuked her and the well, and thenceforth the water of the well became blood to any pagan who essayed to drink thereof, but was sparkling and pure to the lips of Christians.

Just on the outskirts of the city, where in time to come the monastery of San Girolamo was to be erected, SS. Dulcissimus, Charissimus, Crescentius, and Marchitianus suffered martyrdom. The torments of St. Romulus, who was hacked to pieces with knives, began on the same spot, and were completed at the foot of the hill, near San Domenico. By the entrance-gate of the monastery of San Girolamo is "the martyr's stone" on which his companions were beheaded, and above it is the following inscription: "Sopra di questo sasso per mane delle crudei fesulie genti, spettacolo di morte orrendo e tristo, quai vittime innocenti, cadero esangui i gran Campioni di Cristo." St. Romulus built the church on the site of the Badia or Abbey of Fiesole, and dedicated it to St. Peter. There, or in the little oratory adjoining, his body lay enshrined, till with the relics of his companions it was solemnly translated to the present cathedral.

And the martyr is not forgotten now in the city of which he is patron. Yearly, on July 6, his head, enclosed in a gilt shrine, is carried by the bishop in procession with all the clergy. When the Jesuit Fathers were at San Girolamo, the windows and garden terraces of their monastery were illuminated in his honour, on his *feſta*.

From the early date of St. Romulus, a blank of four hundred years occurs in the history of the see. In 536 Rustico was elected bishop. His successors were S. Leto, Alessandro (who died a martyr), S. Romano, and Deodato (who was bishop in 715). The seventh name on the list is S. Donato di Scozia, bishop in the year 824.

The very name of Donatus carries the stranger far away in thought to a distant northern land, and more especially to the Emerald Island of the saints. It is well for him to pause, and to read a chapter of ancient ecclesiastical history which he may have forgotten. There he will be reminded that from the fifth to the eighth century, Ireland or Hybernia, or Scotia as it was then called, was one of the principal centres of Christianity in the world, and that the Celtic missions spread "over England, France, Germany, Switzerland,



and Italy, from the Mediterranean to Iceland,"<sup>1</sup> "pouring in like a flood," as St. Bernard says. The faith which the Celts had received from Italy they were to bring to Italy again, and were to impart the Pearl of Great Price to those in the south who had never found it, or who had lost it. The most ardent amongst them, men and women, when they heard the voice which had said to Abraham in the morning of the world, "Go forth out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and out of thy father's house, and come into the land which I shall shew thee," rose up immediately, and, taking the pilgrim's staff and scrip, set off on the stupendous journey from Scotia to Italy. To Rome the eyes of the faithful were then, as now, ever turning, and to Rome the pilgrim directed his first steps. Then, with the seal of consecration on his work, he departed, strengthened to toil in whatever part of the Lord's vineyard he might be appointed to.

In the year 493, "in the strong power of an invocation of the Trinity, in the faith of the Trinity in Unity, in the power of the love of seraphim, in the obedience of angels, in the hope of resurrection unto reward, in the prayers of the noble fathers, in the predictions of the prophets, in the preaching of apostles, in the faith of confessors, in the purity of holy virgins, in the acts of righteous men"<sup>2</sup> St. Patrick had gone to his rest. St. Bridget had gone also, and in the selfsame strength and peace. The lamp which on her tomb at Kildare was to burn for ten centuries was already lighted, and the fire these saints had kindled was burning bright and clear when their compatriots organised and carried into effect the conversion of foreign nations and peoples.

Foremost in fame among the Celtic missionaries appears St. Columbanus (550-615), whose rule of terrific austerity at one time contended with that of St. Benedict for supremacy in the Church, and who has left to France the monasteries of Anegray, Luxeuil, and Fontaine; to Italy the name of San Columbano in the province of Milan, and the great monastery of Bobio in the Apennines; while a canton of Switzerland is called St. Gall after one of his disciples. St. Columbanus had predecessors and successors. One of the former was St. Sillan (450-500), who on his way home to Scotia from Rome fell sick, and, pausing at Lucca, died in a religious house, where his sister Mioughar had predeceased him. In his marble monument at Lucca we have the ideal type of the Celtic pilgrim missionary. Here is delineated one, the rule of whose rugged life was "Thy measure

<sup>1</sup> *Scotland in Early Christian Times*, p. 163. Joseph Anderson.

<sup>2</sup> Hymn of St. Patrick.



of prayer, thy measure of work, until thy tears come " <sup>1</sup> ; and his rule is written on his face, "the face of a worn and aged man, moulded and furrowed by the strife within that has left its mark in every line around the sad and patient mouth. The rough and wasted hands, the furrowed cheeks, all speak of labour and sorrow in the past of one who was obedient unto death." <sup>2</sup> Soon after St. Sillan appears St. Finnian of Moville, known in Italy as S. Frediano (565). Amid the domes and spires that rise in Florence, one dome is dedicated to the Celtic saint, and his name recalls to the Scottish stranger St. Ninian and Candida Casa, St. Columba and Iona. For at Candida Casa St. Finnian studied Holy Writ; and before St. Columba departed for Caledonia Finnian lent to him a specially perfect copy of the Holy Gospels. This volume Columba sat up at nights to copy in the church of Drumfion, and by so doing he brought on himself the indignation of Finnian. Diarmid, King of Ireland, tried to end the dispute by deciding that "to every book belongs its son-book" (copy), <sup>3</sup> "as to every cow belongs her calf." It is pleasant to know that the saints made up their differences before they separated, each for his "work and his labour until the evening," the one to proceed to Northern Caledonia, the other to Italy, where he died Bishop of Lucca in 588.

The mission of St. Donatus of Fiesole took place in the ninth century. The memories of his blessed compatriots were then still fresh in Italy, and veneration for them continued strong. Indeed, differences of nationality were sunk in a common Christianity when the Italian and the Celt amalgamated, kneeling at the same altar and receiving the same Bread of Life.

Far in the north there was a land known as *Ultima Thule*, veiled in dense mists and mantled with perpetual snow, inhabited by "a most ignorant and horrible people," and at thought of it the Italian shivered. But in that far north there was another land, green and fertile, over which was cast a glamour. St. Donatus himself sang of it, and when by the banks of the Arno his human heart was perhaps yearning for "Durrow Derry the noble, angelic land," he wrote :—

Far in the confines of the west  
There lies a land, of lands the best,  
An island, rich in all good store

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<sup>1</sup> *The Rule of Colum Cille.*

<sup>2</sup> *Six Months in the Apennines, or a Pilgrimage in search of Vestiges of the Irish Saints in Italy.* By Margaret Stokes.

<sup>3</sup> *Vita Sancti Columbæ.* Auctore Adamnano. Liber iii. cap. v.

Of robe, and gem, and golden ore ;  
 An isle, in soil and sun and wind,  
 Most healthful to the human kind.  
 With honey all the land abounds,  
 With lovely lawns and pasture grounds ;  
 With weeds of peace and peaceful arts,  
 With arms of war and manly hearts,

. . . . .  
 And worthy of that blessed spot,  
 There dwell the nations of the Scot ;  
 A race of men renowned high  
 For honour, arms, and courtesy.

How far the natives of sunny Italy would have appreciated the climate of any part of the British Islands may be questioned. In any case, a visitor from this desirable Scotia was sure of a hearty welcome in Italy.

Donatus, who was born in Ireland in the reign of Aedh Ornidhe, about the year 774, was early notable as "that most perfect youth Donatus." One of his disciples was a certain Andrew, "a comely and gallant youth," and "the greatest happiness of Donatus was the instruction of Andrew ; the greatest enjoyment of Andrew was in obedience to Donatus." So united were the master and his disciple that when the call came to Donatus to tear himself away from his hearth and home, Andrew besought permission to accompany him. It was granted, and then came the parting of Andrew and his beloved sister Bridget ; he was not to see her again until she came to bid him the last farewell on earth in far-distant Fiesole.

Donatus and Andrew departed, having only the pilgrim's simple provisions, and trusting to the alms and hospitality they might receive from the faithful on their long journey over land and sea, Alp and Apennine. We need not suppose that a pilgrimage was all penance and hardship to these travel-loving Celts. With prayer on their lips and in their hearts, with the bright intelligence that could enjoy beautiful scenery and appreciate the welcome of kind if unfamiliar friends, they would find much to interest and admire as well as to shock them and to wonder at, until finally they arrived at the threshold of the apostles. Invigorated by the blessing of St. Peter, they turned homewards, and as the sacred shrines of Fiesole lay on their way they resolved to pass the night at the Badia. Little did the travel-stained strangers dream how near they were to their journey's end when they began to climb the mountain of Fiesole. The people of Fiesole were in sore distress, for their bishop was no more, and contentions were rife about the election of a successor. Many were the prayers they offered to God, that "He who brought

Israel out of Egypt might deign to preserve their church by some angelic visitation." Suddenly, while Donatus and Andrew were climbing the steep path, all the bells of the city crashed forth, and the lamps in the churches were lit ; yet no mortal hands rang those bells or lit those lamps. Forthwith all the men, women, and children rushed out, and hurried down to the Badia, clamouring to Heaven to show them the interpretation of this miracle. Then on the multitude fell silence, for a voice proclaimed, "Receive the stranger who approaches, Donatus of Scotia ; take him for your shepherd." The voice of the Lord ceased, and the people went on praying, while Donatus and Andrew entered the church, wondering at the commotion and excitement. Now a certain poor man, seeing the strangers, asked them whence they came and whither they were bound, and by what names they were called. Donatus answered humbly, "We are both men of Scotia. He is named Andrew, I Donatus. We came on pilgrimage to Rome." And the poor man, remembering the voice he had just heard, straightway cried aloud, "Citizens, the man is here or whom the Lord has spoken." Then clasping Donatus in his arms, he led him up the steps, the people crying with one voice, "Eia Donatus, Pater Deodatus !" ("Hail, Donatus, O Father given of God !") "ascend the bishop's chair, that you may lead us to the stars, that with you for our shepherd we may reach to the pastures of heaven, and that through your intercession we may find salvation." But Donatus, trembling and tearful, spake thus from his pure heart :—

Spare ye me,  
O brothers ! vain is your offering to me ;  
You would learn to deplore my sins,  
You who should not trust me to teach the people !

The multitude made answer :—

As when the Eastern sun doth visit us on high,  
So hath Christ led him here out of the west ;  
Here, then, let us meet this holy man ;  
Here in Fiesole, let us elect him. . . .

Donatus still shrank from "an office which saints were wont to dread," and said with faltering lips, "Why do ye vainly strive to turn from his vows the desire of one who hastens on his journey ? Why compel one so unworthy to become your pastor ? A stranger, mean and abject, half barbarous and almost ignorant of your manners ? Let him toil on that journey on which he started." His entreaties were all in vain, and in spite of himself he was enthroned Bishop of

Fiesole. In glowing words his biographer dilates on his virtues. "Happy Scotia, which brought forth such a one! Let Hybernia rejoice which sent forth such a teacher; let Fiesole and the whole province of Tuscany be glad."

Bishop Donatus twice visited Rome in the course of his episcopate—once when Sergius II. was Pope, when he was present at the coronation of Louis II., who after the peace of Verdun had received from his father Lothair the kingdom of Lombardy; and again during the pontificate of Nicholas I. in 861, when he attended a Lateran Council.

"We shall now," says his loving biographer, "gather a few of the wonders which render this saint's life famous, as you might cull a basketful of blossoms from the many flowers of spring." From the old writer's basket we select a few flowers. Once upon a time, a child which the bishop had just baptised "was seized by the cunning of a wolf" before his mother's eyes. "O Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, help us," cried the bishop. ". . . Do not suffer Thy child, now dedicated to Christ, to be devoured by a cruel foe, nor permit him, whom I here signed with holy oil, to be swallowed by a hungry wolf; for Thou hast said, 'I am the Good Shepherd. . . .' Behold now this sheep within my charge, dedicated and sealed by me for Thee, and think upon the hungry wolf who will feed upon it. . . ." Even as the good man prayed, the wolf, "as if pierced by divine shafts," ran back, bearing the child safely to the shepherd's feet, while the wondering Fiesolines "sang hymns to the Father Son, and Holy Ghost, and the virtue of Donatus shone in the eyes of all, like a city that is set upon an hill."

It came to pass that the bishop was very ill, and prayed for relief from his pain. Night was falling down on the mountains round Fiesole when a bright light broke forth, and he saw white-robed virgins standing near his bed. "O ye shining ones," he asked, "what light do ye bring into the darkness? What mean these lamps ye bear?" "We have come to thee to heal thee," answered one of the virgins—"Bridget, the servant of God, as she blest him, and anointed him with sweet balm dropping from her fingers." And immediately the bishop recovered.

Andrew, who became an archdeacon, continued the faithful companion of Donatus. On one occasion the two were walking near the foot of the mountains of Fiesole, by the little river Mensola, when they came on the ruins of a church dedicated to St. Martin. Donatus besought God to restore this temple, and Andrew instantly offered himself for the work. Being a man of singular energy,



he began to clear the sacred place of rubbish, to dig out the foundation stones, to prepare new stones, to hire builders, and to beg for alms, labouring himself "after the manner of a reasonable bee, . . . so far as his little body, attenuated by fasting, would allow." Ere long the basilica was restored, and a company of monks assembled, who under Andrew lived holy lives at S. Martino a Mensola.

When the day of the saint's *natalis*, as the day of death was beautifully called in the Celtic Church, approached, he, having first received the viaticum, gathered his brethren round him and blessed them "with the benediction of the saints," and for himself he prayed as he was passing away:—

Thou also, who hast deigned to suffer for our sins,  
 Thou who hast given the kingdom of heaven to the wretched,  
 Grant me power to climb the lofty stair of Paradise,  
 Open the gates of life to me who duly knock,  
 Let no proud or greedy enemy overtake me,  
 Let no strange hand touch me, or snatch away my prize.

His brethren laid him to rest in the little oratory near the Badia of Fiesole, and carved on his tomb the epitaph he himself had written:—

Here I, Donatus, sprung from Scottish blood,  
 Alone in this tomb, among the worms and dust dissolve.  
 For many years I served the kings of Italy,  
 Lothair the Great, and Louis the Good.  
 For more than eight lustra and seven years  
 I was ruler in the city of Fiesole;  
 I dictated exercises in grammar to my pupils,  
 Metrical schemes, and the lives of the blessed saints.  
 You traveller, whoever you are, for Christ's sake  
 Be not unwilling to behold my tomb,  
 And pray to God, who rules in highest heaven,  
 That He may grant to me His blessed kingdom.<sup>1</sup>

MARJORY G. J. KINLOCH.

<sup>1</sup> See *Six Months in the Apennines*, by Margaret Stokes, who cites *Vita di S. Donato di Scoria*, del M. F. da Cattani da Diacceto, among other authorities.



## *COFFEE AND COFFEE-HOUSES.*

**I**T is just 250 years since coffee was first publicly sold in this country. According to some authorities, the first coffee-house in London was opened by Pasqua Rosee, a Greek, who had been coachman to a Turkish merchant. His handbill, which is still in existence, sets forth "the vertue of the coffee-drink, first publicly made and sold in England by Pasqua Rosee, in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill, at the sign of his own head."

A claim to be the first coffee-house in London is also made on behalf of Don Saltero's, in Cheyne Walk, though the then lord of the manor—Viscount Cheyne, who died in 1698, and after whom the historic Walk was called—would hardly have admitted Chelsea to be a part of London. Steele gave a sketch of the barber-antiquary who kept Don Saltero's. The house stood two doors from Queen's House, and was the country club of the wits of the early eighteenth century.

Thomas Garraway, in Exchange Alley, was also among the early vendors of coffee. He was the very first, it is claimed, to sell tea. At his house the following advertisement was displayed: "That Nicholas Brook, living at the sign of the Frying Pan in St. Tulier's Street (Tooley Street) against the church, is the only known man for making of Mills for grinding of coffee powder, which mills are by him sold from 40s. to 50s. of the mill."

But Oxford preceded both these houses, the "Angel," in the parish of St. Peter's, Oxford, having been opened as early as 1650. The proprietor afterwards moved it to Southampton Buildings, Holborn. But the Oxford house deserves special remembrance from the facts that there gathered within its doors the men who formed the nucleus of the Royal Society, and that Sir Christopher Wren was one of them. A few years earlier coffee was drunk for breakfast at Oxford by at least one person. Evelyn was admitted a fellow commoner of Balliol College in 1637. Under date May 10, he wrote :

"There came in my time to the Coll: one Nathaniel Conopios,

out of Greece, from Cyrill the Patriarch of Constantinople, who returning many years after, was made (as I understand) Bishop of Smyrna. He was the first I ever saw drink coffee, which custom came not into England till thirty years after."

This same Cretan was expelled the University of Oxford by the Parliamentary visitors, Nov. 1648. Wood, as quoted in "Athen. Oxon.," wrote :

"It was observed that while he continued in Ball. Coll. he made the drink for his own use called Coffey, and usually drank it every morning ; being the first, as the antients of the House have informed me, that was ever drank in Oxford."

A decade or so later the coffee-house seems to have become rather too attractive to the studious youth of Oxford. Wood complains in 1661 that "nothing but news and the affairs of Christendome is discoursed of, and that also generally at coffee-houses." The dons and doctors sometimes yielded to the temptation of *Cahulé, Kauhi, coffa, or coffee*, and talk, sir Roger North praising his relative, Dr. John North (Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, 1683) for not wasting his time at coffee-houses.

Under the Commonwealth the coffee-houses as a social institution had taken root and flourished. In Charles II.'s reign it was regarded by Royalists as a hotbed of Roundheadism and persecuted accordingly. The first mention of coffee in our Statute Book was in the year of the Restoration, when a duty of 4*d.* a gallon was imposed. Sir Roger North, in his *Examen*, gives a full account of the issue of a proclamation to shut them all up. And he writes with a very natural amount of *gusto*, for high Tory as he was—he became Attorney-General under James II.—he must have been delighted to see the suppression of "the factious gentry he so much dreaded."

Five judges, it seems, sat in consultation over these resorts of disaffected persons, "who devised and spread abroad diverse false, malicious, and scandalous reports." But the learned lords differed in opinion, and the decision they came to was that "the retailing of coffee and tea might be an innocent trade ; but as it was said to nourish sedition, spread lies, and scandalise great men, it might also be a common nuisance."

The discontent at the suppression of the coffee-house was general, and when the tea and coffee merchants and retailers petitioned, permission was given to open the houses for a certain period, with an admonition to prevent "all scandalous papers, books, and libels from being read in them ; and to hinder every person from spreading

scandalous reports against the Government." But the coffee-house was never closed again. It had come to stay. Isaac D'Israeli, who himself frequented St. James's, said :—"The history of coffee-houses ere the invention of clubs was that of the manners, the morals, and the politics of a people." Macaulay described them as an important political institution, and the chief organ of public opinion before newspapers. They also soon became the resort of the literary, the scientific, the business man, the man of pleasure, and those who desired to pass "evenings with small expenses," as Sir R. North himself admitted. According to a poem which appeared in 1665, the coffee-house was a place of resort

of some and all conditions ;  
E'en vintners, surgeons and physicians,  
The blind, the deaf, the aged cripple  
Do here resort and coffee tipple.

Steele wrote in the "Tatler," October 20, 1709: "I happened this evening to fall into a coffee-house near the Exchange where two persons were reading my account of the Table of Fame." In another place he says : "The greater part of my later years has been divided between Dick's coffee-house, the Trumpet in Sheer-lane, and my own lodgings." Different coffee-houses had, of course, their varied characters. In the first number of the "Tatler" the reader was informed :

"All accounts of gallantry, pleasure, and entertainment shall be under the article of White's chocolate-house (St. James's Street) ; poetry under that of Wills's coffee-house (on the north side of Russell Street, Covent Garden) ; learning under the title of Grecian (Devereux Court, Strand) ; foreign and domestic news you will have from St. James's coffee-house ; and what else I have to offer on any other subject shall be dated from my own apartment."

Garraway's, in Exchange Alley, is mentioned by Defoe as frequented by people of quality. Dr. Radcliffe, Queen Anne's physician, Steele, and Swift were *habitués*. As a place of sale, exchange, auction, and lottery it was unequalled. Tea was first sold there—some of it at 5s. a pound. It was the meeting-place of the South Sea Bubble company.

Not far from this was the Sultan's Head in Sweeting's Alley, near the Exchange. "Jonathan's" had the reputation for being "the general mart for stock jobbers." Mrs. Centlivre, in her "Bold Stroke for a Wife," makes the coffee boys at this house cry : "Fresh coffee, gentlemen, fresh coffee ! Bohea tea, gents !" The "Jerusalem" and the "Rainbow" also had a reputation. In the Strand there

was "George's" near Twining's Bank, also "Toms," and the famous "Grecian," where the students of the Temple used to lounge, and Addison and Akenside were often seen, also Dr. King, who records the animated discussion—if not quarrel—of two gentlemen over a Greek accent. King Street, Westminster, was another noted locality for coffee-houses.

But perhaps the most famous of them all was St. James's, at the corner of St. James's Square, the rendezvous of the Whig party all through the eighteenth century, and where Swift and Isaac D'Israeli read the papers. Early in last century Brooks's took its place. It is curious to read that "a new kind of light"—an oil lamp—was there first exhibited.

Concerning the "Smyrna," the following quaint announcement appeared in the "Tatler," October 8, 1709:—

"This is to give notice to all ingenious gentlemen in and about the cities of London and Westminster, who have a mind to be instructed in the noble sciences of music, poetry, and politics, that they repair to the Smyrna coffee-house in Pall Mall between the hours of eight and ten at night, where they may be instructed with elaborate Essays 'by word of mouth' on all or any of the above-mentioned arts. To purge their bodies with three dishes of Bohea, and purge their brains with two pinches of snuff."

"Dick's," which stood near Temple Bar, was not demolished till 1875. It was there that poor Cowper read the letter which he believed was written to drive him to suicide.

After a while—that is, after about a century—the chocolate-house superseded the coffee-house in the polite world, and finally the club took the place of both. But for the first few decades of the nineteenth century the coffee-house had an increasing vogue in a different *stratum* of society. Before a House of Commons' Committee of Inquiry, May 5, 1840, a Mr. Humphreys gave evidence that coffee-houses were increasing at the rate of 100 a year, and that there were 1,600 to 1,800 in London, where the charges were from 1*d.* to 3*d.*

Coffee thus came into use in England through public rather than private sources, and it is still less of a domestic article than tea, only 1 lb. of coffee being consumed to every 4½ lbs. of tea. Although there are some "advanced" food reformers of to-day who regard the consumption of both these beverages as little better than dram-drinking, it is an obvious fact that tea and coffee have been the best allies the temperance cause has ever had. As long ago as 1659 the excellence of coffee in lieu of alcohol was advocated by a woman, a Mrs.



Mudiford, who, according to a letter written that year by James Howell to Judge Rumsey, first taught apprentices and clerks to substitute "this wakeful civil drink" in lieu of potent morning draughts in ale, wine, and spirits.

But it is time to inquire what is the nature of "the drink that comforteth brain and heart, and helpeth digestion," as Bacon said in his "*Sylva Sylvarum*." Coffee is a rubiaceous evergreen plant, with a beautiful white flower, small, but growing in dense clusters on the axils of the leaves, and very fragrant. The fruit resembles a cherry, but contains two seeds. It is indigenous in Abyssinia, whence it spread to Southern Arabia. The plants affect well-watered mountain slopes, from 1,000 to 4,000 feet above the sea-level. Botanists have named some sixty varieties, but for practical purposes the genus coffee is divided into two species—the *Arabica* and the *Liberica*. The latter, if second in quality, is more robust and productive, one tree yielding 16 lbs. of fruit instead of three or four. The coffee shrub is in foliage not unlike a Portugal laurel, and grows from 15 to 20 feet high. It will accommodate itself to a wide range of latitude, provided the temperature is not below 55 F. Hence Brazil, Ceylon, India, the West Indies, the Central American Republics, Natal, Australia, Java, and Arabia are now all coffee-producing countries. Originally the whole supply came from Southern Arabia—Mokha. Whether the word "coffee" is derived from Caffa, a province of Abyssinia, or from the Arabic K'hāwah, is a nice point for the philologists.

One can readily believe how glad the Mohammedans must have been of coffee to keep them awake during their long services. In the sixteenth century the coffee-house was found too strong a counter-attraction to the mosque in Constantinople, so the Sultan was induced by the priesthood to impose a tax thereon.

The deodorizing effects of coffee are familiar to most housewives. Not so familiar is the fact that the amount of tannin in coffee is on an average one-fourth of that in tea, and that in a case of poisoning by alkaloids strong tea is better than strong coffee. Coffee made with Schwalheim water is said to be better than any other owing to the extracting power of the alkali held in solution.

Coffee was in use in the East for some two centuries before it was seen in England. The earliest reliable date is generally regarded as 1470. Arabia—Yemen the Happy—may be called its birthplace. Persia, however, also puts in a claim. Be that as it may, Turkey received it, as it did the Mohammedan religion, through Arabia; and it probably passed to the West through Venice.

There is an interesting Arabian MS. in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, which attributes the introduction of coffee-drinking into Arabia to a mufti of Aden. He saw it in Persia, found it prevented drowsiness, and was useful as a medicine. The dervishes soon discovered that it was invaluable at their all-night prayer-meetings.

George Sandys, the translator of Ovid's "*Metamorphoses*," who travelled in Turkey in 1610, makes interesting reference to "coffa," and also touches on the Lacedæmonian black broth theory. He says:—

"Although they be destitute of taverns, yet have they their coffa-houses, which something resemble them. There sit they chatting most of the day, and sip of a drink called coffa (of the berry that it is made of) in little china dishes, as hot as they can suffer it; black as soot and tasting not much unlike it (why not that black broth which was in use among the Lacedæmonians?), which helpeth, as they say, digestion, and procureth alacrity."

Burton, in his "*Anatomy of Melancholy*," describes coffee as "like that black drink which was in use among the Lacedæmonians, and perhaps the same." But there are those on the other side who are quite sure that the classic broth was an animal decoction.

E. W. Lane, the authority on things Egyptian, assigns the discovery of coffee as a refreshing beverage to a date as far back as the end of the thirteenth century. He says that a devotee, Sheykh Omar, driven by persecution to a mountain of Yemen, found the coffee plant growing wild there, and made a decoction of its berries.

In the present day Americans are the largest coffee-drinkers in the world, the consumption per head in the United States being 9·10 per head as compared with 4·40 in Europe. The largest coffee-supplying country is Brazil: it sends out nearly two-thirds of the world's consumption. Java comes next. The United States export a vast amount. Among British possessions the largest quantity comes from the East Indies; then from Ceylon, Singapore, Mauritius, South Africa, Aden, the West Indies, and Honduras.

It is a common saying that where the coffee is good everything is good. In Norway, however, whatever else may be bad, the coffee is good. But here in England it need not be, as it often is, that everything is good except the coffee. It probably would not be so if the British housewife followed the practice of her ancestress of the early eighteenth century, who not only ground but roasted her coffee.

For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crowned,  
The berries crackle and the mill turns round.

So sang Pope in "The Rape of the Lock," and in describing Swift's mode of life at Letcombe in 1714 he wrote: "There was a side-board of coffee which the Dean roasted with his own hands in an engine for that purpose."

Freshness, not only as regards grinding but in roasting, is a necessity, for the aroma of coffee, not being an essential oil but an ether, is extremely volatile. If a suburban purchaser carries down a pound of freshly roasted coffee in a paper bag from London, all the occupants of the railway carriage get the benefit of the scent, and the goodness of the coffee is dissipated before it has a chance of being tasted.

Among feats of coffee-drinking is that of the Greek opium-eater, who drank more than sixty cups of coffee (if Beaujour is to be relied on) and smoked as many pipes. Napoleon and Frederick the Great drank coffee freely. Voltaire liked it very strong, and Leibnitz is said to have drunk it all day long, but mixed with equal quantities of milk.

Unless one is an initiate in the present-day mysteries of witchcraft, it is impossible to tell whether divination in coffee-grounds is or is not practised. Probably crystals have taken their place. The occultists of the eighteenth century were content with the humbler *media*. In Dublin, in 1726, a Mrs. Cherry used to advertise that her hours were from when daily prayers were over at St. Peter's until dinner-time. She was "the only gentlewoman truly learned in that occult science of tossing the coffee-grounds." She never required more than one ounce of coffee from each customer.

EMILY HILL.

## THE ST. JOHNS OF BATTERSEA.

BATTERSEA is not generally associated in our minds with the *haute noblesse*, for though it gives a title to a present-day peer, it attracts most attention as a stronghold of social democracy. Everyone who has passed through Clapham Junction has had a bird's-eye view of this parish, and viewed so it is about as interesting as Bethnal Green, an expanse of squalid housetops, broken here and there by an ugly church or an uglier Board school. But hidden away by the river, surrounded by mills and warehouses, is a remnant of the Old Manor House where for a hundred and fifty years the great family of St. John dwelt, where Bolingbroke was born and where the last years of his stormy life were spent.

This family has for nearly a thousand years been more or less prominent, and though it cannot, like some, show an unbroken line of peers, it can boast no less than seven creations by writ of summons or by letters patent. The name appears on the roll of Battle Abbey, and it is never long absent from records of interest during all the centuries down to our own time.

In the reign of Henry VI., by marriage with the heiress of the Beauchamps, Sir Oliver St. John became possessed of Lidyard Tregoze, in the north of Wiltshire, between Swindon and Wootton Bassett. This property, which still belongs to the family, descended to Nicholas St. John, who married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Richard Blount. The eldest son of this marriage was Oliver, who was born at Lidyard in 1559. It is noticeable of many members of this family that they were men of much force of character and of intellect but of violent temper, and that they just fell short of being really great or successful.

This Oliver was perhaps as successful as any. He went at the age of eighteen to Trinity College, Oxford, and took his degree and afterwards was entered a student at Lincoln's Inn. Whether he had intended to make the law his profession or merely meant to be called, like so many other young men with expectations I cannot say; at all events his legal studies were cut short. He killed his



man, a Captain Best, in a duel, and as a consequence had to leave England hurriedly. He writes from Rouen in 1585, asking Sir Francis Walsingham to obtain the Queen's pardon for him. This presumably he obtained, for he took to soldiering and saw a good deal of service in Flanders under Sir Horace Vere, by whom he was knighted. After that he came back to England and in 1593 was returned to Parliament as member for Cirencester. Two years before the close of Elizabeth's reign he was sent over to Ireland, then invaded by the Spaniards, and distinguished himself at the battle of Kinsale. For some years he seems to have been backward and forward between England and Ireland; he was member for Portsmouth 1604-7, and in 1611 was sworn of the Privy Council in Ireland, and two years later was Master of the Ordnance. From what is recorded of him he seems to have been a sort of miniature Strafford; he saw clearly what was required and set to work vigorously to bring it about, caring little by what means. On the occasion of an election it is on record that he forcibly prevented his opponents from coming to the poll, and at meetings of the Privy Council he seems to have done pretty well as he liked, and was rather given to laying down the law on the strength of his having had a seat at St. Stephen's. But he had at heart the interests of the soldiers under his command, and when pay and rations were short exerted himself to the utmost on their behalf.

At what time he made the acquaintance of Villiers I do not know, but they appear to have become very intimate. It was through the influence of Villiers that St. John became Lord Deputy of Ireland. That post he held from 1616 to 1622, discharging his duties in such a manner that the king writes to him: "It is a glory to have such a servant." He had been created Baron Grandison in 1621, and in 1626 was made a peer of England with the title of Baron Tregoeze.

He was the first of the family who settled at Battersea. The manor, which originally belonged to Westminster Abbey, reverted to the Crown under Henry VIII., and Queen Elizabeth granted a lease of it to Henry Roydon, whose daughter and heir married this Oliver St. John. The marriage took place shortly after his return from the Continent, and he and his wife took up their abode at Battersea, though in the years that followed he was, as we have seen, much in Ireland.

With regard to the Battersea property he writes to Lord Salisbury, dating the letter May 4, 1611, Dublyn:—"Concerning my private estate in England I am an humble suitor to your L. for that

I understand that his Majestie among other Lands is purposed to sell the Manor of Battersey in fee simple. I am most unable to become a purchaser, but rather than be putt to a new Landlord I would engage myself and my friends to give as much for it as any other, and therefore I humbly pray your L. that if any such purpose be I may have the refusall of it before any other, which I shall humbly and thankfully receive as an honourable favour, and I shall ever earnestly desire nothing more than to deserve by all possible endeavour to be valued, Your L. obedient servant,

OL. ST. JOHN.

Sir Oliver wrote a most beautiful and legible hand, and his signature is quite a work of art. Lord Salisbury's reply was, I suppose, favourable, as St. John seems to have remained in possession and in 1627 he obtained a grant of the manor himself. There he died in the seventy-first year of his age, and was the first of a large number of St. Johns buried at Battersea. There is a monument in the church, with marble busts of himself and Joan his wife, and a long Latin inscription enumerating his services, appointments, and virtues.

He died childless. His younger brother, Sir John St. John, knight, had married the daughter and heir of Sir Walter Hungerford, and had one son, Sir John St. John, baronet, and six daughters. One of these daughters, Barbara, married Sir Edward Villiers, and their son William inherited the title of Grandison and the Battersea estate. He handed over the estate to his uncle John, the baronet. Of the life of this Sir John I can learn nothing except that he was educated at Trinity College, Oxford, and Lincoln's Inn, and that he represented Wiltshire in Parliament for one year. There is, however, a record of his funeral, which took place at Battersea, and which excited the wrath of the College of Arms. Among the Harleian Manuscripts are depositions in an action, Arthur Squibb against Walter St. John. George Owen, York, John Beauchamp, Portcullis, and William Ryley, state that the right of arranging funerals of the nobility and gentry belongs to the King of Arms, and that there are several particular funeral rites observed to be performed in solemnising the funerals of persons of several degrees, so that a knight may not have the same funeral rites as a baron or peer of the realm, nor a baron as an earl; and that from time beyond the memory of man the same distinction and observation hath been had for that. Letters had been sent by Clarenceux to Mr. Walter St. John regarding the rites proper to be observed, notwithstanding

which several of the rooms of Sir John St. John's house at Battersea were adorned with many dozen escutcheons placed upon black with the arms of the Earl of Bolingbroke impaled with St. John; the rooms were hanged down to the ground and floored with black, the body was placed upon an ascent of two degrees, there was a canopy of velvet, and over a chair of estate a great square taffeta hatchment commonly called a Majestic Escutcheon.

There was a standard and ten pennons, most of them running up with the matches of the defunct's ancestors in the nature of bannerolles, as if the defunct had been an earl at least. There should only have been a standard and three or four pennons, with the arms of the defunct and his wife; all the rest were contrary to the laws, usages, and customs of arms, and above and beyond the degree of the defunct, and appertain to the higher nobility. George Owen conceiveth such preparations to be prejudicial to distinction, order, and degrees of honour and nobility.

I have not been able to find any record of the result of this action, and as these depositions are dated only a month or so before the murder of the king, it is not improbable that at such a crisis this trivial matter was not proceeded with.

The unusual magnificence of Sir John's obsequies must have been due to inordinate pride on the part of Sir Walter, for Sir John in his will especially directs that his funeral is to be conducted without pomp and ceremony, and limits his executors, his sons Walter and Henry, to the expenditure of a hundred pounds upon it. Moreover, he desired to be buried at Lidyard Tregoze, in the new aisle which he had built to the church there, so that Walter was not a very scrupulous executor. From the love of armorial display shown in the conduct of his father's funeral it seems probable that it was he who put the window in Battersea Church.

It is rather an unusual piece of work, much more like a window in a college hall than the east window of a church. In the centre are the royal arms, and on either side the arms of St. John with numerous quarterings. Above these shields is a profusion of crowns crests, and coronets, and below portraits of Henry VII., Queen Elizabeth, and Margaret Beauchamp.

As already noticed, Sir Oliver St. John of the time of Henry VI. married the heiress of the Beauchamps, Margaret, daughter of Sir John de Beauchamp and sister of Lord Beauchamp of Bletshoe. She married, secondly, John, Duke of Somerset, and her daughter, Lady Margaret Beaufort, marrying the Earl of Richmond, became the mother of King Henry VII.



This accounts for the said portraits, though their introduction at the Battersea parish church strikes me as a rather far-fetched notion.

But though Sir Walter had a weakness for heraldry, and was given, I fancy, to bragging about his family, he was a very worthy old gentleman, and noted for his charity. Besides leaving money for charitable purposes, he founded St. John's College at Battersea, a school for boys, which is to-day a very flourishing institution. The old house, bearing the date 1698, with its garden, is the one beautiful building of any antiquity which Battersea possesses.

Sir Walter had six brothers and one sister. Oliver, the eldest, who married a daughter of Horace, Lord Vere, and died before his father; William, killed at Cirencester under Prince Rupert; Edward, killed at the battle of Newbury, also in the Royalist army; John, slain in the north; Nicholas, who died s. p.; and Henry, who married Catherine, a daughter of Oliver St. John, Lord Chief Justice under Cromwell. The sister, Anne, married first Sir Henry Francis, and secondly Henry Wilmot, Earl of Rochester. Sir Walter himself married Joan St. John, another daughter of Oliver the Chief Justice.

The origin of this Oliver is a little vague, but there seems no doubt that he should have borne the baton sinister. He inherited, however, his full share of the family ability and arrogance. From early years a violent republican, he was counsel for Hampden in the ship-money case, and later on member of the secret committee for the impeaching of Lord Strafford. When impeachment was decided on, all but St. John were for allowing the earl a fair trial, and but for St. John he would have been acquitted. "He actually thirsted," says Lord Campbell, "for the blood of Strafford, and he was resolved to gratify his appetite in violation of all law, human and divine."

In 1641 he became Solicitor-General, and according to Clarendon "he obstinately opposed everything which might advance the King's service." During the Commonwealth he made £40,000 out of grants of pardon to delinquent Royalists, and he also accepted bribes. He took his seat in 1657 in Cromwell's House of Lords as Lord St. John. Nor were his manners more amiable than his acts. Lord Clarendon, who knew him in his younger days, says "he was a man reserved and of a dark and clouded countenance, very proud, and conversing with very few, and those men of his own humour and inclinations."

Of his own humour and inclinations an incident while he was Cromwell's ambassador at the Hague is an illustration. The Duke of York, with the Princess Henrietta on his arm, meeting him by



accident near a stile at Verhout, there was a struggle as to which should pass first ; upon which the prince snatched the ambassador's hat off his head and threw it in his face, saying, "Learn, parricide, to respect the brother of your king." St. John replied, "I regard neither you nor the person of whom you speak but as a race of fugitives." Swords were drawn, but bystanders separated them.

When King Charles II. came to England, Oliver St. John went abroad ; but he returned in 1669 and stayed at home till his death in 1673.

In the fortunes of the Chief Justice and the all-accomplished St. John, his great grandson, there is a certain similarity. Both were men of great intellectual qualities and of vast ambition, and both were bitterly disappointed men. Though holding high office, neither attained the position at which he aimed, nor was able to retain what he held. Oliver was a rebel, Bolingbroke was a traitor to both Guelph and Stuart. They both spent years in exile, and both returned to spend their last years in retirement.

The judge's daughter Joan was a lady of the rigorous Puritan type. Her virtues were long remembered in Battersea ; they were also remembered by her grandson Bolingbroke, who, poor boy, was brought up in her house and compelled to study the theological works of Puritan divines. There was one Dr. Manton, an especial favourite with old Lady St. John, whom he remembered with bitterness to his dying day, whose pride it was to have made a hundred and nineteen sermons on the hundred and nineteenth Psalm.

As is not infrequently the case with the unco' guid, the son of Walter and Joan departed at an early age from the way he should have gone. They had four sons, but only one, Henry, the eldest, grew up. He was an exceptionally bad character, even at a time when morality was generally forgotten. He was married while still very young to Mary, daughter and co-heir of Robert Rich, Earl of Warwick, but his marriage did not steady him and he went from bad to worse. Finally, in a brawl after dining with a large party somewhere in town, he killed Sir William Estcourt. For this he narrowly escaped hanging. There was a great commotion over the affair, and though in fact it was a case of manslaughter he was counselled to plead guilty of murder and to throw himself on the king's mercy. After long suspense he was set at liberty on payment of 16,000*l*. Afterwards he apparently became rather more respectable, and represented Wootton Bassett in Parliament from 1679 to 1700. In 1702 the University of Oxford honoured him with the degree of D.C.L., and in 1716 he was created Viscount St. John. This is

the second St. John who, beginning life with manslaughter, lived to obtain a viscount's coronet, and to die, if not in an odour of sanctity, at least in ease and affluence.

In 1678 his son Henry, the greatest of the name of St. John, was born at Battersea. He was the only child by his first wife, Lady Mary. The Viscount married, secondly, Angelica Magdaleine, daughter of George Pillesary, Treasurer-General of the Marine and Superintendent of Men of War and Gallies under Louis XIV., by whom he had three sons and one daughter. George died 1716; John, who succeeded him at Holles, equerry to Queen Caroline, a young man "of lively genius and sparkling wit," who died at the age of twenty-seven. The daughter, Henrietta, married Robert Knight, afterwards Earl of Catherlough.

The old Battersea Manor House, where Bolingbroke was born and spent his early years, was a large two-storied house close down by the river, immediately east of the church. One or two writers on Battersea say "it is said to have contained forty rooms on a floor." But I hardly think it can have been so large as that. An old print of Battersea in 1742 shows the house—a solid, comfortable looking place, probably of red brick, with picturesque attic windows built out on its sloping roof. In front is a row of trees, with a terrace and steps leading down to the water. There is now but a small part of the mansion left, most of it having been pulled down towards the close of the eighteenth century.

But the little that remains possesses of course its erroneous tradition. The number of houses in which Queen Elizabeth lay at least one night is remarkable. So is the number of Scottish families that sheltered Prince Charles—of taverns that sheltered Dr. Johnson. We may pardon the local pride of those who show us the precise spots where the great have tarried, but it is hardly safe to accept their statements uncorroborated.

At Battersea, in Bolingbroke House, is the cedar chamber overlooking the Thames where Pope wrote his "Essay on Man." This is stated by several learned antiquaries whose works are of great interest and value, but who in this particular probably copied one from the other without much thought. Not only do I feel quite sure that the "Essay on Man" was not written there, but I doubt very much if Pope was ever at Battersea. Bolingbroke did not settle there till 1744, the year of Pope's death. The Essay was begun in 1731 and published in 1733 and 1734. It was at Dawley that the two were so much together, where St. John was living at the time of and during the years preceding the publication of the Essay.

Notwithstanding Dr. Manton and his hundred and nineteen sermons, Bolingbroke loved Battersea, and in all his wanderings looked on it as home and hoped to have his final resting-place there.

He does not seem to have been sent to college, but very early became a young man about town, following the deplorable example of his father. Everyone knows of his days of energy and action and brilliant success and his nights of dissipation and debauchery.

His marriage was unhappy, which is not surprising. His wife, the daughter and co-heir of Henry Winchcomb, brought him a good estate at Bucklebury, where he lived at intervals. In 1712 he was raised to the peerage as Baron St. John and Viscount Bolingbroke—Viscount to his intense disgust; he had hoped for an earldom, wishing to revive an extinct family honour, but the Queen would not hear of it. The viscounty was entailed on his father, the first instance of a peerage made to ascend; and thus his nephew, the son of his half-brother, succeeded him. Two years after his elevation came the Hanoverian Succession, when with all his acuteness he failed to spot the winner, and he fled to France and was attainted. There, *blasé* man of the world and cynic as he was, he fell in love, and the passion endured to the end of his life. The lady was Mary Clara de Marcilly, Marquise de Villette—he married her on the death of his wife in 1718. Having failed in the service of the exiled royal family, he turned all his energies towards restoration in England, and after thirteen years he was so far successful that an Act of Parliament allowed him to inherit the family property, and he returned home. He took a farm at Dawley, near Uxbridge, which he decorated fantastically with designs representing agriculture, and gave out that he no longer had any ambitions and was become a philosopher. Here, engaged in farming, he entertained Pope and many other men of talent and letters, to whom he enlarged on the beauty of rustic simplicity. But in reality during the ten years he lived there he never for one moment ceased to intrigue for restoration to the House of Lords. He failed, and in 1736 abruptly left for France. There, at a beautiful old chateau at Chanteloup and sometimes at Argeville, near Fontainebleau, he and his wife lived in retirement till the death of his father in 1742 recalled him to London.

Two years later he finally settled at Battersea, relieved from money worries, which seem to have been the real cause of his return to France in 1736. He now had about £4,000 a year. But content or happiness he never seems to have had, and he was getting old and was afflicted with an agonizing malady. Among his visitors



at the old Manor House were Lyttleton and Marmont, Murray and Stair, Pitt and Chesterfield. But each year the visitors were fewer, and he writes pathetically: "Je deviens tous les ans de plus en plus isolé dans ce monde."

In March 1750 his dearly loved wife, perhaps the only being for whom he really cared, died. He survived her less than two years, dying December 12, 1751.

"God, who placed me here," he said to one of his few remaining friends, "will do what He pleases with me hereafter, and He knows best what to do. May He bless you!"

In Battersea parish church, where he is buried with his ancestors, is a large monument by Roubiliac, with medallion portraits of himself and his wife. This is the epitaph written by himself:

"Here lies Henry St. John, In the reign of Queen Anne Secretary of War, Secretary of State and Viscount Bolingbroke, In the days of King George I. and King George II. something more and better. His attachment to Queen Anne exposed him to a long and severe persecution: He bore it with firmness of mind. He passed the latter part of his time at home the enemy of no national party, the friend of no faction, distinguished under a cloud of proscription which had not been entirely taken off by zeal to maintain the liberty and restore the antient prosperity of Great Britain. He died the 12 of December 1751 aged seventy-three.

"In the same vault are interred the remains of Mary Clara des Champs de Marcilly, Marchioness of Villette and Viscountess Bolingbroke. Born of a noble family, bred in the court of Lewis XIV., she reflected a lustre on the former by the superior accomplishments of her mind. She was an ornament to the latter by the amiable dignity and grace of her behaviour. She lived the honour of her own sex, the delight and admiration of ours. She died an object of imitation to both, with all the firmness that reason, with all the resignation that religion can inspire, aged seventy-four, the 18th of March, 1750."

Frederick, who succeeded the great statesman in his title and the Battersea estate, was the grandson of Viscount St. John by his second wife. His father, Edward Viscount St. John, died in France two years before Bolingbroke. His mother was the daughter of Sir Robert Furness, Bart. He married Lady Diana Spencer and had two sons and a daughter. His daughter Charlotte, who died young, was the last of the family buried at Battersea. In 1763 the Viscount sold the old place to Lord Spencer. Not many years later the Manor House was pulled down, all but one wing which stands to-day.



The old church was also demolished, but the east window and monuments were preserved, and placed in the new building.

All trace of glory has departed from Battersea, but the street-names in the neighbourhood recall the past. There is the Falcon Road, named from the St. John crest, and Bolingbroke Grove, and Grandison Road. And at the entrance to the Grammar School you may read the family motto, "Rather deathe than false of Faythe."

J. F. MORRIS FAWCETT.

## *FAILINGS AND FALLACIES IN FOODS AND FLUIDS.*

**P**REJUDICES die hard, and the man who sets himself to controvert opinions held for generations has a most difficult task before him. It does not matter what his experience and knowledge of the subject may be, he will find that the most ignorant or most bigoted will hold the opinion in their own limited intelligence that they are more competent to advise.

However difficult the task may be, I am going to try to explode some fallacies, and, if possible, to teach those who will be taught the great importance of proper food and fluid, and the part it plays in the maintenance of health, strength, and the well-being of the individual. From the cradle to the grave life is maintained by what we eat and what we drink, and at each epoch in life this has to be changed according to the age, environment, and work, mental or physical, of the individual. The infant will not thrive on the food of the adolescent, the adolescent will not thrive on the food of the middle-aged, and the old cannot, or at all events should not, live on the food that applies to either of these epochs.

Thus for long and healthy life there should be to a certain extent a dietary for each of these periods. It is true that we English are a very conservative race and averse to learn, as far as the study of dietetics is concerned, what experience teaches, even though the lesson be for our good. The ordinary individual, be he male or female, will not learn that the quantity of food he eats every day should depend in a great measure upon his mode of life and his own particular idiosyncrasy. The sedentary man should not eat the food of the active man, and the old man should not eat the food of the middle-aged man, and most certainly the infant should not eat the food of the adolescent. Curiously enough, however, such is the ignorance of the mothers of the present day in this respect that thousands of infants die every year from improper feeding—murdered, one would say, by the ignorance of the mother and the incompetence

of those who advise her. It is a pitiable state of affairs, but it is so. In early life an infant can thrive entirely upon its mother's milk—its proper food—but as time creeps on it is necessary that this should be supplemented by bread, meat, and variety of diet. It is a very curious fact that though in the present day we are generally supposed to have advanced greatly in knowledge in the matter of cooking and variety of foods, yet in reality we do not seem to have advanced much from the middle ages to the present day in knowledge of the importance food plays in the operations of life and health. It is true that in these days the maid of honour does not drink a gallon of ale at her breakfast, as it is stated she did in the days of "Good Queen Bess" (it is to be hoped that she had some one to share this with her), and that the very coarse food of those days has given place to a refined dietary ; still, the knowledge of the use of food and its importance in our daily life is little better understood now than it was then. The surgeon of the time of Henry VIII. would open his eyes in astonishment if he came to life now and saw the advance in science due to the genius of Lord Lister and others, but the physician of those days would have little to learn. It is true he might not see the "green ends of peacocks' dung" given as a panacea for certain diseases, or powdered toads and dead men's bones, but he would see other ridiculous remedies still in high repute. He would see the American and English quacks monopolising the columns of respectable newspapers and robbing the ignorant in a way that Henry VIII. would have cut short in an hour. By the way, why the medical profession have not combined in some way to adopt a means of exposing and crushing quackery has always been a mystery to me.

Now, as previously mentioned, it is an incontrovertible fact that our health depends almost entirely upon what we eat and drink, and indeed even our length of life depends on this ; and yet it is an extraordinary fact that few people will take the trouble to master the subject of diet. Half the evils that afflict us and half the diseases that are common in the present day are entirely due to errors in diet in the individual who suffers.

The first fallacy that I should like to explode in the opinion of the ordinary individual is the fallacy that food has nothing to do with health and condition. The ordinary individual does not seem to believe or to think that according to his mode of life so should his food be apportioned. He either eats food that does not nourish him, and is consequently below par, or he eats too much food that nourishes him too much, and thus becomes the victim of obesity,

gout, biliousness, and a hundred other disorders. He has no idea what foods nourish the nervous system and what foods nourish the muscular system, or what food maintains heat and what strength, energy, and nervous power, &c. ; so that the individual often eats in illness the food he should eat when well, in hot weather the food he ought to eat in cold weather or *vice versa*, and as a rule he eats a great deal too much food of one sort or another, because he is given food that is no good to him.<sup>1</sup>

Another particular fallacy of the present day that I should like to explode is the opinion generally held that a large quantity of bread is necessary as an article of food. It is true enough that bread is the cheapest of all foods, but it is by no means the best adapted for the maintenance of health and condition, so that it cannot be well called the staff of life. In some cases it is quite certain that bread taken except in the very smallest amounts is absolutely detrimental to health, as, for instance, in the cases of the gouty and the corpulent, and sufferers from Bright's disease. To my certain knowledge, a person may live in robust health, having the *other* articles of diet in the proper proportions, on but one ounce of farinaceous food daily. I have kept patients a year or more on this quantity. He may, in fact, enjoy infinitely better health than he could possibly do if taking a pound of bread or other farinaceous food each day. The soldier is allowed three times more bread than he ought to have, and the sailor the same.

It is a curious fact that in the present day many *sensible* people(?) take no interest at all in diet. These are more particularly found among the over-fat, and it is most amusing to see their ignorance. They seem to think that the poor harmless potato is poison to them, and they avoid it as poison, but at the same time they eat bread, puddings, and all things that are fattening. They seem astonished when told that the poor miserable potato is four times less harmful in their case than bread.

The old adage, that what is one man's meat is another man's poison, is perfectly true, and really the particular food for each should be broadly adapted to each individual's requirements if perfect health and long life are to be ensured, taking also into consideration his habits, environment, and mode of life. Take the case of the obese. Those who are experienced in treating such people cut down farinaceous foods and fats, and give instead the foods that maintain

<sup>1</sup> Any one who wants more detailed information on these points will find it in a work of mine, *Health and Condition in the Active and Sedentary*, published by Sampson Low & Co., St. Dunstan's House, Fetter Lane, E.C.



muscular and nervous strength ; and what is the result ? A rapid loss in weight and improvement in health and condition, a heart freed from the impediment of fat and unrestricted in its movements, and in the case of the aged an absolute rejuvenescence. The same applies to the gouty. If people will take more food than the system requires, and the wrong food, the different organs that deal with the excess become clogged, and the effete matter remains in the system to develop as gout in its thousand manifestations.

If ever there was a fallacy indeed, and a wrong one, it is that the proper food of the aged should not be the food which maintains muscular and nervous strength—namely, animal food—but that they should take instead in excess the food which hampers the system with unnecessary weight and waste in the form of uric acid, and in the majority of cases with unnecessary fat ; that is, milk, farinaceous puddings, porridge, bread—in fact, the food of infancy. Such a diet, when there is not the ability to take the necessary amount of exercise to work it off, leads to grievous trouble and makes the sufferer the victim of gout, bronchial attacks, weak heart, and serious congestive diseases which often lead to a sudden termination of life.

The aged every year become less able to carry a weight of superfluous fat, and the internal fat hampers the action of the heart and impedes the proper working of the other organs that carry on life. To repeat it again, it is a pitiful fact, but it is so, that the ordinary medical man of the present day is not taught in his curriculum the dietetic and ultimate distribution of foods and their uses in the operations of life, in sickness and health ; and such knowledge is of paramount importance in gout obesity, atonic dyspepsia, fever, Bright's disease, and in debility after exhaustive illness. Indeed, to hasten recovery in such cases an invalid should be under the care of a dietitian as well as a physician. The ordinary practitioner therefore commences his professional life in total ignorance on these points. He will often meet a patient suffering from a heart loaded with fat, the individual perhaps carrying sixty or eighty pounds of unnecessary weight. The only way to bring relief here is to reduce the weight of the patient, but as this can only be done by scientific dieting, the practitioner is unable, through his faulty curriculum, to advise ; the consequence being that people throw themselves into the merciless clutches of quacks and charlatans, and the evil done by quacks to my certain knowledge is incalculable. It is high time that some legislation should be brought to bear to protect the ignorant against quacks. The well-known journal *Truth* for years has done its best to warn the public against these vermin who prey upon the ignorance and credulity of

the public ; but as long as the newspapers of the day insert their advertisements and fictitious and concocted testimonials, so long will the quacks thrive and the public suffer.

In the case of a person whose heart is loaded or surrounded with fat, the heart's action is restricted, and therefore the circulation cannot be properly carried on. People so troubled become dropsical, and when illness comes, having a heart oppressed with fat, have no strength to combat disease, and succumb. It is perfectly true that the pleasures of the table have an unusual attraction for most people, and the *cuisine* of the present day stimulates appetite even beyond satiety ; but of course, when the laws of nature are set at naught, the inevitable nemesis must follow. The evils of over-eating are manifold. They are not half as well known as they should be. The man who keeps horses or dogs is very careful, if he wants to maintain them in good condition, that they are properly fed. He takes care that his groom does not give his horses too much food without sufficient exercise to work it off. If he does not see to this, the horse becomes subject to skin-disease ; his system becomes loaded with refuse of different kinds, so that he is not capable of doing his work ; he becomes sluggish. The same rule applies to dogs. Dogs, to be maintained in good condition, must be carefully fed, and as a rule the owner of these animals takes a great deal more care of their feeding than he does of his own—that is, as regards feeding for the sake of health. The same rules apply to the feeding of animals in captivity. The lion is fed once a day, and if he were fed oftener he would not enjoy the health he does. Care is also taken to give him a quantity of bone. He lives on meat alone, but he must have bone with it. Meat without bone would not sustain his life, much less his good condition. Powerful nutritive as meat is, a man cannot live for any length of time on meat alone, but he can on meat and bone. I have lately been condensing into the smallest weight a day's complete food. I find this can be done in the weight of one pound, to occupy the space of a shilling sardine-tin. This I have done for use in war, and I believe the War Office are going to adopt it. It is palatable, and being put into hermetically sealed tins will keep for years. It is called Sarxcene.<sup>1</sup> It is now found useful by explorers and others, and was highly appreciated by officers during the recent war in South Africa. Harry de Windt says his expedition was saved from death by half a pound tin a day of it.

Referring once more to farinaceous foods, they must of course

<sup>1</sup> It may be obtained from the Sarxcene Food Company, 125 Richmond Road, Putney, S.W.

always be the staple foods of the poor because of their comparative cheapness, but in the case of bread I should like to see a heavy tax placed on "pure white bread," so as to enforce the use of whole-wheat bread among those who have largely to exist on bread. White bread, which is all starch, is not nearly so nutritious as an article of diet as where the wheat is ground whole; but for those who can afford a varied and more expensive diet it does not matter, and they can keep to white bread if they wish. When I say I would impose a tax on white bread, it is simply because it is the only way of benefiting the poorer classes by forcing them to eat whole-meal bread. White bread alone does not contain the constituents to maintain life, much less health and condition. It is deprived of those salts that are necessary to the nervous system and to thorough nutrition of all the tissues.

I read lately in the papers a lecture by Lord Londonderry in which he argues that the proper way to improve the physique of the child of the slums would be by teaching him gymnastics. Was anything more ridiculous ever suggested than this? The only way in the first instance to improve the stamina and physique of the very poor is to provide healthy houses for them to live in and proper food for them to live on. You cannot make bricks without straw, though Lord Londonderry seems to argue that this can be done, and to send a child to school with an empty stomach to get strong on exercise is about the most fallacious idea that I have ever heard of or imagined. I should like to know whether it is possible to grow roses in the courts and cellars of Whitechapel where these children exist. I should like to know whether Lord Londonderry would like to keep his horses or his dogs in such places. I believe that there is no controverting the fact that the future welfare of the slum child depends upon its proper housing and feeding. Pearson's Fresh-air Fund is likely to do much more for the slum children of London than all the lectures of theorists. These individuals will not recognise the fact that the health and condition of the body depend upon proper food, fresh air, and exercise. Happily for the welfare of the English race, the most illustrious personage of modern times, who inherits the supreme power of ministering to the welfare of the greater number and rules over the greatest Empire the world has ever known—an Empire compared with which the Persian, the Grecian, or the Roman would be insignificant—and who takes so keen an interest in the housing and happiness of the poor, takes an interest in this particular matter, and no doubt his influence will bear fruit and lead to happy results in the future.

It goes without saying that not only should food be adapted to the work and requirements of the individual, but it should be somewhat adapted to the season as well. Persons do not dress the same in summer as in winter, but as a rule they eat the same food in both seasons, and, indeed, in all seasons. Now, this is a great mistake. Food that maintains heat, and food that maintains strength and energy, are two totally different things. The food that gives strength and energy is mainly animal food. The foods that maintain heat are farinaceous foods and fats. In my experience I have found that a person put on much animal food, adapted to his or her particular condition, will, in the winter, increase in strength and improve in condition and general health, but will feel the cold. So much does this occur that, in dieting people for the reduction of weight, I am sometimes obliged to supplement with a little heat-forming food for the maintenance of heat. What does this show? It shows plainly that the proper food for hot weather is animal food, and that farinaceous food and fats should be taken in very small proportion; and this is my experience, borne out by fact, and not by theory only. Therefore, the indication is that in hot weather the food of the individual should consist largely of light meats and fish, green vegetables, fruits (cooked and uncooked), and plenty of harmless fluids. Indeed, the more harmless fluid taken, the better; for harmless fluid is to the kidneys, if one may so express it, what fresh air is to the lungs: it assists them to get rid of the waste of food. A curious fallacy I have often noticed is that people think that plain living is always good and wholesome, and that rich living—that is, food properly cooked and properly served—is necessarily injurious. This is, however, by no means the case, assuming that the individual eats the proper kind of food and the proper quantity. People often say, "I cannot understand how it is that I suffer from indigestion, or any other trouble, when I live so plainly. For instance, I just have a hot roll and butter, with tea and a little cream and sugar for breakfast; for lunch, I have simply a cut from the joint with some potato and bread, and plain pudding; for tea, I have some tea with some cake and bread-and-butter; and for dinner I have some fish and roast beef or some other meat, potato or some other kind of vegetables, and a little bread or toast and cheese, and a pint of ale or beer." Or if it is among the more luxurious classes, the same food cooked in a more *recherché* manner, with French names, thick sauces, plenty of butter, cream, and other items—excellent for inducing the gourmet to eat to excess, and get his certain and ultimate reward in gout, obesity, biliousness, indigestion, and a hundred other troubles.



Of course, in the case of an individual working hard such a dietary might be indulged in without any great harm, but for the ordinary man doing the ordinary work of the present day such a dietary must lead to evils of one sort or another, as pointed out. The only restriction that the ordinary individual places upon appetite is the restriction of excess. He eats until he feels he cannot eat any more, and then stops. He has no regard as to whether the amount of food he takes is more than his system requires or as to what consequences are likely to ensue from the habit of taking too much of one kind of food and not enough of another. If I may illustrate it again by the rich man and his horse, I should ask whether he allows his horse an unlimited amount of food if he wishes the horse to maintain good hard health and to be of service to him. I think such a man would answer that he feeds his horse according to the work he requires him to do, and never overfeeds him.

I am afraid to go too much into the subjects of my own experience in dieting and the benefits derived under proper dieting, because if I did I should lay myself open to the abuse of one particular medical paper, and I must therefore make my article as interesting as I can without bringing my own experience too much into the matter, however interesting this might be to the ordinary reader; but I may point out that half the illnesses, half the ailments of malnutrition are due to errors in diet, and if the journal I refer to were to enter more fully into the matter of food—for we live by what we eat and drink, and our length of life depends upon it—it would be a great deal better for its readers and for future generations. As this journal is read by a hundred times more lay readers than by medical men, its influence would be altogether for good. I can luckily afford to treat its abuse with contempt and scorn. The “British Medical Journal” best represents the more enlightened views of the profession now. It is those I wish to be useful to who will suffer. Although I should be one of the last to decry the proper uses of medicines, yet I do and will maintain that diet in the treatment of diseases of malnutrition is of far more importance than physic. The effect of diet in those forms of disease more directly traceable to errors in diet, such as corpulence, gout, excessive leanness, nervous collapse, debility, and other kindred ailments, is always remarkably satisfactory; and if an individual has been living for the greater part of his life on wrong food, when he is put on proper food he becomes strong, physically and mentally, and healthy. I am able to speak on this point from many years of experience. Bourrienne, in his “Life of Napoleon,” states that this illustrious man

had no opinion of medicines and did not believe in theory that did not harmonise with fact. Of course, it must be admitted that to a certain extent the exact action of some drugs is not known and is but theoretical. You might, for instance, ask the cleverest physician of the day in what way calomel acts on the liver, and I think his answer would amount to much the same as that which was once given by a member of Parliament when asked what were the duties of an archdeacon. His reply was, "To perform archidiaconal functions." There is no question about it that quinine has a beneficent action in certain malarial diseases, but if the curious one was to ask the physician how it had this action, it is certain that he would get for his reply something equivalent to "it does so because it does." He would get no further explanation. This indefinite theorising does not apply in the same way as to the action of foods. If one skilled in the knowledge of foods is asked how it is that certain foods fatten, and that certain foods produce gout, and why certain foods cause biliousness, he will be able to give a plain answer.

I have always held that the physiology of foods should be taught in the medical schools, and, indeed, should be taught in other schools, and food and feeding made an important matter in school life. If this were done, what a vast difference it would make in the health, comfort, and well-being of the rising generation, poor and rich ; with what a reserve of strength would the individual, if properly nourished in early life, commence his struggle with the world, whether that struggle involved physical or mental work ! Why should certain individuals constantly suffer from recurrent attacks of influenza, bronchial catarrh, or colds ? Simply because they are under-nourished, and therefore liable to every ailment common to those below par. Our very existence as an imperial race depends upon our improving the physical condition of the class that furnishes recruits for the army and navy. Now that the country districts are becoming depopulated, it becomes an absolute necessity ; for the stunted growth and low vitality of the denizens of the slums, the greater part of every large city, will never furnish the type of soldier who won Waterloo or Trafalgar. It is surely time that a Royal Commission should be appointed to advise on this matter, of so much importance to the country and the Empire.

What would proper housing, and hence fresher air and proper food, do for the town dweller, rich or poor ?

In the first place, his frame would be properly developed, his brain nourished, his digestive powers in perfect condition, and he would *not* have in his daily work, literary or otherwise, or as old

age advances, to fall back upon stimulants to give him the necessary appetite for his mid-day or evening meal. When I say that the physiology of food should form part of every man's—and I may add more particularly of every woman's—education, I mean that both should know what particular use each food is applied to in the economy, and what particular food is suited for intellectual work in contradistinction to muscular work ; and, further, what particular food is best suited to the requirements of the body in the different seasons of the year. Fewer wives would be widows and children orphans if the mistress of a household adapted or ordered her husband's food to meet his requirements, and made it, or saw that it was made, tempting and palatable. But what obtains now in most middle-class households? The husband comes home to dinner, weary and hungry, to find warmed-up meat or a washy stew awaiting him, or, worse still, an underdone joint and half-cooked vegetables. Perhaps this goes on day after day and year after year, until some day or other an illness occurs, and his constitution, exhausted by want of proper food to nourish his complex organism, succumbs to it. Such cases of early death have absolutely come under my observation ; two of these were medical men.

In the houses of the very wealthy this state of things seldom occurs—perhaps it would be better if it occasionally did, for a life of indolence and ease would be lengthened by occasional starvation. Half the illness that occurs at one season, I think I can safely say, is due to improper dieting at another. We hear of people feeling weak in spring, or suffering from those different ailments due to malnutrition, such as gout, boils, skin-diseases, obesity, or debility. Now, this would not be so if the person was taught the physiology of food, and adapted his diet to his requirements and to the season. No sensible person would think of keeping a large fire burning in his room in the summer or dressing in furs and thick clothes. If he did, he would undoubtedly soon feel the effect of it ; but many a man who would feel himself insulted if he were not thought a sensible person will eat in the summer to repletion foods the particular action of which is to supply heat in excess. Perhaps I cannot do better here than explain that the foods that are converted into heat—that is, keep up the heat of the body—are starches, sugar, and fat ; and those that more particularly nourish the nervous and muscular system are the flesh foods, the albuminoids and salts. There are many more fallacies I should like to touch on, but I fear the length of this article will not admit it, as I have to make some remarks on fluids and their uses. But before leaving the subject of food I may remark that



I have often been asked, and have seen the question asked in different papers, "What is about the proper amount of food that a man should take in a day?" Among the luxurious classes I should say about a quarter of what they usually eat, and among the ordinary classes about half what they eat. I will try and give, broadly, what my experience, extending over many years, has taught me would be a fair day's food that a man wishing to maintain health and condition, and a system not hampered in any way with waste, should take. Of course, it would be impossible to give a dietary that would apply to every one, because a very large man would require more than a small man; but taking an average man of 5 feet 9 inches, and weighing about 11½ stone, the following would constitute a good healthy day's food:

**BREAKFAST, 8.30 to 9 A.M.**—Two cups of tea or coffee, sweetened with saccharine, one or two teaspoonfuls of cream in each, 1 oz. of dry toast, thinly buttered; 4 oz. of grilled or boiled fish, such as plaice, sole, whiting, haddock, cod, or trout, or 4 oz. of cold chicken, cold tongue, or of grilled steak or chop.

**LUNCH, 1.30 P.M.**—2 or 3 oz. of cold mutton, beef, or lamb; 3 or 4 oz. of green vegetables, plainly boiled, plenty of green salad, made with vinegar, but without oil; 4 or 5 oz. of stewed fruit; water, or two or three glasses of pure dry moselle or other Rhine wine.

**AFTERNOON TEA, 4.30, IF DESIRED.**—Two cups of tea, as at breakfast; nothing to eat.

**DINNER, 7 to 8.**—Julienne or clear vegetable soup; 3 or 4 oz. of fish; 3 or 4 oz. of any *red meat*, or of chicken, rabbit, game, or venison; 6 oz. of any green vegetable, with gravy from the meat only; 4 oz. of stewed fruit or of raw fruit; a little stale or pulled bread and a small piece of cheese.

This diet may be varied as to hour; but three meals only should be taken daily, and only sufficient at each meal to satisfy appetite. Fruit may be taken at other times, and any quantity of fluid, so long as it does not contain sugar. Any number of pleasant alcoholic and other beverages suitable for the hot weather, and particularly suitable for those who should not take quantities of sugar, will be found in a book I wrote a few years ago.<sup>1</sup>

Fruit is only beneficial in moderate quantity. If taken in excess, and out of proportion to other food, it is apt to derange the bowels and cause diarrhoea; more particularly is this the case if it is eaten under-ripe or over-ripe—in the former case from its undue acidity, and in the latter from its strong tendency to ferment and decompose in the digestive tract. Fruit diminishes the acidity of the secretion of the kidneys, and by virtue of this is advantageous in gout.

In every well-appointed household, dinner is unquestionably the

<sup>1</sup> *Foods for the Fat.* Chatto & Windus.



most important meal of the day, and a fashion in regard to this has lately crept into use, which is neither physiologically correct nor conducive to its enjoyment. I refer to the custom now prevalent of commencing dinner with some anchovy-toast, caviare, or sardines on bread-and-butter, or some other savoury of a like nature. The proper commencement of dinner should be the old-fashioned dish of good soup, and for this reason: that it is necessary that the first food taken at dinner should be quickly absorbed, so as to stimulate the nervous system and give tone to the stomach. In this way the appetite is stimulated and the sense of taste made more keen. Nothing acts so beneficially for this purpose as a small quantity of good soup. The more important adjuncts are, of course, pleasant surroundings and cheerful companionship.

"Gluttony," says an old writer, "kills more than the sword." On the other hand, there is no reason why food should not be made as palatable as possible—in fact, the more palatable it is, the better. It is not excess in variety of food that is injurious, but excess in quantity.

I need not say that I have no opinion of vegetarians or other cranks of any sort in food. There are very few indeed who could exist on a vegetarian diet, nuts, fruits, &c., only. I have known many who have tried and have made themselves the victims of dyspepsia, gastric catarrh, obesity, gout, and other diseases, induced by loading the stomach with food that does not digest or that over-digests.

Another fallacy that I should like to explode is that electricity can supply nervous or muscular power as food does, and that all the wiles of the quack and the advertisements that appear in certain papers are simply a fraud upon the credulous. The nervous system cannot be strengthened by any electrical appliance, and it is only a few years ago that this matter was threshed out in the courts of law and the electrical quack was for a time obliterated. But—alas for the memory of people!—the electrical quack is now flourishing again more strongly than ever, and people who can ill afford it are throwing away their guineas on appliances that are not worth as many pence as they have to pay for them in pounds. Exercise is a far better stimulant to the nervous system. There are uses for electricity, but its administration should be under proper medical advice, and not under quacks. I have often pointed out how essential exercise is to health. In fact, it is not too much to say that robust health without exercise is impossible; and possibly the reason why the female is as a rule more corpulent than the male is that she seldom takes the amount of exercise necessary to work off the food

that she takes, having regard to her sedentary life. The result of this is that the indolent woman becomes over-stout, and as a result ungraceful and old-looking beyond her years. It has always struck me as an extraordinary fact that women—who are influenced so much by, and who influence so much the admiration of, men—do not study more the importance of a graceful and elegant figure. A plain woman if she has a perfect figure will excite the admiration of every one, and a fat woman, however beautiful her face may be, is a hideous monstrosity. All the wiles of the dressmaker and the *corsetière* are brought to her aid, but in vain. She is, indeed, the terror of the dressmaker and the *corsetière* alike. She expects them to make her graceful when she is so obese and so out of proportion that such a feat is impossible. It is a thousand pities that such a person cannot see how ridiculous she appears in the eyes of men. Imagine the classical figure of Venus, with all its grace and beauty and perfect contour, weighing seventeen stone instead of ten stone. One would like to know, if such a figure were placed in the British Museum, what the opinion of those who gazed upon it would be. No great painter of ancient times painted fat women, and certainly Praxiteles never left one in marble. Why cannot the many otherwise beautiful women of the present day realise the fact that their unwieldy proportions are entirely due to errors in diet, and so very easily remedied for life, and without the shadow of a shade of risk—indeed, at any age—by proper dieting? Possibly it may mean for a time a little restriction in certain luxuries, but surely it is worth all this to regain the figure and elasticity of early life and the admiration of every one who admires a beautiful and elegant contour in a lovely woman—and who does not?

I have often been asked what may be the result of the present motor craze, as far as its influence on health is concerned. I can only say that, so far as the female population are concerned—and this of course applies to the luxurious classes, who can alone afford to make a pastime of motoring—it will lead to their taking less exercise on horseback than otherwise, and to their becoming, as a result, more ungainly; in fact, it is quite likely that in a few years the horse-power of the motors will have to be considerably increased to enable them to carry the obese motomaniacs of both sexes. I fear the motomaniacs of a few years to come will very well represent in size the megatherium and ichthyosaurus of ages gone by, or the giants that existed in the early stages of the world, if the sacred writings are to be believed.

I have lived long enough to see many crazes come and go.

I remember the time, forty years ago, when croquet was the rage. After this, tennis became the rage. After this, football began to take the place of croquet and tennis. Then cycling became the rage, and this has largely died out in favour of the motor-car.<sup>1</sup> At present the motor is a perfect craze ; but I think, from what I know of the habits of the luxurious classes, that the motor-car will before very long be supplemented by some other rage, if I may so express it. The rapid respiration of oxygen when driving at a rapid pace seems to have the same effect upon the motomaniac as alcohol on the ordinary votary of Shanks's pony, and his driving becomes as the driving of Jehu the son of Nimshi. More than this, the nervous system is kept at high tension—in fact, reason seems to leave its throne (I refer more especially to motomaniacs who go at great speeds). I have known one or two who have been killed, and I am *not* surprised they were. As far as I can see, the next craze will be the flying machine, and the motor will give way to this. When that time comes, if I live to see it, I shall have something to say to people on the diet necessary for those who fly on machines through the air. But I fear they, like the motorists, will want the surgeon with his splints and bandages more than the physician and dietitian.

I will now touch on some of the fallacies connected with fluids, more especially in the form of alcohol. The greatest fallacy of all is to believe any one who confesses the amount of alcohol he takes, be it in the form of spirits, wine, or beer. He always cheats himself and attempts to cheat others. Personally, I double or treble the quantity a patient admits as his or her allowance. I do not mean that it is an absolutely universal custom to do so, but it is certainly amazingly common. I remember some years ago a very genial noble patient of mine to whom I allowed as a maximum two ~~bottles~~ of claret a day or six glasses of whisky-and-soda, and he assured me that he adhered to this amount ; but some of his friends—and of course, as we know, friends are always glad to expose the failings of their friends—told me that he drank eight bottles of claret a day, or eighteen glasses of whisky-and-soda, and I am inclined to believe that their latter estimate came nearer the truth. Poor, genial, kindly, generous fellow, no one's enemy but his own, he sleeps his long sleep in a gorgeous mausoleum with his ancestors of many hundred years, and these have filled many a page in "our island story." There is no reason whatever why any one should not take a moderate amount of alcoholic stimulant. It is only a matter of

<sup>1</sup> Cricket has lasted many more years, but I expect it will have eventually to give way to football. It ought to.



their choosing the kind of stimulant best adapted to their particular idiosyncrasies.

My experience as a dietitian has taught me that in moderation alcohol in its different forms, more especially in the form of pure wine, does no harm, while it undoubtedly tends to enhance the pleasures of life. But it must be taken in moderation ; that means that the absolute amount of alcohol should not exceed two ounces. This would be represented by a bottle of moselle or hock or claret, or a pint of *natural* sherry, or three half-pints of ordinary ale or beer, or about three glasses of whisky-and-soda.

Still another fallacy must here be exploded, and that is the widespread idea that it is harmful to drink with meals. As I have persistently shown, there is no rule without an exception, but the ordinary individual would enjoy better health if he drank freely at meals of whatever harmless fluid he preferred, or immediately after meals. In the case of the gouty it is very important to drink freely at meals, as the gastric juice is in this case over-acid and requires dilution ; but in the case of those of weak digestion, where possibly the gastric juice is already too weak or watery, too much fluid during meals may be harmful ; so that really no one is wise in doing the one or the other without consulting some one who can advise him on the matter. But under ordinary normal circumstances it may be taken for granted that plenty of harmless fluid is beneficial, and even necessary to healthy existence. It enables the kidneys to carry off the waste products of the body, more especially in the form of uric acid (gout-poison). Indeed, as I have previously pointed out, harmless fluid is to the kidneys what fresh air is to the lungs. I shall here utilise some information I gave in an article some years ago, so as to enter more fully and in detail into matters appertaining to different wines, both in health and disease, and the mistakes people make in drinking the wrong wines, taking into consideration the conditions under which they live and their constitutional requirements. I must also take the opportunity of touching on the fallacy that is so prevalent that drinking fluid at meals tends to cause corpulence, or more particularly that abstaining from fluid at meals tends to reduce obesity or prevent it. Nothing of the kind is the case. It is a pure fallacy, and people who punish themselves—and those who have tried it, tell me that it is a severe deprivation—only do themselves harm by refraining from taking a reasonable amount of fluid during meals. The fallacy largely owes its origin to the ruling of Schweninger, who flourished in Germany a few years ago. In his system of reducing obesity he cut off all fluid at meals and allowed very little between



meals. This was necessary in the case of the German, because the habit of the German is to swill large quantities of thin beer both at and between meals, and the only way to stop this was to cut off the fluid altogether. But this does not apply to the Englishman or Englishwoman, who at all events is not so addicted to the habit of drinking beer at meals but that he or she can, when occasion requires, substitute water or whisky-and-water, while the well-to-do classes mostly drink wine or whisky-and-water. The habits of the Englishman are so different from those of the German that there is no need for this painful and injurious experiment of cutting off all fluids in reducing weight. The fashion of late years, in the case of the over-luxurious, is to go to some spa abroad once a year, to flush the system out by drinking quantities of antacid water. I remember talking to a very celebrated French physician at one of these places, and, pointing to the crowd at the well, he said, "These people would do just as well at home if they would get up at seven in the morning, drink the same amount of water, and walk as many miles a day as they do here." I quite agreed with him. Antacid waters, as we all know, are solvents of uric acid, and the waters of the Taunus Mountains in Germany are peculiarly useful to the gouty and others who are loaded with the waste of good living and hard drinking.<sup>1</sup> In the days of our grandfathers, when the facilities for going to Germany and other countries for this purpose were not available, Harrogate, Bath, Cheltenham, and Tunbridge Wells were the fashion, and it is a pity that they are not as fashionable now. They are in every way superior to foreign health-resorts, where the sanitary arrangements are abominable, the cooking greasy and unsuited to English tastes, the language unintelligible as a rule to the visitor, and the charges extortionate.

But fashion decrees that these places, often boomed by speculators, shall be the haunt of the luxurious rich, and they flock to them as a panacea for all the ills that good living and hard drinking generate. Then they come home and re-gorge and re-guzzle until it is time to go again.

We live too fast in these days, and life is a rush. Cicero says, "If you want to live long, live slowly," but in these days we don't want to live long or slowly: we want to rush through life. We want to go abroad for our excitement, and so we rush to Italy to die of typhoid, and to be robbed at every turn; or to Egypt for the same purpose, with bugs and mosquitoes thrown in; or to some other health-resort abroad, where they cater for our amusement not only on six days in the week, but on the seventh also. And oh for the staid and

<sup>1</sup> See note, page 81.

respectable Englishman at home !—I blush to say it, but I have seen him at Monte Carlo put his five-franc piece on a Sunday on the table with the same complacency as he would put it in the plate at church in his own parish. Such is human nature.

It is a common fallacy, and one that I must controvert, that alcohol is a necessity. I have always held, and still hold, the opinion that it is not a necessity. There is no reason why a man should not go from the cradle to the grave without touching it, and be in every way the better. It is not a food, nor does it replenish or improve any tissue of the human body. It, however, undoubtedly has its uses ; as, for instance, in illness it tides over the victim in the debilitating stage of acute disease until Nature reasserts herself.

In these days of competition and worry, when possibly we live faster than our ancestors did, it rounds off those angles of social existence that sometimes grate, and, by smoothing the path to friendship and conviviality, makes life more bearable. The fact that a few people injure themselves by over-indulging is no reason why the majority should not enjoy the zest that the exhilarating effects of alcohol give to those who have sufficient control over themselves to use and not to abuse it. And they are the majority. I am a strong opponent of alcohol as a stimulant in its more concentrated form in the shape of spirits, except in cases where it is absolutely essential that they should be used in a medicinal way, and I should like to see a duty placed upon spirits that would make their use absolutely prohibitive ; but in the form of wine, and in moderation, more especially where it is taken to please the palate and to enhance the charms of artistic *cuisine* and promote the flow of wit, laughter, and good-fellowship, I certainly think that it tends to make this transitory existence of ours more bearable and more pleasant. Gluttony in any form must naturally be disgusting, but the gratification of a refined appetite and the appreciation of artistic cookery are only another form of the intellectuality that has run in this groove, but may run in another groove to a love of music, in another to a devotion to art, science, literature, and the thousand other passions and pleasures and pastimes that elevate humanity above the level of the brute creation.

Alcohol in spirit form is the curse of civilisation ; it has caused more misery, more degradation, more crime than anything else on God's earth. It fills the prisons and workhouses, and the revenue it brings the State has enabled us to wage wars and destroy millions of people. Alcohol in any shape in excess is a curse. But in the form it takes in wines, in moderation, it seems as if it were a gift from the

gods; and this has been the opinion of most men whose opinion is worth noting, from the time of Noah to the present day.

In ancient times wine was only made from the grape, as beer was from malt; but, alas! it is exceedingly sad to know that in these days wine can be fabricated not only from its legitimate source, the grape, but, by chemical processes, from substances that are absolutely foreign to the grape; and the unfortunate part of it is that it can be done more cheaply, and so as almost to defy detection.<sup>1</sup>

If there is a thing that I have a horror for, it is "cheap wines," for these, almost without exception, mean poison. For those who cannot afford to pay a reasonable price for wines, my advice is, let them drink ale or cider, or any other wholesome stimulant within their reach. But whatever beverage they drink, if it contains more than 7 per cent. of alcohol, should be freely diluted.

Spirits are best diluted with some sparkling antacid water, as this prevents their irritating the stomach. The best and pleasantest I know is sparkling Cambrunnen water, which comes from the neighbourhood of Homburg.<sup>2</sup>

The Legislature, to a certain extent, guards the spirit-drinker, and sees that the drink he consumes is of a strength that, to say the least of it, means poison; but the Legislature does not guard the wine-drinker in any way, shape, or form. It simply sees that the compound pays a certain duty according to its strength in alcohol, but whether it is a wine, or whether it is a sophisticated concoction made of logwood, acetic acid, sugar, and potato spirit, does not matter to the Legislature at all.

Few people know it, but it is an absolute fact that in the city of Hamburg there are manufactories where wines of every description and every flavour, and of every age, can be made that are absolutely guiltless of any connection with the juice of the grape. It is not to be wondered at that these wines are injurious, indeed almost poison. The pure juice of the grape, without the addition of spirit or sugar, is a wholesome beverage; it stimulates the nervous system, it promotes the flow of nervous energy, it brightens the intellectual faculties, and even assists digestion. But wine that is a chemical combination—that is, wine that is manufactured from chemicals instead of from the juice of the grape—is naturally a liquid to be avoided as one would a pestilence.

The juice of the grape in a properly fermented state is entirely

<sup>1</sup> A recent trial in Germany has illustrated this fact.

<sup>2</sup> May be obtained of the Cambrunnen Water Company, Great Portland Street, London, W.



void of injurious products, more especially in the shape of "fusel oil." It is only when wine is fortified, as it usually is, with potato spirit and sugar (added to arrest fermentation) that it becomes injurious. To me as a dietitian wine is of vast service; in fact, I do not know what I should possibly do without it, and naturally I have taken a vast amount of trouble to get wines suitable for my purposes—that is, to try and procure wines which are imported free from factitious aids to flavour and alcoholic strength. For instance, in dieting for the reduction of obesity, where it is essential by dietetic means to reduce the weight from twelve to sixteen pounds a month, with at the same time improvement in health and condition, it is necessary, in dealing with those who are accustomed to take stimulants, that the particular stimulant allowed should be free from sugar, and in the shape of what are known as *dry* and *natural* wines, and undoubtedly these wines are the finest flavoured and the most wholesome of all.

Of late years the taste for what are known as dry wines has enormously increased. I remember some years ago going to a very noted champagne shipper and asking him whether he could introduce, compatible with my requirements, an absolutely dry champagne, what is known as a "brut" wine—and here, perhaps, it may interest many wine-drinkers to know what a "brut" champagne really means. It means that the juice of the grape that furnishes the wine known as champagne is allowed to run through its fermentation. If from the first it is found to contain sufficient alcohol for the purpose from the grape, it is left to make a wine that will improve as age goes on. In years when, from cold and other causes, the grape does not sufficiently mature, after the fermentation has run to a certain extent, sugar is added to create a second fermentation; and when this has run through, the wine is, after racking and the different processes that such wine undergoes, bottled and temporarily corked; the bottles being placed head downwards in racks and moved daily. In this position a sediment deposits at the neck of the bottle, on the cork, which in due course is removed by a dexterous twist of the hand before the wine is finally corked, being blown out by the wine in the bottle. The bottle is afterwards filled up by a certain amount of syrupy liqueur. It is then finally corked. The amount of this added liqueur depends upon the country it is exported to. In the case of England 2 or 3 per cent. of liqueur is added, in the case of Russia a very great deal more, and so on. Where it is necessary to produce a "brut" wine, instead of adding a syrupy liqueur a small quantity of a similar wine is added to fill up the bottle, which is then finally corked. This is known as a "brut"



wine,<sup>1</sup> and undoubtedly as a dietetic wine when the taste is acquired for it, which it soon is, for all purposes such a wine is best.

But to proceed. A short time after, this gentleman informed me that he had communicated with the head of the firm at Epernay, who replied that they had made their name (a world-wide one) by their well-known present champagne, which was of great celebrity, and they would not alter it. As of course might be expected, other firms by my advice took up the idea, and the taste for dry wines increased. Many years afterwards this wine-importer came to me saying that they found it was absolutely essential that they should produce a "brut" champagne. I pointed out to him that they were late in the day, and that they had thrown away a chance that would have been worth to *them* untold wealth.

In nothing has fashion or taste changed so much of recent years as in wine. Our grandfathers drank heavy and strong wines in the shape of port, madeira, and sherry. Now, this was a fallacy, but for some reason or other, possibly owing to the mischief done by excess in those days, which has left to us an inheritance in the shape of gout, the taste for heavy and strong wines seems to have passed away; and happily so. The three-bottle men of years ago are quite obsolete, and one may truly say that wine is now drunk more as an aid to health, and as an adjunct to the appreciation of the more delicate *cuisine* of these Sybarite days, than as an intoxicant. So in food, the roast beef and plum pudding of old England are now considered as fit for one day in the year only—Christmas Day—and we go in for dinners of numerous courses in which plain joints are conspicuous by their absence, each course having its own particular wine to enhance its charm. This may be pleasant, but it is a great fallacy, and it would be far better if the gourmet stuck to one wine only, and this a light hock or moselle or champagne.

For instance, among the luxurious classes, in the *recherché* dinners now in vogue, it is usual to have some dry sherry or sauterne after the first course—soup;<sup>2</sup> and a choice Rhine wine or moselle with or after fish; and with the *entrée* or joint, or with both, a glass of Chambertin; but there is one wine—viz. champagne—which seems to mate well with the dinner after the first two or three courses are over. This latter wine may be continued throughout, even until the ice or dessert appears upon the table, and the invariable cigarette

<sup>1</sup> "Brut" champagne absolutely free from added syrup may be procured from the Dry Wine Company, 104 Great Portland Street, London, W.

<sup>2</sup> The present fashion of taking what are known as *hors-d'œuvre* before the soup is a great mistake; it is beginning a dinner at the wrong end.

takes the place of wine, and the cup of coffee that then should appear. I do not myself believe in mixing liquors. No more did the late lamented "Samuel Weller" of immortal memory.

There are a certain number of people who drink wine simply as an excitant, but there are others who drink it because they believe, and rightly, that it makes life more bearable, that it assists digestion, and even that it lengthens existence. For many years now, for my dietetic requirements, I have found it necessary to take a personal interest in the matter of wines, more especially as it is absolutely essential, in dieting for such conditions as gout, obesity, and dyspepsia, that I should have wines to meet my requirements, and I may truly say that within the last fifteen or twenty years I have tasted and analysed many hundreds of different kinds, and after taking a very great amount of trouble I have been able to have procured for my purpose by the Dry Wine Company, of 104 Great Portland Street, London, W., a very large variety of natural wines of different countries and brands, such as sherries, burgundies, hocks, moselles, champagnes, ports, &c. I believe that there are very few people in England who have tasted all the different kinds of what are now known as "natural wines"—that is, pure wines without the addition of added spirit or sugar. The national taste, until within recent years, has been for strong and sweet wines matured, perhaps, by age, as in the case of port; but I question whether even in these days many people know or have tasted a "natural port"—that is, a port in which there is no sugar. This class of wine may now be had, and a very nice wine it is, and a wine that would be suitable for gouty people to whom ordinary port is undoubtedly poison. My own opinion as a dietitian is that natural wines are the wholesomest of all, and in this opinion I am borne out by such eminent authorities as Pavy and Thudichum, and, in fact, by hosts of others.

Natural wine rarely contains more than 26 per cent. (by volume) of proof spirit, and therefore a wine of alcoholic strength of 36 to 40 per cent., such as port and sherry, must have supplementary spirit added to it. It is a great mistake to drink fortified wines. Fortified wines, such as port, sherry, madeira, &c., usually contain 36 to 40 per cent. of proof spirit. This is added to arrest fermentation after it has advanced to a certain extent; and these wines, on account of their increased alcoholic strength, will keep under exposure to air, where unfortified ones would not. It is a fallacy to assume that these fortified wines are as healthful as the natural wines.

Some years ago, a great wine-importer in Spain was complaining to me that the taste for sherry had almost died out in England.

I told him I did not wonder at it, as the horrible cheap sherries imported into England were simply poison. He informed me that it was useless to send pure sherry to England as it was, dry and free from sugar, and expressed the wish to send me some sherry as drunk in Spain. He did so, and I have never drunk any other sherry myself than this. It is called *La Perla de Jerez*. This sherry will agree with those to whom other sherry is poison, as in my own case, and I never allow my patients to drink any other.

What I would here point out is the fact that the spirit for supplementing the alcoholic strength of wine is, as a rule, fabricated at Hamburg from rotten potatoes, and is known as potato spirit, and is exported to France, Spain, and other countries for this purpose, and it is this fact that makes cheap wines so very heady and injurious to drinkers. I would therefore strongly urge those who drink wines, if they are to drink them at all, to endeavour by every means in their power to get some wine that is guaranteed not to be fortified in any such way. At the risk of being blamed, which of course is a matter of absolute indifference to me, I must say that there is one firm in London, as I have said before, which has endeavoured in every way to meet my requirements, as far as the procuring of these wines is concerned.<sup>1</sup> There are doubtless hundreds of other firms who supply the requirements of their customers with wines of exceptional purity, and, indeed, the names of many of them are of world-wide reputation; but of course with me it is essential that I should know exactly what wines are furnished for my requirements, which are naturally very extensive.

It would be absurd to suppose that any ordinary individual can be a judge of every particular class of wine, as the taste for high-class wines, like the taste for high-class cookery or high-class music, must be acquired; but I have for years pointed out that people should take the trouble to learn what particular kind of wine suits them best. This they certainly do not do. For instance, a gouty person will go on year after year drinking port, ordinary champagne, or other sweet wines, when he should be drinking a Rhine wine or moselle; and another, subject to constipation, will go on drinking clarets or ports, which contain a large amount of tannin, thereby adding to the trouble already existing. Gouty, fat, and bilious persons will often drink wines which are totally unsuited to them, not from the fact that they have any special taste for that particular wine, but that they are ignorant in the matter of what particular wines or stimulants are most suitable. Not that there are not plenty of wines suitable for the gouty and obese, but

<sup>1</sup> See p. 84.

it is that victims of these ailments will not take the trouble to find out what these are and where they can be obtained. Again, more from ignorance than from love of wine, very many people take more than their requirements or their particular constitutions can assimilate, with the result that gastric irritation and other troubles are set up which eventually lead to persistent indigestion, malnutrition, and general ill-health.

Of course, it would be out of place to expect the ordinary human being to be a physician, or to understand the laws that govern and regulate health. This is the province of the expert, or perhaps, as more commonly known, the "specialist," and those who are wise and who find that their health does not seem to be all it should be should naturally consult the expert; and of experts in this way or that one may truly say there are thousands. It is only a matter as to which "expert" the person should choose, having regard to the particular ailment from which he suffers.

The first expert—save the mark!—he generally tries is himself—the worst of all—and after swallowing drugs and quack medicines and making his ailment worse, or even incurable, he goes to the physician to undo his own evil work. A sensible man does not try to cut his own clothes or repair his own watch, but the same man thinks himself quite competent to act as his own physician, and fritters away his life as if, like the proverbial cat, he had eight more to spare.

Thousands of people suffer from persistent ill-health from errors in diet and in drink; indeed, it frequently comes under the observation of the physician that sufferers from bronchial troubles, from persistent sore throat (often due to excess of uric acid in the blood), headache, malaise, and other conditions that make life unbearable, owe the origin of their ailments to the food they eat and the liquid or wine they drink, and when these two factors are adapted to their particular requirements and constitutional needs, robust health is again obtained.

With regard to excess in stimulant, of course every one is familiar with the evils that arise from this failing. One that comes more particularly under the observation of the physician is the fact that excess in alcohol prevents the elimination of waste from the system, and therefore it is retained in the form of gout, obesity, rheumatism, eczema, and numerous other conditions that mean a retention of effete products in the system, or products that should be consumed in the operations of life.

Excess in stimulant, more especially in the form of spirit, un-



doubtedly tends to deteriorate tissue, and by so doing leads, when middle age is drawing to its close, to changes in the kidneys, in the liver, and, indeed, in all the organs (the healthy working of which is absolutely essential to continued health), and to their early decay. It does not matter whether it is excess in eating or excess in drinking, but, undoubtedly, excess of any kind means the wearing out of the different organs that have to get rid of it, and the old proverb that says that he "who lives in wine dies in water" is perfectly true. It simply expresses the fact that excess in wine eventually leads to disease of the kidneys that finally terminates in dropsy and death, and the proverb might just as well have added that he "who eats too much dies of suffocation," for it simply means that these votaries of the table become corpulent, and by thus overloading the heart with fat, weaken its structure and prevent its free action. This is the reason why the over-fat are so subject to sudden death. Nearly all obese people have weak hearts, and as the accumulation of fat around the heart impedes its free movements, it is always working at high pressure, and, unless in the case of the very muscular, soon loses the power of propelling the blood through the extremities properly. Let the victim of this state press the skin that covers his shin bone,—he will find it *pits*. This indicates dropsy, due to a failing heart. Then let him put his house in order, for the "red flag" is out.

But to return to the subject—in regard to alcohol as an adjunct to health, it simply comes to this: that the individual himself is no judge of the quantity or of the character of the stimulant that he indulges in. He may be right or he may be wrong, but if under any circumstances the health is not what it should be, he would do well to see whether what he is drinking may not be the cause of it. Not that the stimulant itself may necessarily be injurious in the particular case, but that the character of the particular stimulant he is taking may be so. For instance, it is well known that French red wines interfere more with the digestion than white German wines, and in this respect the Sicilian wine marsala is still worse. The most wholesome wines of all for ordinary use are undoubtedly hocks and moselles. These seem to suit almost any person. They suit the gouty, they suit the obese, and they suit those affected with the ordinary forms of indigestion. Of course, there are constitutions that are benefited more by other wine. For instance, anæmic people may take with benefit burgundy. In the debilitated stage of acute disease, port seems to be the most valuable of fermented liquors; and where a rapid stimulant is required, and one that at the same time aids digestion, champagne furnishes the best.

It would be impossible in a short article to enter into the merits and demerits of all the different well-known wines, but those best known in England are the hocks, clarets, ports, sherries, and champagnes. Champagnes, unless of special brands, are as a rule too sweet for any but the robust. Dry wines and champagnes may be procured that are suitable even for the gouty and obese ; indeed, other wines, in the form of sherries and ports, may also be obtained ; but these, though cheap, are imported more to please fastidious palates and those who cannot drink other classes of wine. Most people naturally drink wine regardless of its after-effects, but there are, unfortunately for themselves, those who require to consider and choose what wine they should drink, and, happily for such people, such wines are now within their reach.

There is a field for beverages in our own country which would undoubtedly, by the application of a little science and care, open up a very large industry, and this is in the manufacture of perry and cider. These are among the most wholesome of beverages, very pleasant in taste, and free from fusel oil or other poisonous ingredient. They have a great future before them, and there are two well-known firms who make a speciality of dry cider, suitable for the gouty ; Whiteway & Co., of Whimble, Devon, being I believe the best known. I have tasted their dry cider, and think it excellent. There are a few counties in England noted for their perry and cider, such as Hereford, Dorset, Somerset, and Devon, but in every other part of England, Scotland, and Wales cider-making is unknown.

Wine that is good and pure, wine taken in moderation, can do no more harm than any other luxury—it increases appetite and stimulates digestion. In advancing and old age it is certainly beneficial. It strengthens the action of the heart, increases warmth, and acts as oil does to rusty machinery. We have St. Paul's authority for this. But, taken in excess, it weakens the nervous system, and in women leads to hysteria and other neurotic derangements. It further impedes the renewal of nervous and muscular tissue and the vital activity of the blood-vessels. In excess it influences the circulation in such ways as to lead to congestion, and by paralysing nervous energy is the cause of degeneration of tissue that eventually leads to such conditions as Bright's disease, *cirrhosis* of the liver, thickening of the membrane of the larynx and bronchi (as may be noticed in the hoarseness of confirmed toppers), and other evils too numerous to mention. It is a well-known fact that those who are exposed to the temptation of tippling, such as hotel-keepers, wine-merchants, barmen, &c., are very short-lived.

Insurance companies, as is well known, refuse to take at ordinary rates persons who indulge to excess in alcohol, and their tables show conclusively that life is shortened by a great number of years by immoderate indulgence in drink or food. On the other hand, it would, I think, be an evil day if the moderate and healthy-minded individual were to be ruled by the faddists, who, though in the minority, can always make themselves loudest heard. Happily, there is always a majority of level-headed people to keep them in subjection, so that the ordinary sensible man shall be able to enjoy all the foods and drinks that a beneficent Nature has placed within the reach of humanity.

To expose all the fallacies in eating and drinking would require more space than a magazine can spare, but I trust I have done something to this end in this article. If I have only succeeded in convincing people that health, happiness, and long life are within their own control, and that if they take exercise,<sup>1</sup> eat and drink moderately, avoid quacks of all sorts as they would poison, and, when occasion demands it, consult those physicians who are better able to advise them than they are to advise themselves, I shall feel I have not written it in vain.

NATHANIEL EDWARD YORKE-DAVIES.

<sup>1</sup> Many who took part in the recent walk to Brighton will have bitter cause to regret it in years to come. The system should be toned up by regular exercise and proper food and fluid before such supreme exertion is taken.

*IN MEMORIAM: TO A RED DOG.*

I HAVE not written down thy praise—  
 Too sore my heart thro' all the spring,  
 Whose freshen'd sweetness could not bring  
 The buried joys of former days.

In dreams I breathed June's ev'ning balm  
 Down where the reed-bound river winds,  
 And weeping willow solace finds  
 In kissing breast so deeply calm.

'Twas there our punt would onward glide  
 In sight of yonder dear grey towers,  
 While pale blue stars and primrose flowers  
 Smiled at you, seated by my side.

They bloom again, and others see  
 The best of life—as you and I  
 Beheld it, ere you had to die  
 Or I had taken my degree.

Degrees and death ! Far off they seem'd  
 When 'neath the trees we moor'd to rest,  
 Your dear red head to mine close press'd—  
 And so we laid us down and dream'd.

. . . . .

Brown autumn has reap'd summer's store  
 Ere I complete this verse, to be  
 Sacred to your dear memory—  
 November mists are here once more.—

The season which was your delight,  
 When earth is clothed with fallen leaves  
 Strewn o'er her bosom by the breeze  
 Which shakes the pines at dead of night,



And hurls the chestnuts to the ground  
Where, polish'd with the night-dew's tears,  
How often, in those other years,  
Such treasure we have rambling found.

The same sweet scents as you did love  
Perfume the ground with moisten'd breath ;  
But hangs the shadow chill of Death  
For me wherever you did rove.

The stream is swollen 'neath the bridge  
Where, lingering, we watch'd the trout—  
A water-rat there scuttles out—  
No paws are on the wooden ridge !

No short, low barks his coming greet !  
A horrid hush on silence feeds.  
He burrows off among the reeds ;  
Unwatch'd, unhinder'd his retreat.

. . . . .  
The rain is dripping on the road—  
I think how on such days gone by  
We shared the fire-place—you and I—  
Of that snug chamber in "The Broad."

There comes at length a frosty dawn,  
Fresh—bright—but bringing that same truth :  
The friend of dearest days of youth  
Lies sleeping 'neath the silver'd lawn !

Entomb'd in Death's dark grave you lie,  
And these dear visions of past days  
Are veil'd by Life's prosaic ways—  
By cold and stern Reality.

Only, if all we hold the best  
Of Life has yet a better end  
Beyond—why, then, my faithful friend  
Of that first good should share the rest.

## CONCERNING SOUTHERN FRENCH CHARACTER.

"THE Latin race" is a loose general term, responsible for much misapprehension touching the character of Southern Frenchmen that obtains among us at this day. It is a half-truth only, and not the *vraie vérité*, that there exists such a thing as the Latin race. A Latin element enters into French, Spanish, and Italians alike, in various degrees, but not equally marked, even in the North and South, in the case of any one of these nationalities. Thus heredity and environment, and not race alone,<sup>1</sup> everywhere account for character; and this they do, upon the whole, when taken in conjunction with uniformity, since "Ex nihilo, nihilo fit," "Rien ne se perd," and "Natura non facit saltus" are maxims of universal application. Horace expressed the second of these canons in his famous lines: <sup>2</sup>—

Non tamen irritum,  
Quodcunque retro est, efficiet, neque  
Diffinget infectumque reddet (sub. Pater)  
Quod fugiens semel hora vexit.

Let us strive to apply these rules in the following analysis of typical Meridional character, bearing in mind the while that existence of sundry exceptions establishes the truth of the rule.

Perhaps that characteristic in the man of the South which is most universally borne in upon his critic of the North is that he is constitutionally objective, and never tries to hide this sinister defect, of which, indeed, he is unconscious. As an illustration. A shopman, far from seeking to find out what any particular customer requires, is ever fully purposed merely to "stick" him with that of which he (the aforesaid shopman) is most anxious at the moment to get rid. If you go to a place of business at any period during the long midday breakfast hour, the man in charge plainly shows you his dissatisfaction. At a bank, say, a quarter of an hour before

<sup>1</sup> Maine, *Early Institutions*, ed. vi. p. 96.

<sup>2</sup> *Hor. Od.* iii. 29.

closing time, you are blandly asked whether you want your cheque changed that day, or if to-morrow won't do as well.<sup>1</sup> Should you venture to remark upon the fact or amount of an overcharge, the Southerner thereupon becomes automatically impolite, and when chidden therefor remarks that he does not like "observations." In every transaction traders want to see a present considerable *benéfice*, and never scruple to kill off-hand the goose that lays the golden eggs, however numerous or large such eggs may be. Although the man of the South is childlike in his vanity and love of ease and pleasure, he has also the senile vice of being grasping and over-reaching upon all possible occasions. The proprietor of a restaurant must have 100 per cent. profit upon his bottled wines, and fails to take note that you see this, and in consequence don't drink them; whereas if he were content with, say, half that proportion, you might probably do so to your, and indeed to his, greater content; for then he would get a substantial return for a dinner, out of which, as it is, he oftentimes (like his client) gains but small advantage.

Again, the same individual is remarkable for aloofness, as in his slowness to adapt himself to the requirements of his *clientèle*, trying always with obstinate insistence *stare super antiquas vias*, and, when driven into a hole, presenting his *non possumus* after the fashion of the rabbit attacked by a ferret, namely, by merely turning his back and inertly doing nothing. This is well evidenced by the long series of formalities one has still to go through at a foreign banker's when changing a cheque. Speaking generally, the man of business, if clever as a monkey, is yet slothful, cunning, and most untrustworthy, as well as inquisitive, nor can he be managed except by dexterous chaffing and direct appeals to his vanity. This class is further lacking in stay and true pluck, being, as has been said, inordinate lovers of ease and pleasure. Like all creatures of feeble character, their obstinacy when raised is remarkable for its intensity. Therefore it is no good to show your displeasure, and an angry word has nearly as bad an effect as a blow upon Southerners endued with wonted *amour propre*. Thoroughly republican at heart, each individual considers himself not only as good as but better than anyone else. For that is what *égalité* means with him.<sup>2</sup> At the same time he translates *fraternité* by trying to supplant fellow shopkeepers in the matter of such rival's customers, while regarding any wandering on the part of a client from his own fold as an act of

<sup>1</sup> "There is plenty of time" is the commonest of observations on both *versants* of the Pyrenees.

<sup>2</sup> Maine, *Ancient Law*, ed. xii. p. 93.

basest infidelity. *Liberté*, in the view taken by the dweller in the South, is well exemplified by the self-denying ordinance of the Liberian Republic, to the effect that "a white man is nearly as good as a black, as long as he behaves himself." In a word, *liberté* is strictly personal and in no wise reciprocal, nor must it be assumed or insisted upon on any account, except by the individual praying it in aid, in the form that we should call licence, upon his own particular behalf.

The foregoing embodying the general business principles of the Southern Frenchman, it is no matter for wonder that even the so-called gentleman's vaunted politeness is found on analysis to be but skin deep. "*Grattez le Russe et vous trouvez le Tartare*" is a no more obvious truism than that if you dissect our subject you here come upon the atavistic monkey developed into a contemporary stage-player. He merely assumes the rôle of politeness in order to show off what his friends take to be good manners. The motive of such a one is to appear *bien élevé*, that is all. Politeness here comes from no altruistic ideal, as can be clearly demonstrated by the different forms, for example, in which it is respectively manifested to an old and ugly, and to a young and pretty fellow-traveller. Nor, again, does gallantry and chivalry form a large factor in the composition of the character under review. Few Southerners would dream of interfering if they saw liberties, however gross, being taken by one of their fellows with a girl, whereas all Anglo-Saxons, of high and low degree alike, rise thereat in their wrath upon the spur of the moment. Moreover, even among professional men, generosity there is none. Anyone can see how doctors<sup>1</sup> in a country town fight each for his own hand in Southern France, while no lawyer speaks warmly of his fellow like an old friend, as is the wont with us. If the horizon there is narrow, so are the springs of action. Self, pure undiluted self,<sup>2</sup> is the dominant idea, to subserve which, according to accustomed standards, necessitates but the thinnest cloak to cover its nakedness withal.

Why is the Southern Gaul always jealous of Englishmen as colonists? Because he sees that we succeed where he does not, a fact for the most part due to his lack of subjectiveness with regard to natives of the country of his adoption. In his case

<sup>1</sup> In Pau this year the Medical Association determined not to meet in consultation a doctor, now a respectable practitioner, who, fifteen years ago, was discovered cheating at cards!

<sup>2</sup> "Oh self, self, self! Every man for himself, and no creature for me—universal self."—*Martin Chuzzlewit*, chap. iii. *ad fin.*



there is always the *animus revertendi* prominently kept in view. This sort of *colon* never tries to adapt himself seriously to the country of his choice, but, as for example in the case of Basques and Béarnais in South America, always tries to establish therein a little quasi-French quarter all to himself and his compatriots, with which the stranger or native intermeddles not. Thus assimilation fails to take place, and for that reason he remains a bad colonist. Hence, his too frequently shown envy, hatred, and malice towards the German or Englishman, who, as a rule, does succeed in foreign lands by reason of his adaptiveness. Yet another defect of national character self-evident to Englishmen dwelling in the South is the lack of enterprise which characterises the great majority of the inhabitants. This arises in part from subdivision of property, as enforced by the Code Napoléon, partly from the nature of the climate, and still more perhaps from the existence of numberless little salaried offices, one of which it is the heart's desire of every Southerner to "collar" for himself. The splendid spur of necessity is thus in his case wholly absent, and enforced success no necessary consequence of an automatic compulsory struggle for life. For which reason men of mark who have made fortunes for themselves are there rare, and the general tone of society commonplace and of a low level, owing to lack of stimulus and example. Frivolous opportunism, and not a grand ideal, forms the accustomed incentive to effort, and is indeed, the rule of conduct that operates upon the man in the Southern street. To take but one instance. Southern juries won't convict in crimes of passion,<sup>1</sup> but are very vindictive in vagabondage and theft, fearing that the growth of such things will be prejudicial to themselves. Is this not egotism *in excelsis*?

Some thinkers are of opinion that the extraordinary love for his children which so conspicuously marks the Southerner, is to some extent likewise attributable to egotism. We take a different view in ascribing it to the strong and benevolent influence of women, and to some degree, too, to the abiding teaching of the Roman Catholic Church. But however this may be, it assuredly exists to a degree which is inconceivable to the untravelled Briton, and constitutes one of the brightest and prettiest incidents in Southern life. When parents go for a holiday they are always accompanied by their children. No nurseries separate young from old. The family feeds together, and there is a general reunion at All Saints and the New Year, and, indeed, whenever opportunity offers. At funerals,

<sup>1</sup> English juries used not to convict when they thought the punishment (as that of death for sheep-stealing) too Draconian.

the sorrow felt by the surviving family for the member that has been taken from their midst is genuinely deep and lasting, and the memory of the departed abides with them for ever, kept alive as it is by frequent family visits to the cemetery. In a word, the domestic life of the Southerner forms the noblest part of his surroundings, and is that which most strikes the stranger with admiration and respect.

Among minor excellences of character common in the same latitude are sweetness of temper, and the faculty of being easily amused. These tend to lessen friction in daily intercourse, and probably go far to account for the cheerfulness everywhere observable. Of course the environment of sunshine and an agreeable climate are responsible for much of this, as is evident from the fact that on a bitter cold day in winter there is no babbling in the market-place, while on a bright warm morning the chatter, chatter, chatter of vendors and purchasers alike stands out a thing of wonder to all foreign observers. Not only are the remarks made on all sides cheery and good-humoured, but for the most part expressed in excellent language and often with quaintness and wit. A market-woman, on hearing some customer's grand name, will ejaculate: "Voilà un nom qui sonne!" and a peasant say sententiously when he sees a poodle carrying a stick on a summer day: "Voilà un qui fait déjà sa petite provision de bois pour se chauffer pendant l'hiver!" without thinking for a moment that his involuntary remark is in any wise trite or racy. A lady married a year and a half, who had been away the while, was asked on her return by one of her "fournisseurs" if she had any children. On being told no, he observed at once "Oh! la paresseuse!" And so it comes about that the poorer classes in the South are able to get through longer hours of work with far less discontent than is the case with us. Yet the life of the peasant is very hard, for the sous he grips are few and far between. He has no poor-house or old-age pension to flee unto in case of need, and thus is obliged himself to provide for the day when he can no longer work, as well as for his daughters' future, whom he cannot hope to marry without the customary *dot*. Wherefore the lot of the peasant with his *fundus mendax*<sup>1</sup> is indeed hard. *Ausus tam amice pauperiem pati* is the best he is permitted to hope for. Storm and blight and ever-growing competition are constantly present with him. Cattle disease and the difficulty of getting proper seed, manure, and chemicals

<sup>1</sup> Arbore nunc aquas

Culpante, nunc torrentia agros

Sidera, nunc hiemes iniquas.—*Hor. Od. iii. 1, 30-32.*

to treat his crops withal never fail to stare him in the face. Life or the land is tedious and monotonous, tobacco and wine, his little comforts, dear, and so not plentiful. His womankind work with him and cheer him in his daily task, but they cost him more now-a-days in dress than heretofore, since every female, of whatever degree, must perforce have a town gown. Sons, after being with their regiments or compulsory service, do not care to return to the trivial round, the daily tasks of an out-of-the-way little farm. Most young men prefer either to be navvies, or to work in or near a town. Thus the small peasant-proprietor of the South, if greedy and grasping when occasion allows, is strongly tempted in that regard. And when, as he usually is, cheerful and kindly, such a one is so in spite of much that would surely make a Northerner moody and discontented. Therefore let him have here his meed of praise, even if not much of this upon final balance be found to be his strict due.

Yet another racial quality which may fairly be set down to his account is general temperance in eating and drinking. The food of the Pyrenean peasant proprietor consists of a little cabbage soup (*garbure*) in the early morning, the same with bread and vegetables at midday, and bread and cheese at night. This goes on six days out of the seven, while on infrequent festival occasions preserved meat (*confit*) is added to the chief meal. Most red wine drunk has nothing like the alcoholic strength of English beer, and, when it has, is usually qualified with water. Coffee is a luxury not forming an item in the daily dietary, while butter and milk, yes, and eggs too, are sold far oftener than consumed at home. The Basque drinks on market days and fêtes. Not so the Béarnais or Gascon of the countryside. The café is his club, and not a place at which to buy strong waters. There he plays skittles on Sunday, and for the most part contents himself with a half-litre of the wine of the country, which could not possibly affect his head, though it not impossibly might his stomach, if partaken of in large quantities. Just as everyone in the country is more or less a peasant proprietor, so in the town professional men and shopkeepers merge into a single class. There is hardly such a thing as what we should call a country gentleman, or rich resident without profession, except in the few pleasure towns. In consequence money is the one subject of thought and conversation among the serious, and women and pleasure-hunting among the young and frivolous. Little culture is apparent, and what brightness does enter into the life of the Southerner partakes often of a materialistic rather than of an idealistic nature. That this should be so among the anti-clerical is natural enough; but, to say truth, the case is much

the same among the devout. Priests, congregations, nuns, and those upon good works intent, all grab alike, for money is so clearly what "makes the mare go" in South France that if they failed to do so not only would there be no progress, but things could not go on at all. At the same time it is but fair to remark that even here the artistic element is not wanting, and humour not unseldom shown both in begging and devotion. A priest in an Advent sermon will urge his flock to indulge in *un tout petit peu de pénitence* for their present as well as future good, expatiating all the time upon the ease and simplicity of the performance. And such an exhortation is taken quite as a matter of course.

Perhaps the most serious indictment that can be fairly brought against the Southerner is his far too frequent inability to do right because right is right, in scorn of consequence. Even the doctor has as a rule no fixed charge; he gets all he can. To *marchander*, that is, to bargain, is the rule in shops, and not the exception. The same remark applies to hotels, although for the commercial traveller the usual daily charge is 7.50 francs, with 50 centimes for servants. The cook gets for herself a sou at market out of every franc she expends for her mistress, and everyone is on the look-out for a *pourboire*. In a word, no one is content with his wages. Hence follows that gambling, in some form or other, is prevalent. The investor goes in for gold mines, the shopkeeper for *petits chevaux*. Young men want to make money as *commissionnaires* or by cab-driving, rather than at a fixed wage. The girl prefers the life of an *ouvrière*, and too often that of Balzac's *grisette*, a type still in full vigour in the South if not in Paris, to the more certain one of domestic servant. In brief, the practical intent of the people under consideration is how to add to their income as easily as may be, and with as much interesting variety as can be obtained by hook or by crook. The man with a small property is always upon the look-out for a little place under government, or for a wife who will bring him a *dot*. Workmen want to get to the end of the day's work, to do something else by which more easily to increase their total receipts. This latter is too often an especially reprehensible individual. Exceedingly jealous of the professional man, he will tell you boldly that he refuses to work for a franc an hour, when a doctor can get 5 francs for a ten minutes' visit, or a lawyer double that sum for a short conference. He is such an egotist that he can't see that there have been money and time sunk in the education of the more learned classes, which has not been the case with his. Here his vanity, egotism, and lack of respect for his betters render him blind and



ridiculous, though by nature quick-sighted and practical. Much of all this may, no doubt, be fairly attributed to the system of education at present obtaining in the South. Whether clerical or lay, it is alike objectionable. For in the former case a continuous *espionnage* is exercised over boys during the entire school career. They are never left to themselves, as in an English place of education, nor is any trust placed in their honour by teachers, or confidence shown that they will behave themselves properly if left alone, either in or out of school hours. From which it results that the youth early becomes deceptive, as well as lacking in initiative, and too much of an out-and-out partisan of the particular system under which he has been trained. This was seen in the case of the officers who took up so strong a position against Captain Dreyfus. If the teaching be lay, similar faults are encouraged, only in a somewhat different way, and perhaps not quite to the same extent, and as a result the pupil necessarily becomes bitterly anti-clerical. In either case none of that manly and straightforward conduct which for the most part marks the English public-school boy is developed by his earlier educational training, nor yet at the university that *esprit de corps*<sup>1</sup> which mainly comes from healthy association in games, and enforced wholesome intercourse of life in one common building, and not in the *maison meublée* away from all college control.

The foregoing being the characteristics which most strike those who have lived long enough in the South to learn the inner life of the inhabitants, it now remains to account for the same as well as we can. Passing by environment and education, to Roman influences may fairly be ascribed the wonted strength of the family tie, regard for the State and love of bull-fights and spectacles so usually observable, while to Germanic ones is to be set down the predominant power of woman as mistress of the home, and often of the business too. But the Celtic element accounts for the love of pleasure and for the artistic proclivities so generally prevalent and striking. Just as the noble Roman, whenever he was beaten by the Carthaginian, ever spoke of *perfida Carthago*,<sup>2</sup> so nowadays *perfidie Albion* is the cry when modern Frenchmen are forestalled in any badly managed colonial project, as for example at Fashoda.

At Bayonne or Toulouse, even in the present state of civilisation, bloodshed, cruelty, and all the horrors of bull-fighting spectacles are as popular as were the gladiatorial combats and wild-beast

<sup>1</sup> As to this being so in the army, see *Trooper 3809*, by L. Decle, p. 259. (Heinemann, 1899.)

<sup>2</sup> "Perfidia plus quam Punica."—Livy. Cf. *Hor. Od.* iii. 5, 33.

encounters in the days of ancient Rome. Throughout the South, whenever anything of a public kind is on the *tapis*, it is State aid that is sought to give the initiative, not private enterprise, as with us. The young man does not emigrate if he can help it, nor does he marry and set up a separate establishment in Anglo-Saxon independent fashion. He seeks a wife with a *dot* (which was a Germanic institution), and usually brings her home to the abode of his parents, into which he and she and their children soon become incorporated. Truly democratic, owing to the effects of feudalism, which culminated in the Revolution, he has too often lost that respect for the Church and its teaching<sup>1</sup> which used to keep him straight, and, moreover, was wont to afford innocent interest, and indeed amusement, at many festival seasons. All this he now seeks to replace by small gambling, bicycling, fishing, and such other sport as can be got when not showing himself off on the boulevard or in the café. The religious life of the people in the South is, as a whole, a thing of the past. Anticlericalism mostly actuates the lowest stratum, except in the case of those dependent upon the vast charity of the Church. Municipal politics and the utterances of the local press exercise an absorbing charm upon the men, while the women, when not occupied with business or dress, still, to some degree, attend to their devotions. But these changes in habits are taking place slowly, and perhaps that which is the most marked is the growing similarity of dress among all sorts and conditions of women. In outlying villages girls now all dress, as far as they can, like Parisians, local costumes having become quite out of date. But whatever changes in the garb of the Southern woman fashion may effect, her far-reaching influence in home life will never be diminished among Meridionals. Most conspicuous among the Basques is the house-mother; it is likewise ever clearly to be seen in Béarn, Bigorre, Gascony, and Provence. The mother is the moving spirit from whom all flows, and she it is who often directs family affairs. This she does with tact and judgment, seldom making her yoke appear grievous even to the grown-up son. Her daughters-in-law, though often obliged to live with her, praise her, while her husband calls her blessed. Woman's sweet influence and the family ties she knits together cannot be too highly praised. This is primarily attributable rather to German than to Latin heredity, and secondly to the exigencies of Southern life, even of the life of to-day. In the country the man

<sup>1</sup> Cf. the enthusiastic reception accorded to the anti-Jesuit play by an ex-priest at the Circus Theatre, Barcelona, July 27, 1901; as to which see *Daily Chronicle*, July 29, 1901.

is in the fields, in the town, at the café. The woman it is who is the stand-by of the little business, which belongs in effect rather to the family than to the man, for the *patria potestas* has in its original form now almost died out.

But if of the diminution of the male parent's authority, and indeed of the marital right, it may be fairly said :

Non ita Romuli  
Præscriptum et intonsi Cætonis  
Auspiciis veterumque norma,

we must not suppose that this power is lost. It is but transferred to the *conseil de famille*, in which the modern Southern French-woman perhaps takes the foremost place. So here of a truth, since the *potestas* is thus conserved, "rien ne se perd," while the time that this change has taken in bringing about justifies application of the canon, "Natura non facit saltus," or, otherwise put, "Natura non fit statim ex diverso in diversum."

Thus the centrifugal force of the family circle is not newly developed, being probably but that of the *patria potestas* somewhat differently divided, forasmuch as "ex nihilo nihil fit." Does this not truly illustrate the application of the laws we set out to prove? and if so are they not hereby presumptively proven? Anyhow, a case is made out clearly worth further consideration, if final judgment must be waited for till we obtain better particulars.

A. R. WHITEWAY.

## TABLE TALK

## ABUSE OF INITIALS IN THE PRESS.

I THINK it time to protest against the habit—which has ceased to creep, and has taken to climbing, into the press—of defining institutions by their initials. In some cases these initials are fairly known—S.P.C.K., to signify the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, are as familiar as were to an ancient Roman the S.P.Q.R., which to me they always suggest. But I constantly read in modern newspapers abbreviations which to me convey nothing at all. *The Westminster Gazette*, one of the best and most readable of newspapers, is a great offender in this respect. Abbreviations of the kind indicated should be sparingly employed. Of course, long names of societies often repeated occupy a good deal of space, but we are not, or ought not to be, in such a hurry that we have not time to make our meaning clear. I suppose I may say over the signature I employ that I am a fairly educated man and pretty well *au fait* with what goes on in the world. Yet I am frequently at a loss to fill out initials on which I light in the newspapers, and I have sometimes to let the writer's allusion pass. In the case of letters put at the end of names, even as signs of distinction, it is not easy to keep up to the mark. We most of us know that D.S.O. stands for Distinguished Service Order, but more than one of the honours bestowed during the past war is, when indicated by initials, more than a little puzzling to the "civilian" intellect.

## ABUSE OF INITIALS IN BOOKS.

I KNOW only one book in which initials are employed to convey matters the reader is expected to know. That book is, however, one which in the prosecution of a portion of my labours I am expected to have at my fingers' ends—Genest's *Account of the English Stage from the Restoration in 1660 to 1830*—the best and most comprehensive of all English books on the stage. In the index to this, and in other portions of its ten volumes, initials are continually used to denote plays familiar enough at the time to the author, but now many of them forgotten by the average reader. Abridgments such as D.L. for Drury Lane, C.G. for Covent Garden, and Hay. for Haymarket, which occur hundreds—nay, thousands—of times,



are pardonable. A student of the book must learn, moreover, that D.G. stand for Dorset Garden, and L.I.F. for Lincoln's Inn Fields. When I turn to the list of characters played by a certain artist, say Peg Woffington, I find her credited with enacting Miss Lucy in *V.U.*, Sylvia in *R.O.*, Lætitia in *O.B.*, Portia in *M. of V.*, Isabella in *M. for M.*, Andromache in *D.M.*, Lady Touchwood in *D.D.*, Phædra in *P. and H.*, Lady Dainty in *D.G.*, &c. Now *Merchant of Venice* and *Measure for Measure* can be easily filled out, and a moderate knowledge of the early stage enables me to supply *Recruiting Officer*, *Old Bachelor*, *Distressed Mother*, &c. To say what *V.U.*, *D.D.*, and *D.G.* signify, I have to make a difficult and toilsome exploration, in the course of which I find that the first is *Virgin Unmasked*, the second the *Double Dealer*, and the third the *Double Gallant*. If a course such as this were generally adopted, the trouble of reference to an index would be as great as that of consulting casually a modern scientific dictionary. I am not sure whether I have mentioned, *à propos* of letters after names, one instance in which I was definitely floored. After his name the author of a book—I forget what—put W.L.P. It was years before I discovered that this cryptographic addition stood for Wesleyan Local Preacher.

## THE EGRET.

MY readers know how incessantly and, I fear, how tediously I have preached the lesson of humanity towards animals, and especially the necessity of mercy towards bird life. Before all things I have sought to impress upon all the atrocious cruelty involved in rending from the living bird that bunch of nuptial plumage known as the aigrette or egret, which, in spite of all that I and others can say, remains a favourite form of feminine adornment. Again and again I have urged that the acquisition of this decoration involves scenes of bird slaughter which may in extent and in horror compare with anything recorded concerning human carnage in Dahomey or Bonny. If I have ceased to dwell on the subject, it has been through very shame at the frequency and monotony of my own denunciations. It may serve to show the influence of my much speaking when I say that during the past spring—Heaven save the mark!—two of my women folk (I have but three in all) appeared before me in hats bearing this deplorable proof of feminine heartlessness and masculine rapacity. One, I am glad to say, in answer to my remonstrance, has sent the hat to have the offending object removed. The second, over whom I vainly hoped I could exercise some influence, having no idea of foregoing the use of attire

at once fashionable and cheap, has arranged that the hat shall, if possible, be kept out of my sight—which, of course, may be contrived by avoiding my presence. In each case the plea advanced was that the egrets were artificial, the customary lie manufactured for trade purposes. In order that these mendacious excuses may no longer serve their purpose, I quote the distinct declaration of Professor Ray Lankester and Dr. Bowdler Sharp that of the aigrettes sold as artificial not one was really so—one and all were genuine, consisting of “the nuptial feathers of the white egret”—and that what the salesman asserted was nothing but the old trade falsehood revived.

#### THE BULL-FIGHT IN ENGLAND.

I N drawing attention to a degrading exhibition, of the existence of which in our midst I have only just heard, I am aware that I run the risk of being regarded as animated by a valetudinarian rather than a robust sensibility. So firmly persuaded am I that human progress depends upon the spread of humanitarian views, and the advocacy in all times and places of the lessons of mercy, that I am willing to suffer whatever rebuke may be offered. I learn, on unimpeachable authority for the statement, that among the designs exhibited in the “moving pictures,” now a feature of public entertainments, is a most realistic exhibition of a ‘bull-fight.’ Admiring the cinematograph as a scientific toy, and marvelling at the results obtained, I still hold that to put it to such use is debasing, and that the public presentation of such a scene should be prohibited. Everything is shown—the disembowelling of the horses, the torture and death of the bull, the hurried escape of the participants in the butchery. Now, I am aware that in the spectacle thus presented no positive slaughter takes place and no risk is run. The exhibition is none the less offensive and brutalising. I am averse from grandmotherly legislation, and am with those who object to the invention of imaginary crimes and the piling-up of needless and vexatious statutes. So much inherent brutality lurks, however, in our unregenerate nature, that those incur a grave risk who set before the public depraving spectacles. Since the time of the sports of the Roman arena, of which they are a direct survival, bull-fights are the most horrible exhibitions so-called civilisation has tolerated. The spectator of the mock bull-fight of which I speak, a youth of twenty, felt the sickening sensations I experienced when witnessing the real thing in Spain, and withdrew in disgust from the mock spectacle, as I withdrew from the real.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

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*THE TRAGEDY OF A  
MARCHIONESS.*

BY A. CLAY ROBERTSON.

SHE was only a marchioness of Bevis-Marks : a poor little ugly drudge in perpetual motion, who suffered toilsome, hopeless, and loveless existence in a Marylebone lodging-house. At least, so she appeared to Hubert Wotherspoon when it occurred to him to notice her. She had been in daily attendance upon him for a year, and he had been barely aware of her existence. To her consciousness, he was only "the dining-rooms." It had never occurred to her in equal aloofness of daily familiarity to fall in love with him, though he was handsome, young, and kindly out of natural disposition and gentle training ; rich, too, in the estimate of his landlady and her satellites, even beyond the dreams of avarice, for he paid two guineas weekly for his rooms, and was wholly indifferent to charges for extras. What he paid for coals alone kept the whole house going. But Ada Tilkens—Ada is the generic name for lodging-house servants, as Charles is for footmen—had neither time nor imagination to lead her into the pitfall of love.

She was no beauty, yet not aggressively ugly, and she was always fairly clean in her person and unobtrusively neat in her attire. Hubert Wotherspoon was a literary young man, almost blind without his glasses, and greatly pre-occupied. So long as his papers were not moved or mixed, and his privacy was not broken in upon by hard breathing, uncleanly odour, creaking shoes, or clashing crockery, he did not mind being bothered by the entry of coals or meals.

One day he was surprisingly and exasperatingly interrupted in the middle of an article by the unwonted sound of jingling plates to

the accompaniment of very audible breathing. He looked up, impatience writ deep on his countenance, barely arrested on his lips. A trim young stranger was laying the cloth for dinner. She smiled consciously.

He was not an ill-tempered fellow, but the smile was an unpardonable aggravation of the offence. "What are you doing?" he asked peevishly. His nerves were always tender from the day's strain.

The maiden bridled. "I suppose there's no harm in laying the cloth, sir," she said pertly.

He returned silently and sullenly to his papers. Confound her! He could do nothing but listen to that stertorous breathing. (Really the girl had recovered her wind, and her breathing was imperceptible to any but irritated ears and strained nerves.) Every time she touched dish, table, or spoon he could have jumped or sworn. He tried to remember what he had wanted to say when the *vacarme* began, but he could only keep wondering what had brought the girl into his room. Where was the other one? Imagination raced, refusing to be turned into the channel of his article—an essay on morals and fashions of Dervishes. If this woman were destined to wait on him always he must change his lodgings or his profession. He couldn't stand her noise and her grins. He felt through the nerves of his back that she was trying to attract his attention. How could he work if his whole mind was given to forgetting she was in the room . . . to avoiding her advances?

Where was the other one? Had she been discharged? If so, what outrageous injustice! Such a nice, quiet girl; so perfect in her work! Had she left to better herself? How selfish of the girl—the other one—to upset all his work, to reduce him to impotence, to beggary, for the sake of comparative—*very* comparative ease and affluence! Perhaps she was ill? Inconsiderateness again. She should have taken care of herself; not caught cold, gallivanting in the streets; not over-eaten herself. It did not occur to him that she might be dead. The majestic tragedy of death could not be associated with a lodging-house drudge. They never die; are they ever born? Have they beginning and end? They appear as bearers of trays; they result from the pulling of bells; they vanish to be replaced by something distinguishable only by the imperfections of unfamiliarity. Perhaps she was only out on an errand—an unheard-of liberty to take with his prandial comfort; pardonable, perhaps, as a solitary irregularity.

He made no inquiry, out of sheer contradictiousness. He knew instinctively that the girl who waited was dying to begin conversa-



tion. The only words that came willingly to his lips were wicked ones, so irritating were her unfamiliar movements, her variations in the art of waiting. Then he went to his club and forgot.

Until next morning ; when the would-be attractive substitute showed herself again at breakfast, smiling so confidently that he would die rather than meet her overtures by civil speech. She was impertinently attentive, maddeningly so. He wanted to snatch the dish-cover from her officious fingers and throw it at her smart, fashionably-dressed, capless head. He would give notice to leave at the end of the week—and would certainly dine out every day until then. He replied in sharp monosyllables to her impertinent inquiries. What business was his dining of hers ?

As evening fell, he met a friend who had sent him birds and hoped they had turned out well. Wotherspoon suddenly remembered he had not had them and they were high when they came.

“I am going to have them to-night,” he said. “Come and try them with me.” His friend was engaged.

He wired to his landlady, nevertheless. The birds must be eaten—and he wanted to know if his own attendant had returned. Most likely she had.

No ; she must have gone for good, and the void was still more distressful. The interloper waited again with even less efficiency, for something was missing from his table-equipage.

“I can’t think where Ada keeps it,” she presumed to say out of her superfluous loquacity.

He took no notice. How was he to know where Ada kept anything, or who Ada was, for that matter ? Ah ! Ada was probably the name of the nice girl. (He had never before thought of her as a nice girl.) And the other said “keeps.” The verb stayed in his mind. If the present tense might still be applied to Ada’s habits with regard to the “dining-rooms,” she could not be lost to them for ever.

For a whole week his martyrdom continued. Ada remained absent, and he would not inquire. Alice, the substitute, played for his smiles and his conversation in vain, though she improved her methods and ceased to irritate his always overstrung nerves by noise or newness.

In spite of his utter lack of responsiveness to herself, of the faintest evidence of curiosity, Alice managed to inform him that she was his landlady’s daughter, obliging him out of her infinite condescension ; that her apparent awkwardness and stupidity were evidence incontestable of gentility ; that her mistakes were such as

should charm or amuse. As jokes, she certainly had them all to herself. Had it gone on longer, there must have been murder done.

Purgatory ended with such quiet suddenness that he did not perceive the cessation of torture for quite a minute. Then he became aware that his bacon was placed on a once familiar spot to which it had for long been a stranger, its cover removed by a hand long vanished.

"So you've come back again!" he said, joyously, congratulatorily.

A startled smile broke over the plain, sad little face. A blush spread over the insignificant features, all unaccustomed to such warm softening. The quiet steady hands trembled—metal and crockery clashed together, merrily, musically. She said "Yes, sir," just above her breath. What a modest, soft little speech was hers! He had never heard it before—or noticed it.

"I hope you have not been ill," he said kindly. Then he saw she had not been ill. She looked fresh and well.

"No, sir; I've been on my holiday."

He was amazed, interested, almost excited. He could not associate the opposing ideas of Ada and holiday. What did Ada look like, holiday-making? What did she do by way of holiday-making? Where did she holiday make?

"I'm glad of that," he said generously, unmindful in his relief of what her revels had cost him (and had they not cost real mental wear and tear, even admitting Alice's shortcomings to have been too hardly judged?) "Where did you go?"

"To Margate, sir."

Nor could he associate her with his idea of Margate. He had never been there; but he understood it was a place where all the young men went with their arms round their girls' waists, and where the girls wore the men's hats, and where such transference was accounted fine wit. He wondered if any masculine arm had enfolded that thick, straight waist.

"You would have grand times there," he said.

"Yes, sir," shortly, rather apathetically than snubbingly.

She departed and left him wondering. Her holiday had certainly changed her. It could not be said that it had beautified her, for it had reddened her little button of a nose and freckled her face, and she did not look happier, he noticed, when she returned with second post letters. She looked sad, sadder than ever; for now, glancing back with faint interest and half-humorous curiosity into their mutual past, he remembered that she had always looked sad. But

the new sadness interested him—this sense of change about her and it.

There was another change. She was still the same quiet industrious little creature, as alert as ever to his requirements, and at the same time doubling her personality to calls outside his presence. That portion of his life which she virtually controlled by instinctive apprehension or mechanical obedience, the limited and shallow domesticity of bachelorhood, pursued its even tenor. His papers were always in their place, though dustless ; therefore, no doubt, dusted. His meals were punctual and brought in unobtrusively. Yet moments of leisure came to break the crust of her life and let in thoughts for herself. He found her one morning looking at herself in his dressing-glass. He retired softly, feeling he had surprised a strange and sacred secret. Another day he caught her inspecting a photograph on his mantelpiece—a pretty girl in a ball dress ; his sister. He saw her turn from it with a sigh.

Poor little thing ! How unequally life was apportioned ! To Margaret, laces and jewels, roses and smiles. To Ada——

Poor Ada ! Had she been born in Margaret's social place, would the roses and laces and jewels have beseeemed her ? Would they have improved her ? Would smiles have been more surely her portion ?

It became an interesting problem. She was starved and tired, and dressed in clothes in which Margaret would have looked ugly. Margaret lived in an atmosphere of ease and family affection. Besides pretty clothes, she had unlimited freedom, fresh air, amusement. Lately she had had love, the all-transformer. She was not dowered with real beauty. Ill-fed, ill-dressed, weary, unhappy, unloved, she might have been plain. He wondered what effect smart clothes would have upon Ada. The effect would have to be prepared by careful washing. Her hard-worked little paws must be purified, softened, attended to ; the limp, lineless contour of her waist must be controlled by corsets ; while an extended spell of fresh air, accompanied by good food, would enrich and quicken her blood.

He observed her still more curiously on the next opportunity. Was she really such an ugly little thing ? He could imagine a person rather like her as far as features went, yet quite piquantly pretty. There was a girl he once knew who sang at the Tivoli, who passed for a charming girl, who wore diamonds and wonderful hats, and lived on the fat of the land ; yet her twin sister, who had come to scold and wile her back to the nest of village toil and humdrum, was the poorest specimen possible of femininity, and a man had told him that two years ago you couldn't tell which from which.

It was odd he had never noticed these capabilities before ; but then he had not noticed her until she made herself felt by absence. It was wonderful how indispensable she had made herself to him in her unassuming way. He noticed all sorts of little attentions since her return. She had a marvellously dainty and delicate hand—that is, she used her coarse, soiled hands with daintiness and delicacy, which seemed to show they had been made for more gracious usage. He felt sure they would become clean and shapely, soft and white, by constant and careful washing : hot water, good soap, brushes, manicure. He began to remember what he had not consciously noticed, that Alice's hands were ringed. Rings would improve Ada's hands—not as yet, though.

It was his friend, Colin Lamont, who first remarked in words upon the change in her. "New girl rather pretty," he said.

"Not new at all, and not pretty. A very good, respectable girl, I believe," rebuked Wotherspoon irritably.

"A respectable girl may surely be pretty, and a pretty one respectable," laughed Lamont, "and an ugly one wicked, and a wicked one ugly—Have you seen 'Oh ! Susannah?' No ? Let's go to-night."

"Susannah" did not greatly amuse Wotherspoon ; nor did it interest him, he believed. It was not the same thing, he told himself. Ada was not in the least like that—not in love with him, either.

Then he remembered the sigh with which she had contemplated Margaret's portrait. Perhaps she had taken it for his fiancée. Perhaps—

He observed her next morning with interest further increased. Was it love that had endued her with new charm of late ? He flattered himself it must be so—endued her, alas ! to divest her, for she looked wretchedly white and worn, as she came in with the breakfast-tray, more like Susannah of the Royalty than he had thought, and pity possessed his soul.

"You want another holiday," he said kindly.

"There can't be any more holidays this year," she replied wearily.

"You should have had a longer one."

"I wish I hadn't had any."

He guessed she meant that life seemed darker and harder by comparison ; then it struck him that perhaps she had left her heart on Margate Jetty. Perhaps vows sworn by the sad sea waves had been broken.



"You would like to spend a long time by the sea—months ; and no work to come back to ?"

She smiled in bitter derision and went out.

He gave her a sovereign that evening and told her to buy herself something smart. Her face glowed with surprise and gratitude, her dull eyes beamed. He looked next day with impatience for the result of the sovereign upon her beauty and attire, and was quite cruelly disappointed to see none ; except, perhaps, a new animation in her face, a new softness and tremulous brightness.

He reasoned with himself ; she had not yet had time for shopping. He was unreasonably hurt that she did not make time, until it struck him she would keep her new finery for Sundays. He was selfish enough to call such exclusive treatment ingratitude.

A fortnight, containing two Sundays, went by, and he saw nothing of gay addition to her poor toilet. He had not remarked before how very poor and worn her gowns were ; how thin for the increasing cold of autumn.

At last he asked her when she would have a Sunday out. She said, "To-morrow."

The idea excited him so much, he could hardly get through the day. All his imagination went to wondering what she would wear ; all his time to studying other girls' frocks and hats ; even to studying bonnet-shop windows, choosing head-gear he hoped she had chosen ; picturing her little face, washed and fattened, under each of the exhibited hats in turn. He smiled to see it under this huge black plumage ; he smiled more softly to see it under that garden of rosebuds. He thought she would look best in a natty sailor hat.

He dared not ask her what was her hour for Sunday-outgoing, lest he should arouse her shy suspicions. She brought in his luncheon—a meal he had recently taken to eating indoors. He smoked all the afternoon with his eye on the area-gate. He was going to dine out. If she did not hurry up he would miss his engagement.

Ah ! somebody ascending the area steps at last ; but what a spectacle ! A costume of that terrible hue known as "voylet" to its votaries, beloved of barmaids and all 'Arrietdom ; surmounted by a wondrous grass-green hat of a material probably believed to be felt. A ragged and dirty feather boa straggled from her neck.

He could have cried ! The girl's ingratitude was past bearing. Had he not been obliged to catch a Sunday train, he felt he must have stripped her by violence of her poor gauds and sent her

clothed in Nature's disfigured, though less disfiguring, garb into the sunny warmth of the street.

Dinner cheered him up, and society brought temporary oblivion : until some spirit whispered mischief, or some echo woke within him. He sprang up from his sybaritic chair in a verandah by the murmuring moonlit river. He pleaded an engagement, nearly forgotten. When was the next train to town ?

He reached Baker Street at 10.45. There was no hope of seeing her return then—thanks to the pious tardiness of Sunday trains. No mistress would allow——

Was this fate ? He ran against her under the notice board "Way out." Had she too been up the river, investing the sovereign in change of air ? A most prudent proceeding.

She saw him, averted her eyes, and drew back. He waited for her outside.

"Have you been at Kew ?" he asked.

"No," she answered almost surlily.

"At your mother's—at home ?" he persisted.

She did not reply. There was really no reason for her reserve but shyness. She had, in fact, been visiting a former fellow-servant in the Edgware Road.

He was quite in a fury of jealousy. He did not believe she had bought those clothes out of his sovereign. He knew nothing of second-hand shops nor of the amazingly reckless way in which the poor treat their clothes, never from the first warranted to stand much usage, rough or gentle. He felt sure her young man had got the sovereign out of her.

He dared not ask her directly.

"You are very smart," he said tentatively.

She smiled : in the moonlight he could not see if she blushed ; but she spoke not.

He regretted his speech. She should not be encouraged to admire such garments. He must teach her better things. He was at least responsible for her expenditure to the extent of a sovereign.

"I think you would look nice in a sailor hat," he said.

"I hate sailor hats !" she returned contemptuously.

"Get one and try the effect," he suggested.

Again she was silent—obstinate, he thought.

She wasn't very likely to throw money away again on hats for long enough, *she* thought.

Next day he bought a sailor hat with a blue and white striped ribbon. It was sent in a dreadfully compromising box. He flushed

when he saw it awaiting him. Next, he was bewildered by the difficulty of presentation—the still worse difficulty of seeing it tried on.

He snatched at opportunity, hearing her in his bedroom through the folding doors. She had not been wont to make herself heard on such occasions, but she was unnerved. She had seen and noted the hat-box; dreamed of its intention; suffered disappointment at silence respecting its contents; then guessed with anguish that it must be for the lady on the mantelpiece. She had never before presumed to be jealous of that beauteous lady. The historic sigh really had been for comparison. Now she wanted to smash that portrait.

He came in stealthily. She started, and stood, an image of fearful wonder. . . .

She tried on the hat before his own glass. She disliked the effect. He was only half-satisfied. "I must try you with something smarter," he said.

Three weeks later, the fair Alice brought in his breakfast tray; not smiling, but haughty as a duchess.

He was taken aback, but he would not inquire—until the aggressive complacency of Alice's hauteur stung him to retaliation.

"Where is Ada?" he asked sternly.

"Packed off—a bad little thing," she returned sharply. "Her sort doesn't suit our class of house."

"She was an excellent servant," said Wotherspoon quietly. "I hope you may get another as good."

"If the servants don't suit the lodgers, the lodgers are free to go," he was informed.

Of course, after this, nothing remained to dignity but a week's notice. The landlady, surprised and annoyed, ignorant of Alice's "independence," which the girl dared not confess to, eased her indignant soul by aspersions on Mr. Wotherspoon's character.

The night before he left, he met Ada near the house. She looked more deplorable than he had ever imagined: starved, tear-stained, bedraggled. She told him she had been appealing in vain to her late mistress for a character.

The injustice of it stung his soul. After all, it was he who was to blame. He gave her money to find respectable board and lodging for a week or two, finding she had nearly spent the small fraction of small wage she had had in hand, and he gave her his new address, to which she might apply if misfortune should continue to overwhelm her.

She turned up there two days later, having been robbed. He felt himself to blame for it all, but tried to cheer her by reminding her of the miseries of her former existence.

"It was a good place," she astonished him by saying. "I don't mind work—and there was plenty to get from the lodgers' leavings, and it was warm, sleeping in the kitchen."

Remorse possessed him wholly. For all his imaginativeness, he had failed to understand there might be a certain charm in her life to herself. Only the other day, Margaret, who was marrying a man whose year was filled by varied sport, had pitied her poor brother for having to toil over stupid articles and the awful catalogues at the British Museum. Is it still more difficult to realise the happinesses and glories of other humanity than its miseries and shames?

She began to cry softly, silently, helplessly. It was too much. She looked so small and weak—so nice, too, in his sailor hat!

"You poor little darling!" he cried, holding her to him. "Don't cry any more. You shall have a far better time than you ever dreamed of. I will take care of you."

He meant to do her no wrong. He would adopt her—that is, he would be an elder brother to her. He could not, now it came to the touch, imagine her in any other relation.

How full is life of the unexpected! Yet, fatalists would declare that from all time past, one hour of the following evening had been waiting rich with great fruition; a turning point of his life. He sat by his bright fire, his whole being aglow with pleasurable excitement: it seemed to him that no excitement had ever been so keen, so delightful; yet he had known excitements. He had not known the fever of battle, nor the triumph of discovery; he had not, as far as he knew, stood face to face with death. He had not hunted big game or even hooked big salmon. But he had known the delight of tramping with a gun over Highland moors, the breathless rush after the Midland fox. And he had known the pause between the last bundle of proofs and the parcel of copies of his first book from the publisher; the watching for reviews; the first half-yearly account of royalties. Yet he had never been fuller of pleasurable excitement than while he waited to see Ada emerge from behind the folding doors dressed for a music-hall stall in the full and complete glory of new clothes.

He saw her already with mental eye: small, dainty, piquante, infinitely interesting. He had chosen the whole outfit that morning—for you can get yourself up very smartly indeed at an hour's notice in these ready-made days: a simple black frock from



Whiteley, a pretty cape with a flutter of something soft and white round the neck from Peter Robinson, a pretty hat from Heath, neat gloves, neat boots. She had been purified of all the outward stains of her past by a Turkish bath; and even the few good meals that may with prudence be absorbed into the system within twenty-four hours had endued her with the plump effect of contented appetite and warmed blood. His heart beat with pride as the heart of the sculptor beats who has made an image of beauty out of shapeless clay. It beat, too, with generous kindness, as the heart of the charitable beats, who has brought joy out of misery.

She was so gentle, so submissive: so anxious to improve under instruction; so happy in his protecting kindness; and she was distinctly improvable. He found she came of respectable parentage, but was an orphan, without relations. The School Board had done its best for her. . . .

The door slowly opened. . . . She stood before him, his dream . . . realised?

Shattered.

There she stood, at her best development, hopelessly uninteresting.

Pretty enough. He had not expected beauty. Clean. Oh! that was the mischief of it. All the mystery, all the pathos, all the possibility had been washed away, removed with her poor clothes. He had torn off the veil and behold! nothing remained but the eternal commonplace. He had worked out his scheme—and it had failed.

She saw it in his face. She did not burst into tears or reproaches. Her mouth only twitched into an ugly shape and a few tears dribbled from her reddening eyelids.

She was quiet and submissive and sensible. He had no difficulty in explaining to her that this second holiday was over; that having found out the riddle of her existence, he had no further occasion for her society. He gave her sufficient money to keep her until she got a place, and a letter to a philanthropic ladies' society in which Margaret used to concern herself.

"Disillusion with a vengeance," he said to himself, taking a cigarette. He heard the door close—very softly; was it apologetically, or tenderly? "O woman, woman, what a mystery you are—or what a fraud!"

"I thought he was different, somehow," she said, as she stumbled forth from his door into the night: the night of colourless loneliness, of hidden peril, of weariness and petty misery; through the careless, jostling crowd of a selfish world—to the depths of the

black, restless river? Not to the Thames *viâ* Piccadilly Circus! Only to the deeper, colder, darker depths of cheerless oblivion; to ceaseless, thankless toil; to the bearing of a burden ten times heavier to shoulders that had known freedom; to harsh neglect, sharpened by the memory of newly discovered kindness; to semi-starvation, all the less bearable for the lost hope of plenty; to a world as void of interest to herself as she was to the world.

## *REALISTIC PEEPS INTO THE PAST.*

**A**N ungainly pile of ancient newspapers, into which I have just dipped, has remained dormant for years in the dusty drawer of a forgotten bureau. The possessor had almost lost the interest in such things until a casual glance revived memories of the pleasure he had derived sometime in what we now call the "eighties" in collecting and hunting in odd corners of dingy second-hand bookshops in those squalid streets of the Metropolis which long since have been swept away to make way for wide and healthy thoroughfares.

These faded, rag-like "sheets of antiquated type" certainly look as if their brief mission in life would never be resuscitated, except perchance to be utilised for kindling scanty fires in the grimy tenements of back alleys, or for wrapping up sundry quarter pounds of margarine. Yet what strange revelations may be found for the mere trouble of haphazard perusal! Historical events and famous names crop up on all sides to grip our attention, conveying a realism and actuality which is entirely wanting when such matter is served up with the finest literary style of no matter what great historian. In these simple newspapers we read of *the present—the existing*; not *the past and the dead*. The romance of the road is a thing of to-day; happy couples hasten off to Gretna Green, as highwaymen still haunt the acceptable seclusion of Finchley Common and Hounslow Heath. So forcible, indeed, is this illusion with regard to times past and present, that when we read of good Queen Anne suffering from a severe attack of the gout, it is positively difficult to imagine that her august Majesty *is* really dead after all.

Without further introduction, then, let us dip into these magic papers. Commencing with the earliest issue in the collection—*The London Gazette* of November 8–12, 1688—we learn from Exeter of the 6th that "the Prince of Orange" is "marching towards this city, and we being in no condition to oppose him, the Right Reverend Father in God the Lord Bishop of this Diocese thought it requisite to leave this place, being gone to London to pay his duty to the

King and to receive his Majesty's commands." Poor King James ! these commands were of little weight. Only a month later and he crept out of Whitehall by Chiffinch's Privy Stairs, deserted on all sides.

The next paragraph that catches the eye savours of some of Scott's romances. The news this time comes from Edinburgh, January 11, 1689. "This day," says *The Gazette*, "Colonel Macgregger, a chief among the Highland clans, who lately commanded the 600 Highlanders that plundered the Laird of Kilmarnock's lands, was brought in here with several others from Glasgow, having been taken by a party of the Lord Kenmur's Regiment. There are four regiments appointed to go from hence for Ireland."

We get a peep at the coronation of William and Mary in *The Gazette* of April 11-15, 1689 : "Whitehall, April 12 : This afternoon the Knights, Citizens, and Burgesses in Parliament assembled walked from Westminster to the Banqueting House, where they attended their Majesties to congratulate them upon their Coronation, which was performed by the Right Honourable Henry Powle, Esq., their Speaker, in a most eloquent speech ; after which all the members kissed their Majesties' hands." On June 30th of the same year Major-General Kirk, in command of the fleet in the Lough of Derry, sends a despatch re the Siege of Londonderry : "The town holds out," he says, "very bravely, and have placed two guns upon the church steeple, which do great execution. The Irish have made several attempts, but have been as often repulsed with great loss ; they lately attacked the Windmill, where the besieged have lodged themselves, and have planted several pieces of cannon, but were beaten back and a whole regiment was cut off except a Lieutenant-Colonel and fifteen men, and last night they again attacked the said mill, but with no better success than before."

After this quixotic encounter we come to the last week of October (1689), and find the King and Queen inspecting the Lord Mayor's Show from a balcony in Cheapside. So far *The London Gazette*.

We now take a leap into the latter part of Queen Anne's reign. *The Post Boy* brings the melancholy tidings on October 11-14, 1712, that her Majesty Queen Anne is indisposed, and "has removed to the Garden House on the south side of the Castle [Windsor] ; the day following she was seized with a regular form'd fit of the gout, which is looked upon by the physicians as a mark of great vigour in her constitution and promises a very long life, which we hope God Almighty will be pleased to grant for the happiness and prosperity



of these kingdoms." The demise of her Majesty, so often referred to, however, occurred only a couple of years later.

*The London Journal*, August 4, 1722, carries us into the next reign with a suggestion of Jacobite troubles :

"Last week a soldier being on duty at the Cockpit, Whitehall, was seen reading the Pretender's Commission, upon which he was taken into custody, since which several more have been taken upon his impeachment."

More interesting are the arrangements for the funeral of the great Duke of Marlborough, announced in the same issue: "A whole piece of armory is appointed to be carried, which is now cleaning in the Tower, and a piece of ordnance, the officers of the ordnance to attend the same, and also seventy-three of the out-pensioners of Chelsea to walk in gowns, with his Grace's arms, before the corpse. The Dean of Westminster hath appointed Dr. Crofts to compose an anthem on that occasion. The Deans and Prebends are to walk in their copes as upon a Coronation, and Dr. Crofts in his mantle, and we hear the choir of St. James's and St. Paul's are likewise to attend."

To follow historical events we now go to a country paper—*The Kentish Chronicle and Canterbury Journal* of October 6-13, 1789. The French Revolution is in full swing. "The tumult in Versailles was not bloodless," writes the reporter. "Many great victims have been sacrificed on the altar of freedom. We have from a respectable correspondent the names of the following persons who have been killed ; but as we did not yesterday receive advices from our regular correspondent (a lapse which is certainly to be attributed to the disorders which rage in the capital), we cannot for the present give the particulars of the shocking catastrophe :

"The Duke de Guiche.

"The Duke de Chatalet.

"The Prince de Poix.

"The Comte d'Estanig.

"The Comte de Lusignan.

"The Abbe Maury.

"The King's Body Guards behaved most nobly. In the slaughter which happened about fifty of the Parisian troops and mob were killed and thirty of the King's Guards cut to pieces. Eighty of them were taken prisoners and brought to Paris ; the rest saved themselves by flight.

"This regiment is peculiar to any other, being composed, both privates as well as officers, of persons of the second order of

nobility in France. The heads of those who were slain were carried in triumph to Paris, and shown about the streets on tent-poles, as a further specimen of the savageness and ferocity of a Parisian mob.

"In the evening of Wednesday the districts of Paris passed a resolution that the regiment of the King's Body Guard should be immediately broken and never more revived. That in future his Majesty should be guarded by citizens instead of soldiers."

Four years later *The Whitehall Evening Post* records a little sidelight of the climax. "The following circumstances relative to the late Queen of France have not before been published. When the executioner came into her apartment at seven o'clock in the morning she said, 'You come early; could you not have come later?' 'Madam, I am ordered to come thus early.' She was quite ready, dressed in white, as the King was on the day of his martyrdom. She desired to go to execution without a cap, but she was not allowed. She cut off her own hair. In mounting the scaffold, by mistake the Queen put her foot upon that of the executioner, Samson. He felt so much pain that he cried out, 'Ah!' She turned towards him and said, 'Sir, I beg your pardon; I did not do it designedly.'"

Incidents of minor importance now claim our attention. We hear from *The Craftsman* of March 10, 1732-33, that "on Monday Sarah Malcolm sate for her picture in Newgate, which was taken by the ingenious Mr. Hogarth; Sir James Thornhill was likewise present." Sir James, it will be remembered, was his father-in-law. Referring to the great artist, *The Daily Advertiser and Literary Gazette* announces on June 6, 1751: "This day Mr. Hogarth's pictures of the marriage *à la mode* will be sold to the best bidder, and the subscription for his two new prints will be closed, according to his proposals, at his house in Leicester Fields." In another paper we find Hogarth advertising for the recovery of his favourite dog with an offer of 10s. reward.

Another well-known name we find in the same paper of December 10, 1785: "Tuesday night died at her house at Twickenham that celebrated and, we may say without invidious comparison, that inimitable comedian, Mrs. Clive. She has left behind her a sister and one brother, Mr. Rastor, who for six years appeared on the same stage." An epitaph on the chancel wall of Twickenham church records Kitty Clive's many good qualities:

Clive's blameless life this tablet shall proclaim,  
Her moral virtues and her well-earn'd fame.

A still more famous name appears in an unobtrusive paragraph of *The Whitehall Evening Post* of August 24, 1796 : "On the 21st inst. died at Dumfries, in his 38th year, after a lingering illness, Robert Burns, who has excited so much interest by the peculiarity of the circumstances under which he came forward to public notice and the genius discovered in his poetical compositions."

To come to more frivolous matters, it may well be imagined the newspapers of the reigns of the first two Georges contain many little tasty bits of society gossip and scandal. Somewhat out of the common is the following, from *The Daily Advertiser*, June 6, 1751 : "Last week the Lady H——, in a close vest, hat, and bob wig, came to take a view of the Custom House, and walked through the Long Room and other offices, to the great astonishment of the officers and people, who had never beheld a lady in that habit there before."

*The Public Advertiser* informs the world that, January 27, 1775, Captain Vickerman of Scarborough set out for York, "accompanied by Miss Taylor of Bridlington, on a matrimonial expedition to Scotland. As this gentleman and lady were passing through the city (York) on the 8th of November last on the same business, the Captain had the misfortune to have his prize taken from him by her guardian, under whose watchful eye she has remained ever since ; but her affections appearing unalterable, no pursuit was attempted at this time. 'Tis said the lady is possessed of a fortune of £5,000."

A curious bit of news appears in *The Old Whig, or Consistent Protestant*, of February 10, 1736-37 : "Yesterday a man who for a long time has practised informing against gentlewomen for wearing chints contrary to law, made an information upon oath before Justice Margarets against Mrs. Gough, sister to Robert Gough, Esq., that on Sunday last the said lady had on a suit of chints in St. James's Park ; but the lady producing the suit she wore at that time, and proving it to be of fine printed linnen, the unskilful informer was committed to Newgate."

The latest spring fashions of the Court in 1794, according to *The Whitehall Evening Post*, are : "A robe of muslin embroidered in silver, with a narrow flounce of the same ; long sleeves of white sarsenette, trimmed at the wrist with lace, and tied with yellow ribbands—the handkerchief of clear lawn, put in with the robe ; sash of silver tissue ; yellow shoes. Head-dress *à la Turque* : viz. the turban of silver, or glass gauze, the points falling to the bottom of the waist, the crown of scarlet velvet, in the front a large diamond pin or gold heron and four deep yellow ostrich feathers ; the hair drawn through the turban in light ringlets ; brilliant earrings." The view-obstructing

capacities of the modern *matinée* hat are insignificant when we consider the terrors of the ladies' headgear at this period. The colossal turbans, piles of powdered tow, ostrich plumes, and groups of real vegetables, must indeed have formed an impenetrable barrier ; and the average height of the erection may be imagined when we consider how the fair wearer, or rather victim, was forced to squat on the floor of her carriage that her head-piece might not come to grief.

"The high kick of fashion" for gentlemen of 1796, says *The Whitehall Evening Post*, August 24, "is to wear only one spur like a postillion, and to have an assortment of long whips tied up behind the curricie, in case of wearing them all out in Bond Street during a ride in the morning."

The reopening of the famous Vauxhall or New Spring Gardens in 1732 naturally brought with it a fashionable craze. Pinchbeck's fan warehouse at the Fan and Crown, in New Round Court, in the Strand, issued designs accordingly. "The new Vauxhall Fan" is advertised in *The Country Journal*, August 20, 1737, depicting "the rural harmony and delightful pleasures of the Gardens, with different air, attitude and decorum of the company that frequent that beautiful place." The walks, the orchestra, the Grand Pavilion, the organ, the Royal Repository, Merlin's Cave, or the Dumb Oracle, were also to be had in "their utmost beauty and perfection," wholesale and retail.

We get a sidelight of this fan establishment from the same paper a few years previously. On June 6, 1730, a description is given of Jonathan Pinchbeck's apprentice, he having run away from his master the preceding September. The young gentleman evidently was not very prepossessing in appearance. "He is a short thickset lad, about 5 feet 2 inches high, 19 or 20 years old, a scar down his forehead, the left eye less than the right, a large mouth a little on one side, his left hand less than the right, with a round scar on his left wrist. When he went away he wore a light bob wig ; if otherwise, short brown hair. If he will return to his said master within fourteen days he will forgive him all his former faults ; if not, any person that apprehends and causes him to be secured, giving notice to his said master, shall receive a guinea reward and reasonable charges." From the above description one would not have thought the truant would have been valued at double the price of Hogarth's dog !

Returning to Vauxhall, in July 1764 there are suggestions of proceedings worthy of our Hooligans and Mafeking-night revellers. *The Evening Post* indignantly calls attention to the behaviour of "the



London Bucks," who "are the very Devil for mischief, and go in droves of sometimes half a dozen, and even fifty (which the master of Vauxhall Gardens knows to his sorrow); and it is very happy for the inhabitants that they do not wear horns, like their namesakes in the forest, for if they did, as they are certainly tossing their heads about, the shopkeepers would have all their shop-windows broke; tho' they pretend to be a very couragious animal, they are a very cowardly one, attacking none but poor defenceless women or poor decrepit watchmen, and always take to their heels when opposed by any person who has strength to beat them, for any one of them would faint away at the sight of his own blood."

"Theatrical Intelligence" next catches our eye. The tragedy of "Cymbeline" is evidently under distinguished patronage. The performance on Thursday night, February 2, 1787, might almost be a *première* of the present season. The audience at Drury Lane, says the representative of *The Morning Herald*, was of a brilliance that would have been marked even at the Opera House. "The Duchess of Devonshire was said to be present, but in the full assembly she eluded our observation. We noticed, however, the Duke and Duchess of Richmond, Lady Beauchamp, Lady Beaumont, Lady Somers, Lady Cunliff, Lady Wombwell, Mrs. Bouverie, Mrs. Penn, and a variety of other distinguished persons, whose presence must be considered as the most flattering compliment that can be advanced in favour of the Imogen." Caterers of variety entertainers of the twentieth century might get a hint from the following prospective arrangements at Astley's (*Whitehall Evening Post*, October 24-26, 1793):

"Every Evening next week will be presented various Comic Entertainments:

"A pantomime sketch, consisting of various laughable incidents, called Harlequin's Medley.—A Comic Dance relieved by burlesqu'd action called:

"THE TIPSY WOOD CUTTER.

"A Musical Piece (taken from a well-known subject) called:

"THE TERMAGANT WIFE, OR JERRY SNEAK IN HIS GLORY.

"The whole of the evening's amusement to conclude with a new grand Military Spectacle."

Our versatile actor-managers who tour the country with a large repertory should admire the enterprise of a century ago or more.

The Theatrical Register (*The Whitehall Evening Post* of November 2-5, 1793) runs as follows :

"COVENT GARDEN, *Friday*.—The Double Gallant, or Sick Lady's Cure ; with Love and War.

"*Saturday*.—Love in a Village ; with The Midnight Hour.

"*Last Night*.—Hamlet ; with Harlequin's Chaplet.

"*This Evening*.—The Duenna ; with The Irishman in London.

"HAYMARKET, *Friday*.—The Busy Body ; with The Children in the Wood.

"*Saturday*.—The Mountaineers ; with The Prize.

"*Last Night*.—The Revenge ; with The Children in the Wood.

"*This Evening*.—The Constant Couple ; with (never performed) Guy Fawkes, or the Fifth of November, and The Padlock."

The wide scope of the above selection certainly was calculated to satisfy all tastes.

Descending from the drama to the cockpit, an advertisement in *The Times* of May 16, 1816, is worthy of note :

"*Cocking*.—To be fought at the Cockpit Royal, Tufton Street, Westminster, the annual Grand Main between the Gentlemen of Sussex and Essex, on Monday, May 20, and all the week, for twenty guineas a battle and 500 guineas the main ; to begin fighting each day at 2 o'clock.

"NASH for Essex }  
"WALTER for Sussex } Feeders."

"The Gentlemen of Sussex and Essex" is strangely suggestive of Lord's or "the Oval" !

Now to come to the ever-popular, if somewhat hackneyed, theme of stage-coaches and gentlemen of the road.

The first announcement quoted is well-known :

*The Country Journal*, Saturday, March 29, 1729 : "The Flying Waggon from Bath to London in three days ! Begins Monday, the 7th of April, 1729, and sets out from the Unicorn, in the Market Place in Bath, at 3 o'clock in the morning, and comes to the White Swan, Holborn Bridge, on Wednesday, and returns every Thursday morning, at 3, to the said Unicorn in Bath on Saturday. Passengers to pay 10s. each and one penny a pound for their goods. Perform'd by me (if God permit) Nicholas Peare."

"On Saturday morning last," says *The London Journal* of January 3, 1729-30, "a little before 7 o'clock the St. Edmunds and Norwich Stage Coaches were stopt by two highwaymen in South Mill Bottom, almost a mile from Hackerill, on the way to London,

and all the passengers robbed. The passengers in the Norwich Coach lost £15 7s. 6d.; those in the other coach not above 25s. or 30s. Whilst the highwaymen were busied in searching the coaches three gentlemen on horseback were separately passing the road, who were also stopt."

From *The Daily Advertiser* and *The London Evening Post* come the following :

September 23, 1751: "Friday, a chariot-and-four and a coach were robbed on Hounslow Heath by a single highwayman, well mounted, who behaved with much civility."

"On Saturday night (May 19, 1764), about ten o'clock, Mr. Dillon and Mr. Angerstine were robbed in a postchaise near the new turnpike in the City Road of upwards of £6 by a highwayman mounted upon a little horse. After he had robbed them he shook hands with them both, wished them a good-night, and said he knew them very well."

"Monday night" (July 16, 1764), "about six o'clock, John Bates, Esq., and his lady were stopped in a postchaise upon Finchley Common by a single highwayman dressed in a fustian frock and laced hat and mounted upon a bay horse, who robbed them of their watches and near £18 in money."

July 20, 1764: "It is conjectured the young highwayman who usually presents his pistol to those he robs, desiring to have his brains blown out, was last Sunday night cured sufficiently of this whim, for, addressing two gentlemen from Oxford in a postchaise, near Acton, on the Uxbridge Road, one of them took him at his word, though not with the highwayman's pistol, and instantly fired, which so frightened the adventurer that he instantly rode off, no doubt very well pleased to carry his brains, which he had so long complained of being a burden, sound and whole along with him."

The hangings for trivial thefts that nowadays would be punished by only a few days' imprisonment are innumerable. Indeed, from these old newspapers one gets a very good idea of the prevalent brutality in "the good old days." The nose-slittings and ear-croppings at the pillory read rather like an Ainsworth novel than actual facts. Here are examples from *The Craftsman* of March 19, 1729, and June 5, 1731:

"On Wednesday Thomas Hayes, formerly commander of a merchantman, stood in the Pillory at Charing Cross from the hour of twelve to one, when a surgeon, attended by the proper officer, got upon the Pillory, where Mr. Hayes sat down in a chair placed for that purpose, and the surgeon with an incision knife cut his left ear

entirely off, delivering it into his own hands; and then the officer took it from him, and betwixt his finger and thumb held it up to the view of the spectators, pursuant to his sentence at the Court of King's Bench for forging a bond of £560 upon Mr. Edmond Longbotham, also formerly commander of a merchantman. He was a plain, elderly man in grey hair, and not pelted by the populace, which was very numerous."

"At the Bar of the Court of King's Bench, Westminster, Japhet Crooke, *alias* Sir Peter Stranger, received sentence for the forgery of which he stood convicted: viz., to stand in the pillory once, to have both his ears cut off close to his head, to have both his nostrils slit and afterwards seared up with a hot iron, to forfeit the issues of all his lands and tenements, and to be imprison'd during life."

Many other horrors are to be found, among them references to the once prevalent body-snatching.

"Last night," says a little paragraph in *The London Evening Post*, "a fellow who was whipped some time ago for stealing dead bodies in Clerkenwell Churchyard was detected in the same crime at White-chapel; he was secured and carried to the Round House."

The respective advantages and disadvantages of living in the eighteenth or the twentieth century may be gathered from the current market prices of years gone by. The three examples quoted come from *The Post Boy*, May 1-3, 1711; *The Country Journal*, May 1, 1731; and *The St. James's Chronicle*, May 23-26, 1778:

"Coffee, fresh roasted every day, for 5s. 2d. a pound.

"Bohee Tea from 12s. to 24s. a pound.

"Green Tea from 10s. to 16s. a pound.

"Chocolate, all nut, from 3s. and 2s. 6d. a pound, with sugar 2s. and 1s. 8d. a pound, by J. Andrews, at the *Teapot* in Drury Lane, over against Clare Court."

"William Forty, Tallow Chandler, at his warehouse next door to the Ship Tavern, by the Hermitage Stairs, Wapping, sells the best tallow candles at 5s. 8d. per dozen for ready money."

"Smithfield Market (May 18): Prices of meat per lb.—Beef from 2d. to 4½d., Veal from 3½d. to 5d., mutton 2½d. to 4½d., Pork from 3¼d. to 5d. House Lambs from 10s. 6d. to £1 4s. each."

Those who had a taste for the cup that cheers had minute directions where they could quench their thirst. "You are welcome to come and taste whether you buy or not" says an advertisement in *The Post Boy* (September 4, 1712), an invitation no doubt readily responded to by the impecunious tipplers of Queen Anne's time. One of these cellars is situated "under the house of Mr. Waters,



perfumer, at the ' *Naked Boy and Jessimy Tree*,' over against the Talbot Inn, near the May Pole in the Strand. Excellent red Oporto wine, neat, perfect, fine and fit for draught, at 14*l.* per hogshead, and white Oporto at 15*l.* per hogshead ; and the red Oporto wine at 15*d.* per quart and the white Oporto at 16*d.* per quart ; and the said cellar is good accommodation for gentlemen at the same price. *Note* : not better sold in any tavern in England at 20*d.* per quart.'

The proprietor of "the three Punch Bowls" is even more particular in explaining the position of his establishment, and, as will be seen, not without reason :

*The Grub Street Journal*, Thursday, July 18, 1734 : "London Punch House, Ludgate Hill. Three Punch Bowls on Iron Pedestals before the doors. This house I opened solely for the better accommodating all gentlemen who are lovers of punch, and was the first who undertook the making and selling of it in this manner, and am the only one whose sole business it is. No other liquor being therein sold. N.B. The Star Coffee House, four doors, near Ludgate, has lately erected posts and Punch Bowls thereon, near resembling mine. Please to take notice that my house is the *third* door from Fleet Bridge on Ludgate Hill. JAMES ASHLEY."

ALLAN FEA.

*MR. SWINBURNE'S  
EARLY DRAMAS AND POEMS.*

“THE Queen-Mother, and Rosamond” was published in 1860, when its author was but twenty-three years of age, and may be considered the poet’s earliest production, although he had already contributed poems and essays to the “Oxford Undergraduate Papers,” and had written an article on “Congreve” for the “Imperial Dictionary of Universal Biography.” The indifference with which the book was greeted may be surmised from the fact that James Russell Lowell, writing on “Swinburne’s Tragedies” as late as 1866, does not appear to be aware of its existence. Looking back to the few judgments pronounced upon the work, we cannot but experience something stronger than “a gentle shock of mild surprise” at the short-sightedness of the critics, who failed to see that such a morning gave us promise of a glorious day. Mr. Swinburne, who, not unhappily, has been designated a second Shelley, exhibited in his earliest work qualities which are visible only in the later and maturer work of his progenitor in song. The power to depict men and women came to Shelley in his later years; it is inherent in Mr. Swinburne as in Shakespeare, and was never more apparent than in this, the earliest work from his hand. Of the many persons represented in “The Queen-Mother” there is not one, from the fierce-souled and fateful Catherine de’ Medici to Yolande her maid-of-honour, from the timorous and vacillating King to the jester, Cino Galli, that is not filled to the lips with life, and with such life, moral and social, as was possible to dwellers in Paris in 1572. To discover what that life was, the student must turn to the “Mémoires” of the chief chronicler of the period, Pierre de Bourdeille, Seigneur de Brantôme. Mr. Swinburne says elsewhere: “What were the vices of the society described by Brantôme it is impossible, or at least it would be repulsive, to suggest by so much as a hint; but its virtues were homicide and adultery.” Brantôme himself appears in the pages of “The Queen-Mother,” and there tells a tale which can

be as readily accepted from his lips as its only parallel in modern English literature, the story of Gregorio and the tailless dog in the *Pentameron*, can, though written by Landor, pass as the invention of the laughter-loving spirit of Boccaccio.

As the "Queen-Mother" has been for some years out of print, the outline of the plot may be here briefly given. The scene is laid in Paris during the two days which precede the massacre of St. Bartholomew, with which event the play culminates. The "Queen-Mother," whose whole energies are bent on the accomplishment of this sanguinary plot, observes that her weak-minded son, the King, is shaken in his allegiance to her by his love for Denise de Maulevrier, one of her maids-of-honour, and suspecting that Denise, to whom Charles has confided the whole design, is opposed to its execution, she poisons the court jester, Cino Galli, and accuses Denise of his murder. By so doing she is enabled to imprison Denise, and thus close for a season an unruly mouth which might otherwise tell strange tales, while at the same time Charles is freed from a beneficent influence, and proves as flexible in the hands of evil as he might have been in those of good. The King, thus wrought upon, consents to the perpetration of as foul a deed as history has ever recorded, and in his greed for blood, arquebuse in hand, he shoots from the palace window and unwittingly slays, amongst others, Denise, who had but a few minutes previously regained her freedom.

The character of Catherine, though drawn in strict accordance with her portrait as given in history, nevertheless exhibits touches which presage the mightier workmanship of the same hand which fourteen years later gave to the world the marvellous delineation of Mary Stuart in "Bothwell." A hint is given us of what the years will bring in the gibe flung at her once too willing pupil by this time-worn adept in vice.

I may remember me,  
That Scotswoman did flee at my grey face ;  
I marvel now what sort of hair she has !

Like all fanatics, the "Queen-Mother" can read with ease "the riddle of the painful earth." She sees that God

Set not tigers  
In the mean seat of apes,

that human tigers are expected to do tigers' work, and thus fulfil the fell purpose for which she deems they were created.

Us  
Hath he set upright and made larger eyes  
To read some broken letters of this book

Which has the world at lesson ; and for what,  
 If we not do the royallest good work,  
 If we not wear the worth of sovereignty  
 As attribute and raiment? At our feet  
 Lies reason like a hound, and faith is chained ;  
 Lame expectation halts behind our ways,  
 The soundless secret of dead things is made  
 As naked shallows to us. It is for that  
 We owe strong service of the complete  
 To the most cunning fashioner that made  
 So good work of us ; and except we serve,  
 We are mere beasts and lesser than a snake,  
 Not worth his pain at all,

and she adds :

To close up all,  
 Death takes the flesh in his abhorred hands  
 Of clean alike and unclean ; but to die  
 Is some time gracious, as to slip the chain  
 From wrist and ankle ; only this is sad,  
 To be given up to change and the mere shame  
 Of its abominable and obscure work  
 With no good done, no clean thing in the soul  
 To sweeten against resurrection-time  
 This mire that made a body, lest we keep  
 No royalties at all, or in the flesh  
 The worm's toothed ravin touch the soul indeed.

Even so have many "saviours of society" girt up their loins in their enthusiasm to act as purifiers of the body social, oblivious of the foulness of their own souls. Mr. Swinburne has instanced Shakespeare and Coleridge as the two English poets whose peculiar majesty of melody no other poet can emulate, and whose note has never been caught. But if the style of Shakespeare has ever been caught—and Coleridge himself essayed to do so—it has been reproduced, if not in this speech, assuredly in the one which precedes it, "yea (even to) the thin grain of one particular word." And not in this speech alone has "that large utterance" again made music in human ears, but throughout the play the strength of the verse recalls the workmanship of no meaner hand ; indeed, this very fact has led an eminent writer on Victorian literature<sup>1</sup> to sum up his judgment of the "Queen-Mother" with the astounding statement that "the imitation (in this play) is so close, the faults so many, and the style so little individual, as to make the work unimportant." Here is a passage from this faulty and unimportant work, which proves that as "the ear should be long to measure Shakespeare,"<sup>2</sup> faults may be

<sup>1</sup> H. Buxton Forman, *Our Living Poets*.

<sup>2</sup> Furnivall.



found in the melodies of Swinburne undiscoverable by those who are not endowed by Nature with the hirsute ears requisite for the task of adjudicating on its merits.

Catherine thus concludes her appeal to Denise :

I tell thee, God is wise and thou twice fool,  
That would'st have God con thee by rote, and lay  
This charge on thee, shift off that other charge,  
And mete thine inward inches out by rule  
That hath the measure of sphered worlds in it  
And limit of great stars.

Here are a few lines from a speech by Margaret :

There is no crown i' the world  
So good as patience ; neither is any peace  
That God puts in our lips to drink as wine,  
More honey-pure, more worthy love's own praise,  
Than that sweet-souled endurance which makes clean  
The iron hands of anger.

And, again, words from the lips of Charles :

I would have you pitiful as tears,  
Would have you fill with pity as the moon  
With perfect round of seasonable gold  
Fills her starved sides at point of the yellow month.

Denise is a fair and gracious figure, but withal "a creature not too bright or good for human nature's daily food" in a period which vaunted not the virtue of any woman save that of the "maiden-tongued, male-faced Elizabeth." Nevertheless, "her hands are quicker unto good" than are those of any other daughter of the poet's imagination, save the fleckless child of Erechtheus and Praxithea. She has the strength of soul which is one of the chief qualities of Mr. Swinburne's women. Her inability to stem the torrent of evil does not breed in her despair ; nay, rather the calm endurance of

One maimed and dumb  
That sees his house burn.

At the worst, she accepts the apparent triumph of ill in silence, or acknowledges resignedly the painful truth that

All matters fall out somehow in God's work,  
And round the squared edges of them flat.

She is fearless, and filled with the divine love of freedom which is characteristic of all later creations of the same hand. She sees that

Not the things that burn up clear make hell,  
Not pain, hate, evil, actual shame or sense,  
But just the lewd obedience, the dead work,  
The beaten service of a barren wage  
That gets no reaping,

and that

'Tis better be whole beggar and have flesh  
That is but pinched by weather out of breath,  
Than a safe slave with happy blood i' the cheek,  
And wrists ungalled.

She loves freedom with an undivided love, yet would risk its loss to win the self-approving mind without which freedom itself were nothing. With all her forcefulness, she is "tender as sun-smitten dew." In her fruitless endeavour to hold Charles back from evil, she appeals to him on behalf of all the helpless many on whom he would "set iron murder to feed full," in words that almost change the current of his actions, bidding him remember—

How to each foot and atom of that flesh  
That makes the body of the worst man up,  
There went the very pain and the same love  
That out of love and pain compounded you  
A piece of such man's earth ; that all of these  
Feel, breathe and taste, move, and salute, and sleep,  
No less than you, and in each little use  
Divide the customs that yourself endure ;  
And are so costly that the worst of these  
Was worth God's time to finish.

Charles the king is the Charles of history. "Infirm of purpose," he is a pipe played upon alternately by the Queen-Mother and Denise. Full of the plot, he must needs tell Denise of it :

. . . This Bartholomew shall be inscribed  
Beyond the first ; the latter speech of time  
Shall quench and make oblivious war upon  
The former and defeated memories,  
New histories teaching it. For there will be  
Blood on the moist untimely lip of death,  
And in the dusty hunger of his bones  
A sudden marrow shall refresh itself,  
And spread to perfect sinew. There will stir  
Even in the red and hollow heat of hell,  
A motion of sharp spirit, a quickened sense  
Such as wine makes in us ; yea, such a day  
God hath not seen as I shall make for him.

This shallow, babbling fool must needs consider himself, as fools are wont to do, God's chosen instrument. His vacillation and timidity are as strongly marked as his subsequent greed for blood, and throughout the range of Mr. Swinburne's dramas there is nothing more admirable than the truth and justice with which he is depicted if some slight demur be not made in favour of the broader and more

powerful figure of John Knox in "Bothwell." Charles's two interviews with Denise and the great scene with Catherine in the second act are the most forcible and eloquent passages in this most marvellous of all first productions. To call the play eloquent is but poor praise. It is remarkable alike for the force and fidelity with which the characters are drawn, and the high quality of the poetry throughout. Mr. Stedman rightly says that the style is caught from Shakespeare, "as if the youth's pride of intellect would let him go no lower for a model," and he instances the language of Teligny (Act III. Scene 2) and that of Catherine (Act V. Scene 3), quoting the following lines in support of his assertion :

Surely the wind would be as a hard fire,  
And the sea's yellow and distempered foam  
Displease the happy heaven . . .  
. . . towers and popular streets  
Should in the middle green smother and drown,  
And havoc die with fulness.

This can be traced also in the other passage selected by the same critic, the lines in which Charles says of Denise :

She is all white to the dead hair, who was  
So full of gracious rose the air took colour  
Turned to a kiss against her face.

Of the rest it may be said that "the name is graven on the workmanship"; for instance, on such verses as the following :

I would not have a touch of you  
Upon me somewhere ; or a word of yours  
To make all music stupid in my ear.  
The least kiss ever put upon your lips  
Would put me this side heaven, to live there ;

or

God gives him painful bread and for all wine  
Doth feed him on sharp salt of simple tears ;

or

By God, how fair you are,  
It does amaze me ; surely God felt glad  
The day he finished making you. Eh, sweet,  
You have the eyes men choose to paint, you know ;  
And just that soft turn in the little throat  
And bluish colour in the lower lid  
They make saints with ;

or

Howsoe'er these fare as friends with you,  
With us they will but fare as murderers do  
That live between the sharpening of a knife,  
And the knife's edge embrued ;

or, finally, the last verse of the following three—

Hark, I hear shots ; as God shall pity me,  
I heard a shot. Who dies of that? Yea, now,  
Who lies and moans and makes some inches red?

In the first scene of the second act will be found the earliest mention in Mr. Swinburne's verse of that world of waters of which he is never wearied in singing the praises, and which seems to have satisfied the "strange yearning that the sea feels" by having breathed its breath upon his verse and left its odour there. Few indeed and not to be envied are those who can read for the first time the line that speaks of "the sea's salt insolence" and not feel exhilaration and delight akin to the emotion created by a sight of the shore after years of exile from the sea.

Of the old French lyrics in "The Queen-Mother" and in "Rosamond," let those speak with authority who can. Everyone who has read Mr. Stedman's "Victorian Poets" will remember the poet's own statement as there given—"I confess that I take delight in the metrical forms of any language of which I know anything whatever, simply for the metre's sake, as a new musical instrument." No matter in what tongue the verse may be, in Mr. Swinburne's hands its melodies are sweet, "piercing sweet," whether the trumpet of Rome or the Grecian flute be for the time the instrument of his choice.

"Rosamond" is a short one-act play in five scenes, but even as such it will bear comparison with the more ambitious study of the same subject by the late Laureate. Mr. Swinburne's sketch of "Not Rose the chaste, but Rose the fair," differs from the elaborate portrait by Tennyson, in characteristics which alone render the younger poet's women the truest and therefore the most powerful creations in modern poetry. Since Beatrice de Cenci lived anew in Shelley's pages, no hand has succeeded in delineating in English a woman worthy to be ranked with those drawn by him who has refilled with fire the veins of Mary Stuart. Save *his*, and the one woman in all Shelley's verse, none can be likened to "one of Shakespeare's women." Tennyson's heroine, when compared with Mr. Swinburne's, is indeed "a doll-face, blanched, and bloodless," and there is not throughout "Becket" a single line which brings the Queen before our eyes with half the force of that early poem from the same hand, "A Dream of Fair Women," which seems lit with the lurid glow of the "dragon eyes of anger'd Eleanor."

Placed in a secondary and subordinate position to "The Queen-Mother," it is, nevertheless, probable that "Rosamond" should take



prior rank when judged from a chronological standpoint. If it be indeed the earlier work, one fact is adducible therefrom, which cannot fail to interest all lovers of this poet-laureate of childhood: the fact that in his earliest work the poet's love of children, which a certain wise man of the North<sup>1</sup> would have had the world believe is the growth of later years, found full and perfect expression when the writer had but for three years' space assumed the title of manhood.

"Do you love children?" asks Rosamond,

Does it touch your blood  
To see God's word finished in a child's face  
For us to touch and handle? Seems it sweet  
To have such things in the world to hold and kiss?

No need is there to have "a tender woman's face" for such words as these to "touch our blood"; they prove to man and woman alike the right of Mr. Swinburne to rank with those whose glory it is to have sung in faultless verse the praises of infancy, and given a voice to the ineffable joys and sorrows of humanity in its inarticulate dawn.

The *dramatis personæ* of this play consist of Rosamond and her maid Constance, Queen Eleanor and Sir Robert Bouchard her paramour, the King, and Arthur, a choir-boy of the church at Shene.

The first scene opens with an abruptness which is admirably dramatic. The greater portion is fittingly devoted to an eloquent defence by Rosamond of her own beauty, which she declares renders her

Part of the perfect witness for the world,  
How good it is.

She dwells with deep delight upon the effects wrought by her physical loveliness, a reflection of which she sees alike in Henry's love, and in the jealousy of the court beauties whose enmity that love has won her. She speaks of herself as one

. . . whose curled hair was as a strong staked net  
To take the hunters and the hunt, and bind  
Faces and feet and hands; a golden gin  
Wherein the tawny-lidded lions fell,  
Broken at ankle; . . .

and again, in words full of colour and melody:

I that have roses in my name, and make  
All flowers glad to set their colour by;  
I that have held a land between twin lips,  
And turned large England to a little kiss;  
God thinks not of me as contemptible. . . .

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<sup>1</sup> The late Robert Buchanan, who wrote as Thomas Maitland of the *Western Hebrides*.

To read such lines as these is to remember them with joy for ever. It is customary to dismiss "Rosamond" with a few cold critical words commendatory of the style, and condemnatory of its extravagance—words which convey a false impression of the drama, while they give a true conception of the critic, inasmuch as they demonstrate the total absence in him of eye and ear, organs hitherto deemed undeniably necessary for the apprehension of all poetry. The silence with which Mr. Swinburne's earliest work was received is absolutely inexplicable, save by an appeal to the now generally recognised theory that every new singer of any power has to create in his hearers the sense by which his productions are enjoyed. By no other means is it possible to minimise the sheer wonder which fills the reader of this play when he calls to mind the absolute indifference with which such clear notes of pure melody were heard when first given to the world. In the second scene, laid in the palace at Shene, the Queen appeals to Bouchard to aid her in the pursuit of Rosamond. He consents after much hesitation, and departs on hearing the footsteps of the approaching King. The third, which is at Woodstock, opens with a faultless song in old-world French, which falls as naturally from the pen of the poet as it might have done from the lips of his heroine. The fourth scene is in an ante-chapel at Shene, in which the Queen and Bouchard plot, while the choir-boy reads aloud a Latin hymn and reflects on the beauty of Rosamond. The final scene in the bower exhibits Mr. Swinburne's power of dramatic expression at its highest. In this scene he does not adopt the method of the Greek dramatists, which he elsewhere thrice employs, of making a witness of the catastrophe the describer of the event; the reader is a spectator of the fateful meeting of Rosamond and Eleanor, and of the death of the former in the arms of the King. Those who delight in comparative criticism will find an additional pleasure in this play by contrasting the treatment of the theme in this scene with that of Mr. Bell Scott as given in his ballad of "Woodstock Maze." The student of these poems will note that in both a fine effect is wrought by depicting the sudden change which takes place in Rosamond's joyful expectancy of Henry's approach by the unlooked-for appearance of Eleanor. Thus ends a volume which has not yet received its meed of praise, a volume containing dramatic poetry of a quality more closely akin to the music which filled "the spacious times of great Elizabeth" than is that of any singer from the days of Shakespeare to the days of Shelley.

But if the "Queen-Mother" and "Rosamond" have as yet won

nothing save unmerited neglect, the classical drama "Atalanta in Calydon" has afforded full scope to all who would indulge in "the noble pleasure of praising." For a parallel in English to this rival of "the songs of Grecian years," we can turn to no work save to the poet's own, for though the "music of the flutes of Greece" is heard in Landor's verse as never before or since, the elder poet never essayed so long a flight in Hellenic air as his junior has more than once triumphantly accomplished. In "Erechtheus" will be found the only reproduction of the Grecian drama worthy to be ranked with this exquisite and faultless poem, in which, to use the poet's words regarding the work of one of his contemporaries, we hear

Wind notes as of eagles Æschylean  
And Sappho singing in the nightingale.

Even such a niggard of praise as Russell Lowell said of the "Atalanta" that "the choosing a theme which Æschylus had handled in one of his lost tragedies is justified by a certain Æschylean flavour in the treatment. The opening, without deserving to be called a mere imitation, recalls that of the 'Agamemnon,' and the chorus has often an imaginative lift in it, an ethereal charm of phrase, of which it is the highest praise to say that it reminds us of him who soars over the other Greek tragedians like an eagle." It is scarcely necessary to add that the theme has been handled not alone by Æschylus, but is to be found alike in Homeric song and in the "Metamorphoses" of Ovid. Professor Mahaffy says that the "truest and deepest imitation of Æschylus in modern times" is to be found in this drama, and he adds that Mr. Swinburne's antitheism brings him to stand in an attitude between freewill and effort on the one side, and the ruthless tyranny of Providence on the other, not approached in poetry from the days of Æschylus to our own. "Since the 'Samson Agonistes' of Milton," writes Professor Mahaffy, "we have had no such reproduction of the Greek drama." The "Atalanta in Calydon" is indeed one of the perfect poems of the world. The beauty of the choruses, if approached at all in English verse, is most closely rivalled in the haunting loveliness and word-music of the final chorus of Shelley's "Hellas."

And it would indeed appear to one who read the "Atalanta," while the echoes of "Hellas" still rang in his ears, as if the mantle of our greatest lyric poet had fallen with a double portion of its wearer's spirit upon a successor singularly fitted to don that "singing robe."

The Argument is presented in words so singularly attractive that I reproduce them, rather than retell the story in a poorer form :

"Althæa, daughter of Thestius and Eurythemis, Queen of Calydon, being with child of Meleager her first-born son, dreamed that she brought forth a brand burning ; and upon his birth came the three Fates and prophesied of him three things, namely these : that he should have great strength of his hands, and good fortune in this life, and that he should live no longer when the brand then in the fire was consumed ; wherefore his mother plucked it forth and kept it by her. And the child being a man grown, sailed with Jason after the fleece of gold, and won himself great praise of all men living ; and when the tribes of the north and west made war upon Ætolia, he fought against their army and scattered it. But Artemis, having at the first stirred up these tribes to war against Æneus, King of Calydon, because he had offered sacrifice to all the gods saving her alone, but her he had forgotten to honour, was yet more wroth because of the destruction of this army, and sent upon the land of Calydon a wild boar which slew many and wasted all their increase, but him could none slay, and many went against him and perished. Then were all the chief men of Greece gathered together, and among them Atalanta, daughter of Jasius the Arcadian, a virgin ; for whose sake Artemis let slay the boar, seeing she favoured the maiden greatly ; and Meleager, having despatched it, gave the spoil thereof to Atalanta, as one beyond measure enamoured of her ; but the brethren of Althæa his mother, Toxeus and Plexippus, with such others as misliked that she only should bear off the praise, whereas many had borne the labour, laid wait for her to take away her spoil ; but Meleager fought against them and slew them ; whom when Althæa their sister beheld and knew to be slain of her son, she waxed for wrath and sorrow like as one mad, and taking the brand whereby the measure of her son's life was meted to him, she cast it upon a fire ; and with the wasting thereof his life likewise wasted away, that being brought back to his father's house he died in a brief space ; and his mother also endured not long after for very sorrow ; and this was his end, and the end of that hunting."

The opening of the poem, as Mr. Lowell well said, closely resembles that of the "Agamemnon," and consists of a prayer addressed to Artemis by the Chief Huntsman. As showing how the poet sought only to retain the spirit, and cared nought for the bare bones and dry husks of the past, I may draw attention in passing to the reference made in this prayer to

That flameless shell  
Which was the moon,

which is as triumphantly beautiful in its use as it is confessedly



inappropriate in the lips of a speaker of that age. The opening chorus is a fitting prelude to the music which follows. Is there in the language anything more exquisite than the subtle and apparently unconscious alliteration in the lovely verses which follow?

When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,  
The mother of months in meadow or plain  
Fills the shadows and windy places  
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain ;  
And the brown bright nightingale amorous  
Is half assuaged for Itylus,  
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,  
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

The lover of poetry, coming upon such a passage as this, rubs his eyes and asks himself if such music is in the English tongue ; for the poet deals with the language as if it possessed the pliancy and mellow cadences of Italian or the liquid syllables of ancient Greek. The very words sing of themselves, and are eagerly caught up by memory to be retained for ever.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,  
And all the season of snows and sins ;  
The days dividing lover and lover,  
The light that loses, the night that wins ;  
And time remembered is grief forgotten,  
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,  
And in green underwood and cover  
Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

The full streams feed on flower of rushes,  
Ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot,  
The faint fresh flame of the young year flushes  
From leaf to flower and flower to fruit ;  
And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,  
And the oat is heard above the lyre,  
And the hoofed heel of a satyr crushes  
The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root.

In the long speech of Althæa we come across passages brimful of beauty and "tender as sun-smitten dew," in which are also to be found instances of the loving homage always accorded by this poet to infancy as to something godlike, and removed from the sphere of suffering humanity. Althæa's words are marked with queenlike dignity, such as would spring from the serenity of self-possession and a calm confidence in that which is to be :

But whatsoever intolerable or glad  
The swift hours weave or unweave, I go hence  
Full of mine own soul, perfect of myself,

Toward mine and me sufficient ; and what chance  
 The gods cast lots for and shake out on us,  
 That shall we take, and that much bear withal.

The chorus which follows these words is a chant which for fusion of high thought and musical speech is without parallel in English literature. Tennyson's "Two Voices" and Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra" are two poems in which an equally high intellectual plane is maintained throughout, but for honey-like purity and sweetness as well as simplicity of diction this chorus in "Atalanta," dealing as it does with the profound problems of life and of death, is unapproached and unapproachable.

Coleridge, whose verbal music if considered alone places him easily the first of England's poets, is for once matched on his own ground. Even the strains of "Kubla Khan," "piercing sweet" though they be, do not surpass the marvellous melody of these incomparable verses, surcharged as they are with "lordly music" and deepest thought.

Before the beginning of years  
 There came to the making of man,  
 Time, with a gift of tears ;  
 Grief, with a glass that ran ;  
 Pleasure, with pain for leaven ;  
 Summer, with flowers that fell ;  
 Remembrance fallen from heaven,  
 And madness risen from hell ;  
 Strength without hands to smite ;  
 Love that endures for a breath  
 Night, the shadow of light,  
 And life, the shadow of death.  
 And the high gods took in hand  
 Fire, and the falling of tears,  
 And a measure of sliding sand  
 From under the feet of the years,  
 And froth and drift of the sea ;  
 And dust of the labouring earth ;  
 And bodies of things to be  
 In the houses of death and of birth  
 And wrought with weeping and laughter,  
 And fashioned with loathing and love,  
 With life before and after  
 And death beneath and above,  
 For a day and a night and a morrow,  
 That his strength might endure for a span  
 With travail and heavy sorrow,  
 The holy spirit of man.  
 From the winds of the north and the south  
 They gathered as unto strife ;

They breathed upon his mouth,  
They filled his body with life ;  
Eyesight and speech they wrought  
For the veils of the soul therein,  
A time for labour and thought  
A time to serve and to sin ;  
They gave him light in his ways,  
And love, and a space for delight,  
And beauty and length of days,  
And night, and sleep in the night.  
His speech is a burning fire ;  
With his lips he travaileth ;  
In his heart is a blind desire,  
In his eyes foreknowledge of death ;  
He weaves, and is clothed with derision ;  
Sows, and he shall not reap ;  
His life is a watch or a vision  
Between a sleep and a sleep.

The dialogue between Meleager and Althæa which follows this lovely chorus is full not alone of beautiful imagery, but is replete with the wisdom of life. Witness such lines as these, in which the mother admonishes her son that deeds and not words mark the perfect man :

Son, first I praise thy prayer, then bid thee speed ;  
But the gods hear men's hands before their lips,  
And heed before all crying and sacrifice  
Light of things done and noise of labouring men ;

bidding him also to set his eyes and heart

On hopes high-born  
And divine deeds and abstinence divine.

Surely, as we read the great speech in which these words occur, we cannot but echo the sentiments of the chorus, and say :

A noble wisdom and fair words  
The Gods have given this woman.

And later, when the woman lays aside her queenliness and appeals to her son solely from the standpoint of motherhood, her words touch our hearts and sink deep in those to whom infancy is dear. Readers to whom every published word of Mr. Swinburne is known will remember that in his essay on Tennyson and Musset he dwells on the former poet's "Rizpah" as evidence of the fact that "great poets are bisexual." If proof were needed that the tenderness of womanhood is not wanting in the poet who has sung of childhood as but one other in our day has sung,<sup>1</sup> it would be found in this im-

<sup>1</sup> Victor Hugo.

passioned appeal, from a heart which so deceived her eyes that they once more see the mailed warrior cradled in his mother's arms or asleep upon her breast.

The Anadyomene chorus, as it may be termed, celebrates in radiant verse the birth of Love, and is, as it were, at the same time

A fiery scroll written over with lamentation and woe.

But deepest wisdom clothed in perfect words is to be found in the majestic and sonorous lines in which the lot of man, under the heavy hand of fate, is dwelt on with almost Hebraic solemnity and severity, and we are shown man undeceived by the bright promises of birth opposing with strenuous will and unconquerable courage the unjust justice of Omnipotence as he moves on his way towards dust and an endless darkness.

The description of the hunt, as given by the herald, removes, as it were, a sombre curtain from the spirits of the reader, being full of vigour and movement and clear air, and the lively impression created thereby is again toned down by the chorus in praise of "wan green places" where flits "the golden girdled bee," and peace and quietude reign supreme. Then once more the coming doom makes its approach felt, and we prepare for the bitterness of tears, "tears of perfect moan." Althæa's words, as she, not now dwelling upon the childhood of her son, looks back into the years when she was herself a child, are indeed "dearly sweet and bitter." The sorrow presses upon us of her who must needs

Look for dead eyes and listen for dead lips,  
And kill mine own heart with remembering them.

Then the music deepens and broadens until we reach the haunting choruses at the close and the final speech of Meleager fraught with dignity and the spirit of firm endurance.

In these we have such mellow word-music as English literature knew not till the advent of this poet who is as surely the master in his own day of the art of word-music as Marlowe was in his. There is on parallel in English, not even in Shelley, to the melodious speech to be found in such lines as these :

MELEAGER.

Unto each man his fate ;  
Unto each as he saith  
In whose finger the weight  
Of the world is as breath ;

Yet I would that in clamour of battle mine hands had laid hold upon death ;



or

But thou, O mother,  
The dreamer of dreams,  
Wilt thou bring forth another  
To feel the sun's beams.

When I move among shadows a shadow, and wail by impassable streams ;

or when the same speaker says :

For the dead man no home is ;  
Ah, better to be  
What the flower of the foam is  
In fields of the sea,

That the sea-waves might be as my raiment, the gulf-stream a garment for me.

And finally when he replies to the question of the chorus, "What shall the gods give thee for life, sweet life that is overpast?"—

Not the life of men's veins,  
Not of flesh that conceives ;  
But the grace that remains,  
The fair beauty that cleaves

To the life of the rains in the grasses, the life of the dews on the leaves.

The poem concludes with the speech of Meleager to which I have referred, in which the majesty of resignation to fate is placed before us, and we are inspired with strength and the courage to endure.

The same year which witnessed the publication of "*Atalanta in Calydon*" saw also the publication of "*Chastelard*," which, it has been stated, was written earlier than the lyrical drama, though published later. In a letter to Sir Henry Taylor, written in June 1842, Lord Macaulay, commenting on the resemblance between the poetry of Schiller and that of the author of "*Philip van Artevelde*," concludes with the following : "I wish to God you would take that great subject of which he (Schiller) touches only a portion, the greatest subject of modern times, Mary Queen of Scots, and give her life and death in three parts. The first part should end with the death of Darnley, and the second with the flight into England." Mr. Swinburne has taken the greatest subject of modern times, and, strange to say, has dealt with it much in the same manner as Macaulay suggested.

"*Chastelard : a Tragedy*" is dedicated "to the chief of living poets ; to the first dramatist of his age ; to the greatest exile, and therefore to the greatest man of France ; to Victor Hugo," and did this dedication not bear testimony to the young English poet's reverent admiration for the author of "*Lucrece Borgia*," "*Marie*

Tudor," and "Ruy Blas," the Hugoesque flavour of the most beautiful and pathetic passages, and, above all, of the concluding verses, would prove how intimate was Mr. Swinburne's knowledge of the work of him whom he has always hailed as master. The quotation from Ronsard on the title-page prepares for the French *chansons*, which shine like gems embedded in the richly wrought gold-work of the play, *chansons* which might readily be accepted as the workmanship of "the sweet chief poet" himself; and compared with "The Queen-Mother" the versification throughout "Chastelard" exhibits a smoothness and a sweetness which are in strange contrast to the earlier work.

This first part of a great trilogy forms, as it were, the groundwork for the poet's wonderful imaginative portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, a portrait amplified in "Bothwell," and triumphantly completed in "Mary Stuart." The subject was one into which the poet flung his whole soul, working at it with patience and persistence until the

Red star of boyhood's fiery thought

shone with no dubious light, but was seen and accepted of all men as a new planet in the literary heavens.

What Mr. Swinburne deems Mary Stuart to have been can easily be learned by a reference to the reprint of the prose article on Mary Queen of Scots which appears in the "Miscellanies," and the note on her character which is to be found in the same volume. From the latter I may be permitted to quote a passage which will serve as a key to her complex nature as set forth in the dramas: "Many bitter and terrible things," writes Mr. Swinburne, "were said of that woman in her lifetime, by many fierce and unscrupulous enemies of her person or her creed: many grave and crushing charges were alleged against her on plausible or improbable grounds of impeachment or suspicion. But two things were never imputed to her by the most reckless ferocity of malice or of fear. No one ever dreamed of saying that Mary Queen of Scots was a fool; and no one ever dared to suggest that Mary Queen of Scots was a coward."

It is the "frank, passionate, generous, unscrupulous, courageous, and loyal woman," whom he depicts, for whom the poet would win our admiration and, it may be (notwithstanding Sir Henry Taylor's protest), our reverence; for courage is one of the finest qualities of the human heart, and courage Mary Stuart possessed in a measure which outweighed and outnumbered characteristics she displayed which were the result of her early training at the hands of Catherine de' Medici.

The play abounds in passages full of exquisite colour and melody. Chastelard moves through the drama as one doomed from the outset, and conscious of his fate. He says of the Queen :

I know her ways of loving, all of them :  
A sweet soft way the first is ; afterward  
It burns and bites like fire ; the end of that,  
Charred dust, and eyelids bitten through with smoke.

He thinks of love

As dead men of good days  
Ere the wrong side of death was theirs, when God  
Was friends with them.

He has no thought or passion save his devotion to the Queen, and deems he shall but hold her dearer after death. He tells her :

Most sweet Queen,  
They say men dying remember, with sharp joy  
And rapid reluctance of desire,  
Some old thing, some swift breath of wind, some word,  
Some sword-stroke or dead lute-strain, some lost sight,  
Some sea-blossom stripped to the sun and burned  
At naked ebb—some river-flower that breathes  
Against the stream like a swooned swimmer's mouth—  
Some tear and laugh ere lip and eye were man's—  
Sweet stings that struck the blood in riding—nay,  
Some garment or sky-colour or spice smell,  
And die with heart and face shut fast on it,  
And know not why, and weep not ; it may be  
Men shall hold love fast always in such wise  
In new fair lives where all are new things else,  
And know not why, and weep not.

This is but one of many lovely passages which, apart from the beauty of the versification and for sheer eloquence alone, command our admiration and charm the ear, while they excite the blood. For instance, the speech in which the Queen describes in glowing language her desire to be a man and take a man's part in the fight of which she, being a woman, is but a spectator, rings as with the music of griding sword on helm, and seems to be filled with the clash and clamour of battle.

Ah, my sweet Knight,  
You have the better of us that weave and weep  
While the blithe battle blows upon your eyes  
Like rain and wind ; yet I remember too  
When this last year the fight and Corrichie  
Reddened the rushes with stained fen-water,  
I rode with my good men and took delight,  
Feeling the sweet clear wind upon my eyes  
And rainy soft smells blow upon my face

In riding : then the great fight jarred and joined,  
 And the sound stung me right through heart and all ;  
 For I was here, see, gazing off the hills,  
 In the wet air ; our housings were all wet,  
 And not a plume stood stiffly past the ear  
 But flapped between the bridle and the neck ;  
 And under us we saw the battle go  
 Like running water ; I could see by fits  
 Some helm the rain fell shining off, some flag  
 Snap from the staff, shorn through or broken short  
 In the man's falling : yea, one seemed to catch  
 The very grasp of tumbled men at men,  
 Teeth clenched in throats, hands riveted in hair,  
 Tearing the life out with no help of swords.  
 And all the clamour seemed to shine, the light  
 Seemed to shout as a man doth ; twice I laughed—  
 I tell you, twice my heart swelled out with thirst  
 To be into the battle.

Then anon we come upon such a tender little speech as this, in which the Queen is also the speaker :

I would sometimes all things were dead asleep  
 That I have loved, all buried in soft beds  
 And sealed with dreams and visions, and each dawn  
 Sung to by sorrows, and all night assuaged  
 By short sweet kisses and by sweet long loves  
 For old life's sake, lest weeping overmuch  
 Should wake them in a strange new time, and arm  
 Memory's blind hand to kill forgetfulness.

The dialogue in the Queen's chamber, and in the dungeon scene when she bids farewell to Chastelard, in dramatic force and fiery intensity is instinct with the highest spirit of the Elizabethan dramatists, and renders this play the finest we possess since Shelley gave us "The Cenci."

Mary Beaton, one of the Four Maries, is perhaps the most pathetic figure in the drama. Her hopeless love for Chastelard is depicted with much delicacy and truth, and her words touch our hearts more surely than those of any of the characters. In the execution scene she learns the facts from Mary Carmichael, and her prayer, that as perish the Queen's traitors so too may the Queen perish, foreshadows the coming doom ; while the play closes with the Hugoesque touch to which I have referred, an usher exclaiming :—

Make way there for the Lord of Bothwell ; room—  
 Place for my lord Bothwell next the queen.

In the three years which elapsed between the publication of the "Queen-Mother" and "Atalanta in Calydon," Mr. Swinburne con-



tributed in prose and verse to *Once a Week* and the *Spectator*, and wrote some fragments of verse which appeared in "The Children of the Chapel : a Tale," written by Mrs. Disney Leith and published by Joseph Masters in 1864. In *Once a Week* will be found "The Fratricide" (Finnish), a poem, reprinted in the first series of "Poems and Ballads" under the title of "The Bloody Son," and a short and remarkable prose tale, "Dead Love," which was accompanied by an illustration by M. J. Lawless. It is strange that the author of the weird "Ballad of Dead Men's Bay" has not treated this story in verse. To the *Spectator* Mr. Swinburne contributed "A Song in Time of Order," "Before Parting," "After Death," "Faustine," "A Song in Time of Revolution," "The Sundew," and "August," all of which subsequently appeared in "Poems and Ballads." He also wrote a letter to the editor on Mr. George Meredith's "Modern Love," which was reprinted in Mr. Le Gallienne's well-known volume, "George Meredith : Some Characteristics," and wrote an article on Charles Baudelaire's "Les Fleurs du Mal." At the close of the year 1865 appeared a little volume of selections from the works of Lord Byron, in which the preface by Mr. Swinburne is a most notable and vigorous piece of work, deeply interesting as the verdict of a poet on a fellow-craftsman, and as giving the earliest indication of the general condemnation of Byron as an artist which followed—a result which is largely due to this pungent article, although it contains not a little in high and eloquent praise of the poet.

But the severe treatment which Mr. Swinburne refers to as having been received by Byron, at the hands of the public and the press alike, he was soon to experience himself. "Chastelard" had not been received without protests and ululations from the virulently virtuous and pruriently prudish. A glance at the press notices to be found in the original editions of the earlier works proves that no uncertain expressions as to the attitude of his readers to the new poet, and the moral influence of his work, were indulged in. Even so late as 1871, critics of such standing as Mr. Buxton Forman were found "heaving their critical half-bricks" at "Chastelard," and "Atalanta" was condemned for its "terrible views of life" and "blatant anti-theism." Looking critically at this volume ("Poems and Ballads"), composed chiefly of verses written in early youth, and of which the poet himself declares that some sang to him

. . . dreaming in class time,  
And truant in hand as in tongue ;  
For the youngest was born of boy's pastime,  
The oldest are young, . . .

the dispassionate reader asks himself where the trail of the serpent is discernible in this bower of roses—where the poison is to be found in this goblet of nectar.

True, such phrases as “light loves,” “broken kisses,” and other specimens of the vocabulary of the amatory poet are somewhat too frequent in the volume, but even admitting that fact, what splendour of diction, what prodigal wealth of language and of music pour from these pages on the eye and ear of all to whom true poetic workmanship is a supreme delight! If “*Laus Veneris*” is stifling with the hot and heavy air of the Venusburg cavern, have we not also such pure and perfect work as the lovely lines in memory of him who was

In holiest age our mightiest mind?

If “*Dolores*” and “*Faustine*” be considered reprehensible, are we not to give due credit for the sonorous ode to Victor Hugo? The volume has too long been held to be composed solely of poems of a superlatively erotic nature. Nothing is further from fact. If all the poems against which any sane charge can be made were excised, it would be found that they do not constitute one-third of the entire collection; and yet the author, even to this day, lies under the ban of the “unco guid” for these few ebullitions of his ardent youth, which appear to be regarded by them as thoroughly representative of his muse.

The poet himself replied to his traducers in a fiery pamphlet entitled “*Notes on Poems and Reviews*,” in which, though he fully answered the charges made against him, his tone was not calculated to conciliate his enemies. Mr. W. M. Rossetti followed with “*A Criticism*,” which, if ponderous in style, was certainly thoroughly comprehensive and convincing; and it may safely be said that next to “*Atalanta*,” the first series of “*Poems and Ballads*” is the most popular of the poet’s works, a fact not to be marvelled at when one remembers that it contains such unforgettable verse as this:

O fair green-girdled mother of mine,  
Sea, that art clothed with the sun and the rain,  
Thy sweet hard kisses are strong like wine,  
Thy large embraces are keen like pain.  
Save me and hide with all thy waves,  
Find me one grave of thy thousand graves,  
Those pure cold populous graves of thine,  
Wrought without hand in a world without stain.

Is there any lyric of its kind lovelier than “*A Leave-taking*,” or more perfect than “*Itylus*”? “*Anactoria*” is the finest rendering

in English, not alone of the very words of Sappho, but of the very spirit of the supreme poet. Place any translation by an English poet beside this, and it at once appears cold and colourless in comparison. What melody there is in "A Match"! The very words sing!

If love were what the rose is,  
And I were like the leaf,  
Our lives would grow together,  
In sad or singing weather,  
Blown fields or flowerful closes,  
Green pleasure or grey grief;  
If love were what the rose is,  
And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are,  
And love were like the tune,  
With double sound and single  
Delight our lips would mingle,  
With kisses glad as birds are,  
That get sweet rain at noon;  
If I were what the words are,  
And love were like the tune.

And thus the poem runs on, a veritable cornucopia of sweet sounds, justifying Tennyson's remark that its author "is a reed through which all things blow into music."

Of "Anactoria" and "Dolores" Mr. Stedman says: "The author holds them to be dramatic studies, written for men and not for babes, and connects them with 'The Garden of Proserpine' and 'Hesperia,' in order to illustrate the transition from passion to satiety, and thence to wisdom and repose."

Of the spirit of quietude and repose we get full expression in "The Garden of Proserpine."

Here where the world is quiet,  
Here where all trouble seems  
Dead winds' and spent waves' riot  
In doubtful dreams of dreams;  
I watch the green field growing  
For reaping folk and sowing,  
For harvest-time and mowing,  
A sleepy world of streams.

I am tired of tears and laughter,  
And men that laugh and weep,  
Of what may come hereafter  
For men that sow to reap:  
I am weary of days and hours,  
Blown buds of barren flowers,  
Desires and dreams and powers  
And everything but sleep.

The poem "Hesperia," which follows this, is replete with wonderful and original metrical effects. A portion of this poem was printed by Mr. Herne Shepherd, and announced by him so late as 1888 as "Unpublished Verses."

Though many references have been made to the eighteen lines thus appropriated by Mr. Shepherd, and even the learned and accurate compilers of the "Bibliography" in "Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century" admit that they are "certainly the work of Mr. Swinburne," no one apparently has noticed that they form a portion of this poem, the sole difference being the misprint "kinder" for "tender" in the line,

Thine eyes that are quiet, thy hands that are tender, thy lips that are loving.

In "Hesperia," says Mr. Swinburne, "we have the tenderest type of woman or of dream, born in the westward 'islands of the blest' where the shadows of all happy and holy things live beyond the sunset a sacred and a sleepless life." Here we have a picture of

. . . The bountiful infinite west, of . . .

The happy memorial places,

Full of the stately repose and the lordly delight of the dead,

Where the fortunate islands are lit with the light of ineffable faces,

And the sound of a sea without wind is about them, and sunset is red.

Following these poems, we have experiments in verse and a classical study, "At Eleusis," which it has been well said approaches the grade of Landor's "Hellenics." We have also mediæval studies such as "A Christmas Carol," "The Masque of Queen Bersabe," and "St. Dorothy," "Aholibah," full of Hebrew solemnity and oburgation, Finnish and Breton ballads, and finally the musical "Dedication," in which a purely personal note is for once struck.

RAMSAY COLLES.



## PEAKLAND JOTTINGS.

LAST winter but one, a widely read halfpenny daily published, under the title of "England's Little Switzerland," a graphic illustrated description of a locality in Peakland. The letterpress was far more "steep" than any of the Derbyshire hills; but the gentleman who made the pictures outdid his confederate completely. The humans were swathed and shaggy, like the hairy Muscovite, and all the rest was ski and sledges, snow houses and toboggans. It was Tobolsk rather than Buxton. This piece of work had such a powerful effect upon the reading public that numerous persons instantly set out for the frozen-up region with kodaks. Up to a certain point the tale that was told was true. But the imaginative element is present in readers as well as writers, and the persons with the kodaks had doubtless met the nimble scribe halfway on the road of misapprehension; at any rate, the result was a disappointment for the visitors—a sharp thaw set in, and, lo! there was nothing to photograph but mud and slush! The ski and sledges were nowhere to be seen, and the fur-capped individuals, if they ever existed, had resolved themselves into prosaic persons clad in ordinary winter suits.

"Fortify yourselves with moderation" is a true word of advice. There was justification for a more mildly conceived "winter's tale," for the weather had really been very bad, and a temporary snow block in Peakland is a common and nearly annual occurrence. The lumbar joint of England—our "*alto picco*"—humps up from 1,000 to 1,900 feet above sea level; high enough to give it a distinctive climate of its own. In winter-time the clouds are carried by the Atlantic gales safely over the Cheshire flats, only to be rent to pieces against the headlands of the Peak, scattering themselves in snow over the moors and choking up the valleys. Yet the perfection of our summer makes us some amends. The same upper currents sweeping westward, high above the sultry lowlands, give to Peakland a cool unbreathed air, fresh from the wide sea.

It is probable that the notion of the climatic severity of the Peak is a hard-dying tradition begotten in the old days when the district was a *terra incognita*. In that pre-macadam time the main stream of traffic between north and south, avoiding this broken country, passed on each side through Cheshire and Nottinghamshire. Accordingly, such as were compelled to journey over North Derbyshire would find few conveniences for travellers, and no doubt therefore wrote "cold" while they meant "inhospitable." "What have we here—a church? As I'm an honest man, a very pretty church! Have you churches in this country, sir? I thought myself a stage or two beyond Christendom." Charles Cotton put into the exclamation of the man from Essex the average knowledge of the period respecting this district; yet *Viator* soon learned there was an abundance both of hospitality and fertility. Cotton, like a loyal Peaklander, did what he was able towards refuting the popular slander, but even the influence of a minor poet was powerless against the complacent ignorance of the ruck. We think it is old Pepys who says that when a man of his time breathed his fiercest wish against a termagant wife, it was that she might be consigned to the Devil's Hole in the Peak!

The advent of the iron horse has destroyed our insularity and, to some extent, softened the conditions of life. Intercommunication and interchange have done away with the ancient tribal exclusiveness. But even still, the student of character, if he knows where to look, may put back the finger of Time half a century or so, and amid some remote wilderness of heather, or in some sequestered hamlet far from the railway, get into touch with the aboriginal stock.

Three generations ago North Derbyshire contained no towns. It was studded with villages of great antiquity but little population. The number of the people might be one, two, three, or four hundred, and in three market centres—Bakewell, Tideswell, and Chapel-en-le-Frith—they might just reach four figures. Agriculture was the main occupation, and a substantial portion of the inhabitants lived in the farmsteads.

The Peakland farm seldom lies within a ring-fence. Like one or two Scottish shires, they are made up of shreds and patches scattered up and down everywhere. There may be half an acre by the brook side, ten acres of meadow embalmed within another man's territory and accessible by a way of necessity, a dozen more on the slope of a hill approachable only by means of packhorses, eating for twenty sheep on an unenclosed moor, and so on, and so on. The management of these fragments entails much waste of time. But the arrangement is often so ancient that the idea of change or

consolidation is not to be thought of. Such a farm was not put together at one time. Like an empire, it has grown and accumulated by the movement of time and circumstance. In the beginning there was only a house with an acre or two of fenced-in land in which the cattle were folded at night after being driven in from the lord's pasture. Those meadows, so inconveniently situated in the midst of another man's property, were part of the "common field" cultivated by several in partnership, and converted, about the eighteenth century, by the tenants in common into single shares. The pasture fields on the hillside are of still later creation, and were allotted as the share of the freeholder when the Enclosure Commissioners divided the waste lands. The right to turn stock upon the moor is a survival of the old order of things—an appurtenance which (like the pew in the parish church, to the ownership of which our farmer still clings) devolves upon the owner for the time being of the farm.

The farmstead and curtilage, the nucleus of this straggling domain, is often an interesting object. Its situation has generally some strategical import. It is in some instances perched midway up a hillside, the crest of which shelters it from the wind. Sometimes it is on the verge of a steep declivity looking down upon a valley, the reason of this being to avoid the snow blocks which frequently enough choke up the hollow in winter time. One rarely sees the broken lines of roof and window, the quadrangular buildings, the yard with its prodigal straw heap and smoking dunghill peopled by the creatures of the farm. This is a harsh region, and a ruder type of culture and environment must be looked for. The farmstead is simply a rectangle, long by narrow and not very high. At one end is the house, indicated by a whitewashed front and maybe four small windows. The interior is divided into a houseplace, parlour, and kitchen, with three or four bedrooms over. Usually, in place of a cellar, there is on the shade side a pantry (sometimes called a buttery), for eatables and the milk. A noticeable feature about these old houses is that the ground floor is often below the outside level—a step, and sometimes two steps, down. The idea was no doubt to secure greater warmth, but we are afraid the result is in most cases dampness and an earthy smell. The building material is the stone of the neighbourhood—limestone, sandstone, or grit according to the locality. The method of construction is simple. Mortar, the most costly material, has been sparingly used, the weather being kept out by walls a yard in thickness, and loose in the middle, to allow the water to drain away without penetrating the thin inner crust of plaster or whitewash.

But if the builder was a niggard in mortar he was generous in the matter of timber. Roof-tree, side-trees, and joists—"trees" indeed in a literal sense they are. The principal beams in some of these little homesteads are sturdy enough to carry the weight of a church tower; for besides being massive they are almost invariably of one kind—English oak. The writer has tried to imagine, lying in bed and gazing at such old trunks as these, what their history has probably been. For several centuries no doubt they have fulfilled their present use, but evidently they were not in the first instance prepared to be placed here. They are pierced with auger-holes and notched for joints and bevelled in places—what was their former purpose? Perhaps they have supported the roofs of several predecessors of this old house, but the auger-holes and splice joints suggest something else. It may be that they are the timbers of a Norman galley or Saxon sea-horse, and that in the further past they had flourished in some grove entwined by the sacred mistletoe of our Druid forefathers. At any rate, their strength and toughness remain unaffected; for the roof is of gritstone shingle (locally called grey slate), the weight of which would soon cause the slim woodwork of modern houses to get out of order.

The windows of our homesteads are small—a characteristic of old buildings everywhere, even those of architectural pretension. The Peakland builder of Tudor and Jacobean times roughly copied the current fashion, his efforts being most prominent in the mullioned windows. The imposition of the window tax at the latter end of the seventeenth century bore hardly upon his handiwork, inasmuch as many occupiers walled up all lights beyond the statutory six. It is interesting to examine these ancient houses and to speculate as to why this or that window was sacrificed. Sometimes it is an ugly, small, square hole that has been blocked, in other places one section only of a large window has been walled up. It seems a pity that since the abolition of the tax these windows have not been restored. The walled-up lights are also noteworthy as determining whether the houses were erected before or after the imposition of the window tax.

The modern south-country farmer would object to inhabit a good many of these homes unless improved considerably. But the North Derbyshire husbandman realises in a special manner that

He who by the plough would thrive  
Must either hold the shafts or drive,

and that neither time nor means will permit of mere domestic elaboration and adornment.



Nowadays, however, he has little to do with the plough. In the old times it was different, but the advent of the railway revolutionised his methods. He forsook butter and cheese making for milk-selling, and the immense Lancashire and Yorkshire manufacturing districts close at hand form an almost illimitable market for his "cow juice." Milk-raising is accounted by some hardly to be farming—why we cannot tell. Granted that produce-growing requires a knowledge of soils, manures, and crops; dairying demands experience of a similar sort; and, besides, a dairy-farmer must be a judge of stock, expert in the selection and breeding of animals, and something of a vet.

In pre-railway days the Peakland farmer was not, as at present, anxiously concerned in the enlargement of his milk quartage. His holding was then a little domain, upon which he produced nearly all the necessaries of life. Foremost were the oatfields—probably about one-fifth of his land was under the plough. The corn patch provided the invariable breakfast of meal porridge as well as oatcake, the only bread food in use, and it likewise fed the pigs which every day except Sunday appeared on the dinner-table in the shape of pork or bacon; even the pastry was made of oatmeal—pie crust, pancakes, and parkin. The garden was seldom well tended or prolific, but it provided such vegetables and fruit as were used, while potatoes, turnips, and cabbages were grown in various nooks and corners of the farm for the common consumption of man and beast. Clothing, too, was to a certain extent a home production. The coarse wool known as "beltings" was made into yarn for woollen garments, and sometimes a black sheep was reared to provide dark stockings for the women. Fuel had generally to be bought, although peat could sometimes be had for the cutting; and there were few farmers who did not possess a candle-mould for the manufacture out of waste fat of the humble dip, which in those days was the sole illuminant.

Therefore if a farmer was owner as well as occupier, he was, to a large extent, independent of money—and it is surprising how scarce money appears to have been. Cheese-making, now neglected as unprofitable, was the staple output of the Peak; yet the price of cheese nowadays is higher than it was then. Butter-making paid even worse, but was often resorted to as a means of providing ready money for the rent-day. It sometimes fetched no more than 6*d.* per lb.; but it went on to the market at once, whereas cheese had to be kept for a considerable time before it could be sold.

The "eternal want of pence," which is such a formidable

drawback nowadays, troubled not these folk. They were accustomed to victual and clothe themselves by their own direct efforts, and the variety of the work leading thereto fostered the virtues of initiative and independence. From the beginning to the end of the year there was a diversified succession of work to be performed—not matters of large moment, perhaps, but still things which demanded thought and activity. Summer brought its stress and winter its repose. Autumn was a more important season in Peakland seventy years ago than now, for then the local harvest directly concerned the individual.

Spring commenced the year. It was then that resources were at their lowest ebb. The hay barn was nearly empty, and if April snows and May frost kept the ground bare, the problem of how to save the horned stock from having to be “lifted up by the tail” was a grave consideration. Foreign hay was not procurable, and if it had been there was no money to pay for it. The impoverishing effect of a long winter was most severely felt. The cattle had no corn—maize and linseed cake were unknown—and a five months’ diet of hay and straw had turned the milch cows dry and diminished their carcasses. The only thing on the farm which accumulated was the manure heap, and this, being entirely a home production, was very feeble and required much judgment to put it to the farthest. Bone manure was so expensive that hardly anybody could afford to use it, and guano and phosphates had yet to be introduced.

But spring bore a promise even for the Peaklander. The gaunt cows were in calf, and presently the milk stream would begin to flow, churn and cheese-press would once more be required, the poultry would lay again, and the goodwife with her big baskets begin to frequent the market town. The spring sales meant a good deal to the farmer, for he had surplus stock to dispose of, and if grass were plentiful in May all went well; if not, it became a hard task to face the landlord. The half-year’s rent was usually payable about mid-summer, and in the meantime cash was raised with the utmost speed—at the fairs by the farmer and in the market by his wife. Mid-summer saw the rent-day past, the corn green, the meadows ripening, and the pastures producing the maximum of milk. Butter-making had now to some extent ceased, and morning and night as the milk was brought in it was poured into the cheese-pan. The dairy was now a scene of busy labour: the wife, deep in the mysteries of curd and rennet, had raised that cool chamber to the dignity of a laboratory. Week by week the broad thin cheeses accumulated on the rack upstairs, and were a growing weight on the anxious mind of the

dairymaid ; for who can tell what the awful pronouncement of the factor will be when he comes to test and buy ? It may be that a degree of heat or a spoonful of rennet carelessly misapplied may have marred the whole stock, and he will refuse to do business.

From midsummer to the middle of July there was certain work to be done among the potatoes and turnips, and the sheep washed and shorn of their fleeces. After St. Swithun's day the hay harvest began. Seventy years ago there was no machinery, and the gathering of the hay was the largest item in the year's work. If the weather was fine, it was a task of magnitude ; a rainy spell made it an interminable business. Consequently, the meteorological conditions immediately preceding July 15 were watched with keen anxiety, and few Peakland farmers would begin the hay till St. Swithun had decreed the weather for the next six weeks. The small farmers and cottagers usually harvested their crops on the co-operative or "booning" principle explained in an article published some time ago.<sup>1</sup> The larger folk, with the aid of Irish labourers, found their efforts sorely taxed to keep pace with the work, even if the weather was moderate. Nowadays a machine and one man will mow half-a-dozen acres between morning and noon, but the slow manual processes caused things to be ordered differently. At daybreak the men would turn out with scythes (leaving the women to do the milking) and cut grass till about ten o'clock, by which time each man would have accounted for about half an acre. The sun would then be high and powerful, and, after a feed, an adjournment would be made to the meadows which had been mown on previous days. Here, haymaking would go on till sunset. The day was not yet ended, however. The mowers would once more return to the grass fields and in the cool twilight do another hour or two's work with the scythe.

Such labour as this was hard while it lasted, but its quality and surroundings saved it from becoming drudgery. The spirit of emulation invested some of the incidents of the hay harvest with the character of sport : competition in mowing, in loading, and in stacking. The ordinary fare was supplemented by an unstinted allowance of home-brewed ale, a liquor which had rarely any ill effects. A farmer who harvested with "brewery ale" was discounted as an employer. Then the influx of the Irishman, the man from over the sea, with his strange talk and fresh experiences, added zest to the comradeship of labour. A book might be written about the Irish harvestmen we have known or heard about. Those of to-day

<sup>1</sup> See *Gentleman's Magazine*, Oct. 1901.



are an entirely different species from the picturesque tatterdemalion who brought over with him his barefooted wife and children and lodged them in barns and outhouses. Year after year the men would come back to the same master, each time with a budget of new and wonderful stories from the "ould counthry." One feature about these boys was their regular attendance at mass on Sundays. Irishmen from outlying places far and near would make for the chapel, and, after paying their devoirs there, would fraternise in the neighbourhood of the public-house and while away the time till evening in the diversions customary at Donnybrook Fair.

Before the hay was all gathered these men began to take their departure to other counties where the corn was ripe. Oats have almost ceased to be grown in Peakland, but at this time they were an important crop. Yet somehow—perhaps because it came late in the year—often in October—it was never the carnival that hay harvest used to be. The men were tired and the weather was past its best. More sober and commonplace still was the gathering and pitting of the root crops, one of the last events in the farmer's year.

Not the very last, however. Before the steep roads and narrow lanes began to be choked with snow, the winter's supply of coal must be laid in. Such a matter can nowadays often be accomplished by a brief direction through the telephone ; but seventy years ago the replenishing of the coal-house was a great business. Fortunately, coal is got in some parts of the district, and none of the homesteads would be more than, say, twenty miles from a working. The price at the pit mouth was about three shillings a load, but the loss of time in getting a load was very great. Early in the morning, by two or three o'clock, strings of carts would be threading their way in the darkness over roundabout by-roads, making a circuit of some miles probably, to escape the toll-bars. Even these early birds stood a chance of being forestalled at the shaft. It was first come, first served, and the rickety windlass bringing up to the surface at considerable intervals a hundredweight at a time, did its work at the same speed irrespective of the number of impatient waiters. The behind-hand carters slackened their girths, got out their hay-bags, and waited their "kale" in the cabin or at some convenient public-house. Late in the afternoon, the last cart, laden with twelve or thirteen "tubs" (*i.e.* hundredweights), would start on the homeward journey, reaching its destination possibly at midnight, thus occupying nearly twenty-four hours in procuring about half an ordinary load of coal. The same routine would be gone through day by day until the winter's store was large enough.



When the coal was housed the main efforts of existence ceased till spring came round again. The barn was stocked with food for the cattle, the meal ark provisioned for bread-making, the kitchen walls pictured with sides of bacon, potatoes and turnips stored away where the frost could not penetrate, and an abundance of coal bought and paid for—in fact, the wherewithal to maintain and satisfy man and beast through the rigours of winter. There was little work to do for the next four or five months—only the feeding of the animals—for the cows had nearly all gone dry. The superfluous stock had been sold at the Michaelmas fairs, and the proceeds, along with the cash realised by the disposal of the “dairy” of cheese, were lying upstairs waiting for the Christmas rent-day.

Winter-time in these moorland wastes is stern enough for the background of an epic poem. Black and weird at all times, the landscape then becomes a solitary devastation. Then it is that the homesteads, gripping the ground with their sturdy foundations, face with their yard-thick walls and massive roofs, gales and frosts of an intensity which would sweep away or crumble to pieces the brick and stucco exteriors of lowland dwellings. The wind, careering along an unimpeded course, carries before it a cloud of snow which dashes pellmell against the little shieling. Continuously for a day and a night the assault may be kept up, but the time-hardened walls hold their own, and, when the elements subside, there they remain, buried, maybe, up to their squat chimneys in snow, but unharmed.

Inside the house the picture is different. Before dark the farmer had beaten round to the shippon to fodder the stock ; then the day's work was done. The door shut, and in the warm shine of a rousing fire, he and his household listened complacently to the battering and screeching out of doors. Nor was the time spent in heavy idleness ; there was occupation for both old and young. After tea the candle was extinguished (to save a waste that could not easily be replenished), the wheel brought out of the corner, and by the firelight the women would soon be busily engaged in spinning yarn, in knitting or mending. The men would card the fleece wool (prepare it for the wheel by tearing it into down in the wire brushes known as “carding combs”). The young children would have their playthings—poor, but of as much absorbing interest as the elaborate treasures of modern juveniles ; the older ones would be set down to master a chapter of the Bible or learn a collect or part of the Catechism. Bed-time came early, and towards seven o'clock supper would be

mentioned. If the cows had not gone absolutely dry, milk would form part of the meal. A common way of taking supper was as follows : potatoes were boiled and mashed in a pipkin, a miniature pond formed in the middle and filled with milk. The family sat around the table and dipped their spoons, first into the outer edge of the mash and then into the milk. The person who burst the dam first with his spoon had to retire from the table as a penalty. Sometimes the wedding-ring of the goodwife was buried in the mash, and the one who fished it up was the next to be married.

Winter-time was not, however, a season of continuous storms, and when the weather was fine and the roads passable there was plenty of opportunity for exchanging visits ; "neighbouring," as it was called. The choice of diversions was limited. Foremost among these were music and singing, accomplishments then cultivated to a far greater extent than now. There was usually a fiddle or clarionet hung on the wall alongside the flitches of bacon, and we venture to assert that the Peaklander of seventy years ago had a vastly better acquaintance with contemporary music than the same class has to-day. The churches and chapels were the colleges, and the members of the choirs the teaching staff. To be a church musician was a coveted distinction, and it was the ambition of most boys to possess some instrument or another with which, during the long dark nights they would betake themselves to the house of some friendly "maestro," who, for the love of the thing, would teach them something out of Mr. Handel's big book or how to produce the twists and twirls of the "Copenhagen Waltz." The vocalists, bred in pure thin air, fed on simple diet, and prohibited by the scarcity of copper from over-indulgence in tobacco, were fit exponents of the songster's art. They were always sure to be powerful, and often melodious ; and a knot of cronies in the alehouse or at a club feast might always be found ready with a part-song, which they rendered standing in a circle and facing each other with wide-open mouths and reddened cheeks. There is a rare engraving of such a scene, a picture worthy of Hogarth. The performers are seated round a table, with heads together, reading their notes from a tiny scrap of paper. "Life's a bumper" is the song—a jolly lay, we should imagine, but the staring eyes and dishevelled hair of the singers, who are dressed in ploughman's garb, would almost suggest that their lower parts, underneath the board, were being subjected to excruciating torture. One of these is old Slack of Tideswell. This son of the soil, after making the saucepan-lids and warming-pans vibrate on the walls of many a Peakland houseplace, was induced

to visit London, and while there was commanded to sing before George III. The king was charmed by the sweet powerful voice of the new singer, and sent Slack word of his appreciation. The rugged singer, careless of the manners of a court, briefly said, "Ay, I thowt I could do it." The society of the metropolis did not spoil him. After a musical evening he would seek out some public-house—small, like the inns of his native Tideswell—and there would drink to repletion. It has to be confessed that sometimes he copied the manners of the period and went over the line. One night he is said to have slept the sleep of the intoxicated in a field on the outskirts of London, and awoke to find a bull standing over him, apparently on mischief intent. With a countryman's knowledge he knew he could only escape being mauled by some sudden *coup*. He lay very still, the bull sniffing him all over. Then suddenly he emitted such a prodigious roar that the startled animal turned tail and fled. London life does not appear to have been congenial, for Slack returned to his native village, and lies buried in the churchyard there.

Of a class akin to the mediæval chapman, with his wares and newsmongering, was the tailor and dressmaker. Ready-made goods were unprocurable in the country seventy years ago. Cloth, buttons, and thread were laid in store by thrifty housewives when money was to be had, and during the quiet autumn, and on till spring, the tailor passed from homestead to homestead, fashioning trousers and waistcoats for man and boy. His visit would extend for several days, or maybe a fortnight, during which time, from the vantage of the dresser or dinner-table, he plied his needle and kept the house alive with his gossip. He was generally boarded and paid a daily wage in addition. Smock-frock and print-bonnet making was women's work, and was also done at the customer's house. The elaborate quilting, seaming, and padding involved in the manufacture of these garments made them a costly part of the outfit. Alas for the smock-frock! It was a warm and comfortable garment which lent itself to any amount of decoration, but it had to go. The last smock-frocked yeoman of Peakland died only a short time since, full of years and honour. He wore his spotlessly white, richly decorated smock on all occasions, and his reverend figure and fine features derived an almost episcopal appearance from the now commonly derided garment he wore.

The dressmaker and corset-maker also did their work on the spot, and among minor craftsmen were the tinker, leaden-spoon maker, chair-bottomer and clock-cleaner—all which itinerants were successful in proportion to their ability as story-tellers.

*WILLIAM COMBE.*

A LIFE of William Combe, if carefully written by an unbiassed pen, would have been replete with amusement and instruction ; but by unfortunate coincidence, those whose literary contributions might have provided interesting material had gone to the grave almost simultaneously with himself, and he is now only remembered as the author of the "Tours of Dr. Syntax."

Mr. J. C. Hotten, it is true, inserted a biography in his edition of "Dr. Syntax's Three Tours" (1869), but that was severely criticised in "Notes and Queries," by a reviewer signing himself W. P., according to whose estimate Mr. Hotten's biography was completely inaccurate, but this, we think, is too condemnatory. Mr. Hotten certainly was most careless with regard to dates ; he did not even procure Combe's certificate of baptism, which would have cleared away many doubtful points in his essay. His assertion, too, that Combe was related to the poet Mason is disproved by the words of Walpole, Mason's intimate friend. Mr. Hotten, nevertheless, made a spirited reply to his malignant critic, and affirmed that his essay was based upon a boxful of manuscripts in his possession in the autograph of Combe.

William Combe was born in Bristol in the year 1741, and he is said to have been the son of a merchant of considerable position, but there has always been some doubt as to his parentage. At Bristol, a John Coombe was Sheriff in 1738 ; a Henry Coombe was Mayor in 1740, and on March 10 in that year he laid the foundation stone of the Exchange. A Coombe or Combe gave a sum of money to the City Library, which was founded about that time. It is also stated that one Coombes, made Alderman in 1749, afterwards Mayor, who was a partner in a Copper Company in Small Street, sold to the Corporation the building that served as the City Mansion House. There is another legend that a Coombes or Coomb was extolled for suppressing riotous behaviour at John Wesley's preaching.

Whoever were his parents, it is quite certain that William



Combe was carefully nurtured and initiated, and that when old enough he was sent to Eton, where he was the contemporary of Lord Lyttelton, Fox, and Beckford; thence he matriculated at Oxford in 1760 or 1761. At Oxford he yielded to the temptations which Alma Mater so thoughtfully provided for her nurslings, and the consequence was, he left suddenly, with an accumulation of debts and minus a degree. He avails himself of the invitation of his kind uncle Alexander, the rich London alderman, to pay a long visit; to whom young Combe made himself such a favourite that he got his liabilities paid. After a few months' stay, acting on his uncle's wishes, Combe set out for the Continent and travelled for some years in France and Italy. In the latter country he met Sterne, then making the second Tour described in the "Sentimental Journey," association with whom would tend to develop that wit and humour impregnated in Combe's nature which runs like a vein through his literary productions.

Combe returns to England a little before his uncle's death. In his will, the alderman entitles Combe his "godson," and leaves him an annuity of fifty guineas and a legacy of 2,000*l*. Gossip was not backward in asserting a nearer relationship than that of godson or nephew. The alderman certainly had an off-hand way of speaking of young Combe, "This boy is so clever that I ought to have been his father, for his real parent is a dolt." Utterances of this kind would be sure to cause remarks of an unpleasant nature, yet it may only have meant that the alderman had been on the point of marrying his nephew's mother, and was not used to express an illegitimate kinship.

Young Combe now takes up the profession of the law, but whether as solicitor or barrister is not known. His talents and culture introduce him to connections in high life, keeping pace with which he soon dissipated his fortune. A love of show and dress, but neither of drinking nor gaming, was the cause of his embarrassments. He was a water-drinker, and in those days such an eccentricity was rare; he lived at an expensive rate in Bury Street, St. James's, and was a visitor at the "Coterie," a fashionable and exclusive assembly room of that day. He was a frequenter of watering-places, and came to Bristol Hotwells about the year 1768, where he affected a most princely way of living: though a bachelor he kept two carriages, several horses, and a large retinue of servants. A contemporary states that he was then heavily in debt and too proud to ask his father to free him. An extract from *The Repository* will show that Combe told Mr. Ackermann that his

fortune was wholly spent in showy living, and he for whom a guinea a week was thought a sufficient provision, on his capital of 2,000*l.* and some expectations, competed for a brief period with the D'Orsays and Brummels of his day; and a most licentious day his was, when fine gentlemen indulged in a questionable honesty, a practice of mendacity, an indifference to debt, and a laxity of idea as to the rights of man in dealing with the other sex. He was tall and handsome in person, an elegant scholar, with highly finished manners and behaviour. He was generally recognised by the appellation of "Count Combe."

With a blemished reputation and a burden of debt, Combe's fortunes were now at their lowest ebb. He had been racing along the high road that leads to ruin, and he had reached that goal: now he was to taste the bitter fruit. He became a teacher of elocution, a common soldier, a waiter at Swansea, a cook at Douai College, and a private in the French army. Having been surfeited by the swine-husks of sensuality, the better part awoke within him: he turned from the haunts of vice and infamy and set his face resolutely towards his native land and decency of life. From which, being once restored, he never after fell away.

He returned to England about 1771 or 1772, and took up authorship as a profession. His first known publication was "A Description of Patagonia" (1774), compiled from the papers of the Jesuit Father Falkner. He also wrote "The Flattering Milliner, or a Modern Half-hour," represented at the Bristol Theatre, September 11, 1775, for the benefit of Mr. Henderson, but not printed. He is stated to have married about this time the mistress of Simon, Lord Irnham, who promised him an annuity with her, but cheated him, and in revenge he wrote a spirited satire. This was the "Diaboliad," a poem which excited great attention in the fashionable world: it was in two parts, the second of which is inferior to the first. The hero and the heroine are generally understood to be a nobleman and duchess lately deceased, and it was dedicated to the worst man in His Majesty's dominions: its success encouraged the author to follow with the "Diabolady." "The Devil on Two Sticks in England" was a continuation of "Le Diable Boiteux" of Le Sage, in which many distinguished characters in England were introduced, and the whole entitles him to the name of the English Le Sage which some have been pleased to confer on him, though his are far inferior to Le Sage's works. The early intimacy with Sterne gave rise to letters supposed to have been written by Yorick and Eliza. He had been obliged to live within the "rules" of the King's Bench

prison before 1780, when he published the "spurious letters of the late Lord Lyttelton," being those of Thomas, the second Baron, famous as the wicked lord and as the hero of a well-known ghost story. The genuineness of these letters has been contended for by a writer in the "Quarterly Review," who partly bases upon them an argument identifying Junius as Lord Lyttelton. They are admirably written, and in a much more elevated strain of thought than most of Combe's compositions. During the next eight or nine years Combe produced nothing of importance. In 1789 he made his first appearance as a political pamphleteer in a "Letter from a Country Gentleman to an M.P.," with an answer by the writer himself, showing how speedily he had taken up the stock tricks of his new calling. His connection with Pitt and pension of 200*l.* a year may have commenced at this time. Other pamphlets followed; he edited a number of publications and became engaged on the staff of the *Times* (1803), losing his pension on the entry of the Addington Ministry into power. For the next five or six years he appears to have been fully occupied with journalism, and in a "letter to Marianne" there are constant references to late hours at the office.

In Crabbe Robinson's Diary (i. 292) there is this entry :—"There is another person belonging to the period, who is a character certainly worth writing about; indeed, I have known few to be compared with him. I first noticed in Walter's parlour a remarkably fine old gentleman, tall, with stately figure and handsome face. He did not appear to work much with his pen, but was chiefly a consulting man. When Walter was away he used to be more at the office and to decide in the *dernier ressort*. His name was William Combe."

After Mr. Combe's death there appeared in Ackermann's *Repository of Arts* the whole of his letter to Jean-Jacques Rousseau, headed by this note from the editor :

"The following letter is extracted from the MS. papers of the late William Combe, Esq., to whose pen *The Repository* has been indebted for many of its papers. It is addressed to Rousseau, whose aversion to society, we might almost say misanthropy, is well known, evidently to awaken in his bosom more kindly feelings, and to reconcile him with his species. Whether it has ever appeared in print we have no means of ascertaining; as a relic worthy of the author of *Dr. Syntax*, our subscribers will, we are confident, be gratified with its preservation in our Miscellany."

This letter is of importance as showing the religious element in the character of Combe.

He was a man, not without learning,  
Not without sincerity of speech and manners ;  
He lived not without piety towards God,  
Nor without a full sense of the Almighty power,  
But indeed not without many sins ;  
Yet not without a hope of salvation  
From the mercy of the Lord.

The sincerity of his repentance is to be believed ; surely every allowance can be made for those weaknesses of old age which his traducers have tried to convert into sins.

Within the last few years of his life, about 1803-4, Ackermann produced his "Poetical Magazine," for which Rowlandson had offered a series of plates depicting the varied fortunes of a touring schoolmaster. Ackermann, who continued to be a generous friend to Combe till his last moments, applied to him to supply the letter-press of the illustrations, and this led to a connection between the author and artist which may be said to form the chief event of Combe's literary career. Under the liberal patronage of Mr. Ackermann, he brought forth a work which became very popular and attractive, under the title of "The Schoolmaster's Tour." It made the fortunes of the magazine, and was reprinted in 1812 under the title of the "Tour of Dr. Syntax in search of the Picturesque," a royal octavo volume, one guinea. The success of this volume led to further collaborations between Combe and Rowlandson. Mrs. Syntax having joined the majority at the end of the first "Tour," a "Second Tour in search of Consolation" appeared in the "Poetical Magazine" in 1820, in similar style to the "First." A "Third Tour in search of a Wife," was brought out in 1821. Both these passed through several editions, but both in point and interest they are distinctly inferior to the first Tour, which will ever rank amongst the most humorous productions of British literature.

The author states in the Preface :—"An etching or a drawing was sent to me every month, and I composed a certain number of pages in verse, in which of course the subject of the design was included ; the rest depended upon what would be the subject of the second, and in this manner in a great measure the artist continued the designing and I continued writing till a work containing near ten thousand lines was produced ; the artist and writer having no personal communication with or knowledge of each other."

A writer who had known Combe states that he used "regularly to



pin up the sketch against a screen of his apartment in King's Bench and write off his verses as the printer wanted them." The title took the public fancy.

It is doubtful whether the Tours of Dr. Syntax would have obtained such successful popularity without Rowlandson's plates, from which we best remember Syntax preaching in Somerdon Church, in wig, gown, and bands, the rustic congregation in different attitudes around him, the kindly Squire and Madame Worthy occupying the manorial pew, with their retainers behind them. Always excepting the First Tour, much of Combe's verse is sad doggerel, and Syntax, despite of considerable humour and kindliness, is apt to tire with his endless moralisings.

Some readers may not think a few quotations from the masterpiece of this almost forgotten poet amiss.

Syntax, though only a poor curate, is a D.D., and as clever as books can make him. He marries a wife and keeps a school, but preferment does not fall to him : he gets leaner and poorer. While gloomily reflecting, he is suddenly fired by a golden scheme :

The Doctor, 'midst his rumination,  
Was waken'd by a visitation  
Which troubles many a poor man's life—  
The visitation of his wife.  
Good Mrs. Syntax was a lady  
Ten years, perhaps, beyond her hey-day ;  
The love of power she never lost,  
As Syntax found it to his cost,  
Whene'er enraged by some disaster,  
She'd shake the boys, and cuff the master,  
And if we list to country tales,  
She sometimes would enforce her nails.

He imparts to her his ambition, by which she is likewise fascinated, for why should not Syntax, like their neighbour Dr. Pompous, fill the empty purse by means of his pen and pencil ? He artfully appeals to her femininity :

" While you in silks and muslins fine  
The grocer's wife shall far outshine,  
And neighb'ring folks be forced to own,  
In this fair town you give the ton."  
" Oh ! tell me," cried the smiling dame,  
" Tell me this golden road to fame ;  
You charm my heart, you quite delight it."  
" I'll make a Tour—and then I'll write it ;  
You well know what my pen can do  
And I'll employ my pencil too."

Spousy packs his wallet, and she furnishes him with a purse of one-pound notes. Grizzle is saddled and brought to the door ; he mounts and starts for the Lakes :

“ Good luck ! good luck ! ” she loudly cried,  
 “ Vale ! O vale ! ” he replied.

Syntax trots away : at the sight of the steeple he mutters an angry say :

“ That thankless parent, Mother Church,  
 Has ever left me in the lurch ;  
 And while so many fools are seen  
 To strut a Rector or a Dean,  
 I’ve in her vineyard labour’d hard,  
 And what has been my lean reward ?  
 I’ve kept the hive, and made the honey,  
 While the drones pocketed the money.  
 New prospects open to my view,  
 So, thankless Mother Church, adieu ! ”

Now begins a series of adventures only to be compared to those of the Knight of the Rueful Countenance immortalised by Cervantes. Syntax loses his way and is attacked by three ruffians, who rob him and tie him with cords to a tree ; he rails against fate for a long while, when the sound of trotting horses makes sweet music to his ear. Don Quixote felt not greater delight when first he espied Dulcinea del Toboso than did Syntax at the sight of two fair palfreys each bearing a comely dame. They free him, soothe his grief, and satisfy his hunger from their well-filled panniers, which is as manna in the wilderness to the famished divine. They put him in the right way to reach a good inn : arriving there, he sends the bellman round to cry Grizzle, who, poor beast, is recovered but with cropt ears and dock’d tail. The Hostess spreads her fairest cheer, to which he does justice, sooth’d by her winning chat. Her bill next morning dismays him, and there ensues a fierce debate :

#### SYNTAX

‘ Good woman, here your bill retake,  
 And, pri’thee some abatement make ;  
 I could not such demands afford  
 Were I a bishop or a lord.  
 This paper fills me with affright ;  
 I surely do not read aright,  
 For at the bottom here I see,  
 The enormous total—one pound three.”

## HOSTESS

"The charges all are fairly made ;  
If you will eat, I must be paid.  
Besides, I took you in at night,  
Just 'scap'd from robbers——"

## SYNTAX

"That's true,  
And now I'm to be robbed by you."

## HOSTESS

"I took you in last night, I say——"

## SYNTAX

"'Tis true ; and if this bill I pay,  
You'll take me in again to-day."

## HOSTESS

"I gave you all my choicest cheer,  
The best of meat, the best of beer.  
'Tis cheap as dirt, for well I know  
How things with hungry curates go,  
And I profess that I am loth  
To deal unkindly with the cloth."

## SYNTAX

"Dear Mrs. Syntax, how she'd vapour  
Were she to see this curious paper.  
I wish that she were here to greet you,  
In your own fashion she would meet you ;  
With looks as fierce and voice as shrill,  
She'd make you, mistress, change your bill.  
Here, if you'll take one half the amount  
We'll quickly settle the account.  
There is your money, do you see ?  
And let us part in charity."

## HOSTESS

"Well, as a charitable deed,  
I'll e'en consent—so mount your steed,  
And on your journey straight proceed."

Syntax pursues his journey, is entertained by his College, he spends a varied time. Multitudinous are the adventures which befall him now. He strikes up a friendship with the genial Squire and Madame Hearty, who entertain him long and hospitably at the Hall. The poor lean scholar expands with the goodly cheer their well-filled larder and wine-cellar afford. His spirits rise and sing within him, as reflected in his verse. His fame reaches Squire

Worthy, who also is glad to entertain wit and learning. The "Tour" is written : at a race-course Syntax is introduced to a noble Lord of some literary fame. He reads his "Tour" aloud to my Lord, who gives him a letter to his bookseller, to whom Syntax repairs :—

"Go, call your master," Syntax said  
To an attendant on the trade,  
"Tell him that a D.D. is here."  
The lad then answered with a sneer,  
"To no D.D. will he appear ;  
He would not come for all the knowledge  
Of Oxford or of Cambridge College ;  
I cannot go, as I'm a sinner,  
I dare not interrupt his dinner."

A stormy scene—Syntax scolds :

The master, who had filled his crop  
In a smart room behind the shop,  
On hearing a loud angry voice  
Came forth to know what caused the noise.  
He was a man whose ample paunch  
Was made of mutton ham and haunch,  
And when he saw the shrivelled form  
Of Syntax, he began to storm.

BOOKSELLER

"I wish to know, sir, what you mean  
By kicking up, sir, such a scene."

SYNTAX

"My errand was to bid you look  
With care and candour at this book,  
And tell me whether you think fit  
To buy, or print, or publish it ;  
'Tis formed the curious to ailure,  
In short, good man, it is a Tour."

BOOKSELLER

"A Tour indeed ! I've had enough  
Of Tours, and such like flimsy stuff ;  
We can get Tours—don't make wry faces—  
From those who never saw the places.  
I know a man who has the skill  
To make you books of Tours at will ;  
And from his garret in Moorfields  
Can see what every country yields :  
So if you please you may retire  
And throw your Book into the fire :  
You need not grin, my friend, nor vapour,  
I would not buy it for waste paper."



## SYNTAX

"Blockhead ! and is it thus you treat  
The men by whom you drink and eat ?  
Do you not know, and must I tell ye,  
'Tis they fill out your monstrous belly ?  
Yes, booby, from such skulls as mine  
You lap your soup and drink your wine,  
Without one single ray of sense  
But what relates to pounds and pence.  
When humble authors come to sue  
(Those very men that pamper you),  
You feel like Jove in all his pride,  
With Juno squatting by his side."

## BOOKSELLER

"How dare you, villain, to defame  
My dearest wife's unsully'd name ?  
The Parson joined our hands at Bow ;  
As for Miss Juno, she's a harlot,  
You foul-mouthed and malicious varlet,  
A prostitute who well is known  
To all the rakes about the town."

## SYNTAX

"Have done, have done ! pray read that letter,  
And then I think you'll treat me better."

## BOOKSELLER

"Sir, had you shown that letter first,  
My very belly would have burst ;  
But in this world wherein we live,  
We must forget, sir, and forgive.  
My Lord speaks highly of your merit,  
As of the talents you inherit.  
He writes himself supremely well ;  
His works are charming, for they sell.  
His lordship here expressly says  
Your work transcends his utmost praise,  
Desires the printing may commence,  
And he'll be bound for the expense.  
A work like this must not be stinted,  
Two thousand copies shall be printed ;  
And if you please ——"

## SYNTAX

"I cannot stay,  
We'll talk of this another day."  
Thus (such are this world's odds and ends),  
Though foes they meet—they parted friends.

The book is printed, and is a success. Syntax returns at last to receive the embraces and congratulations of Spousy :

SYNTAX

"The fatted calf I trust you've slain,  
To welcome Syntax home again."

MRS. SYNTAX

"No," she replied, "no fatted calf.  
We have a better thing by half ;  
For with an expectation big,  
On your return we killed a pig ;  
And a rich hazlet by the fire  
Will give you all you can desire ;  
The sav'ry meat myself will baste  
And suit it to my dearie's taste."

SYNTAX

"And wheresoe'er I'm doomed to roam,  
I still shall say that home is home !"

The good luck soon repeats itself. A letter arrives from Squire Worthy announcing that his parish priest has succumbed to a broken crown received while cudgel-playing, and appointing Syntax to the vacant benefice.

Subsequently Combe produced two poems entitled "The English Dance of Death" and the "Dance of Life," which were written with the same spirit, humour, and knowledge of mankind that characterised his other works. His last poem was "The History of Johnny Quae Genus, the Little Foundling of Dr. Syntax." Each of these works is illustrated by some admirable prints from the designs of Mr. Rowlandson.

Innumerable were the books of taste and science which were submitted to his revision, and of which others had the reputation. Besides many contributions to the periodical press, he wrote over two hundred biographical sketches and seventy-three sermons. So long known in the literary world, it is certainly remarkable that during his life nothing appeared under his name. It is to be noted as a point in his favour that his pen was free from vice.

In his prime Combe was remarkable for a graceful person and elegant manners. Poverty lost him a wide circle of acquaintances, and to this he alludes in his letter to Rousseau, "When we first knew each other, I was surrounded by a crowded throng, who called themselves my friends ; my friends they were while Fortune rode in my chariot with me." Increasing age deprived him of something of his

former distinguished appearance, but to the end of his life he retained the charms of an elegant, entertaining, and instructive conversation, combined with a calm and agreeable temper. He possessed musical knowledge and taste, and formerly sang in a very pleasant manner. He was indeed remarkably abstemious, drinking nothing but water till the last few weeks of his life, when wine was recommended to him as a medicine. But though a mere water-drinker, his spirit at the social board kept pace with that of the company.

The *Bristol Observer* of July 16, 1823, prints the following remarks about this highly favoured humorist as given by a gentleman, one of his contemporaries, during his residence at Bristol Hotwells, which place he visited about the year 1768: "He was of strikingly distinguished appearance, an elegant scholar, with most accomplished behaviour and deportment. He kept a baronial retinue, though a bachelor. He had resided abroad many years, and it was said that he was the son of a London merchant who left him a fortune, which he wasted, and then commenced authorship. He was generally recognised by the appellation of 'Count Combe.'"

"From another quarter," says the same respectable journal, "we have been told that a gentleman once gave Mr. Combe the friendly hint that his sister-in-law, a lady possessing a fortune of £40,000, 'might with ease be wooed, and without pains be won.' But this suggestion the 'Count' spurned from him contemptuously. The lady soon after became the prize of a soldier of seemingly more precarious fortune, who, we believe, long survived her—an example of greater prudence and circumspection than he by whom she was rejected!"

As an example of his powers of conversation, the late Dr. Estlin related that a friend once met Mr. Combe walking in Tyndall's Park with a young lady under each arm—if we hear the anecdote correctly, Miss Galton and Miss Hannah More—both of whom were in tears. "In the name of Heaven, Combe!" exclaimed his friend at their next meeting, "what have you been saying to those poor girls with whom I met you the other day, to produce such distress?" "What distress—when?" enquired the "Count," in a tone of alarm at the imputation. On his memory being brought home to the fact he rejoined, "Oh! nothing at all—some melancholy tale of imagination, trumped up to suit their palate and diversify the scene. But of the pearly drops I was not such a keen observer as yourself."

We ought not to conclude without noticing the firm reliance which Mr. Combe placed in religion, and his belief in a future existence. That these serious impressions were of early growth in

his mind, we are authorised to believe from many passages in his works. One of his first productions, "The Philosopher in Bristol," is a confirmation of this opinion.

His first wife died in 1814; he married, secondly, Charlotte Hadfield, sister of Mrs. Cosway, who was possessed of genial tastes and talents. There were no children from either marriage. An adopted son offended him by marrying Olivia Serres, the so-called "Princess Olive of Cumberland."

For over forty years Combe lived "within the rules of the Bench," and does not seem to have greatly cared to change his situation. He died in his apartments, Lambeth Road, on June 19th, 1823, in his eighty-second year.

CHARLES WILKINS.



*"A PIECE OF LAND ON THE  
EAST SIDE OF GREEN PARK."*

VERY few are aware that the whole of Green Park is not free to the public, in other words that a part of it is in private occupation. But such is the case. If we walk down from Piccadilly to the Mall along the east side of Green Park, along what used to be known as the Queen's Walk (because in 1730 Queen Caroline, the wife of George II., caused the Board of Works to prepare a private walk in Upper St. James's Park, as Green Park was then called, for the Queen and the royal family to divert themselves in the spring), we shall pass on our left, beginning with Walsingham House and ending with Stafford House, about eighteen houses, some of them the grandest and most palatial, and some the most famous in London. These houses, it seems, are for the most part freehold properties; but Stafford House is leased at 758*l.* by the Duke of Sutherland from the Crown, and the next to it, of those facing the Green Park, Clarence House, is practically a part of the Palace of St. James. What is peculiar about these houses is that the garden within the rails in each case is a separate holding, and each occupant is a leaseholder from the Crown for his garden, and in some cases for bow windows and cellars. This last fact enables us to trace a little of the history of this row of mansions, in "one of the most beautiful situations in Europe for health, convenience, and beauty, and combining together the advantages of town and country."

Looking through an old official report, one hundred years old, the other day, I came upon some particulars of leases, granted to well-known men for the most part; and each plot referred to the gardens attached to these mansions facing the Green Park, each description beginning with the words, "A piece of land on the east side of Green Park." At that time Godolphin House, then on the site of the present Stafford House, was let to Frederick, Duke of York, and the lease was for 98 years and 222 days from August 26,

1807, but appears to be for the whole site. For the rest, here are the particulars of some, all leased for 99 years from April 5, 1796. To William Morton Pitt, 13*l.* 3*s.* 3*d.*; to Francis, Lord Romney, 5*l.* 4*s.*; Sampson, Lord Eardley, 12*l.* 17*s.* 3*d.*; Edmund, Earl of Cork, 7*l.* 16*s.* 3*d.*; James, Marquis of Salisbury, 10*l.* 7*s.* 7*d.*; Thomas, Lord Dundas, 9*l.* 2*s.*; Sir John Hort, Bart., 4*l.* 14*s.*; Charles, Lord Yarborough, 7*l.* 9*s.* 5*d.*; Henry, Lord Viscount Gage, 8*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.*; Geo. Venables, Lord Vernon (in trust), 8*l.* 0*s.* 8*d.*; Francis, Earl of Moira (in trust), afterwards Marquis of Hastings, 21*l.* 3*s.*, and 5*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.*; Robert, Lord Carrington, 34*l.*; and the executors of Noel, Lord Berwick, 39*l.* 10*s.* For 99 years also, but dating from 1797, there was a similar agreement with George John, Earl Spencer, at 115*l.*; and Francis, Duke of Bridgewater, at 69*l.* For the shorter period of 35 years from February 17, 1796, there were also (for No. 22 St. James's Place) Aubrey, Duke of St. Albans, at 111*l.* 16*s.* 7*d.*, 5*l.* 1*s.* 3*d.*, and for bay windows 11*l.* 2*s.*; and with Geo. Capel, Lord Viscount Malden, 34*l.* 7*s.* These gentlemen seem to have been in possession of these eighteen mansions at the end of the eighteenth century, and each was a tenant of the Crown, most of them becoming so for "a piece of land on the east side of Green Park," in order to secure a garden.

It is probable that the occupation of mansions such as those facing the Green Park is less liable to changes than most house property in the metropolis; but even such palatial property is subject to the law that "time tries all," and in the course of a century that law is observed to act amid the least migratory of London's householders and owners. Three streets are concerned with the property in question. Beginning with *Arlington Street*, from the Piccadilly end, we find now, either as leaseholders of the gardens in question, or in occupation of them, Lord Wimborne, Mr. Van de Weyer, the Marquis of Salisbury, the Marquis of Zetland, Mrs. Lawson Johnston, the Earl of Yarborough, and Lord North; in *St. James's Place*, Mr. Christie Miller, Mr. Max Michaelis, the Earl of Wemyss and March, Sir Robert Jardine, Bart., Baron de Forest, Lord Wolverton, and Earl Spencer; and in *Cleveland Square*, Bridgewater House is the Earl of Ellesmere's town residence. The fixtures and the changes are alike eloquent. Families which are still occupying the same houses are, of course, some of the best known in the realm—the Salisbury, Spencer, Zetland, Yarborough, and Ellesmere (Bridgewater). Among the changes the chief is the purchase of Stafford House by the house of Sutherland from the

Duke of York, while the wear of time is found in the intrusion of some occupants whose names are known to few beyond their neighbours.

The economic history of these leases of gardens is very instructive. During the last decade of the eighteenth century there was much dissatisfaction with the management of the Crown Estate as a whole, and the subject received the attention of Parliament. The Surveyor-General, Mr. John Fordyce, in his first report, as a consequence of this, remarks that previous to 1796 the Crown had been in the habit of allowing the proprietors of houses facing the Green Park to enclose small pieces of ground from the Park at only a few shillings the year. Steps were then taken to place this matter on a more regular and businesslike footing, with such results as we saw above, the leases granted bringing in some 400*l.* a year in the aggregate. Stafford House is rented at a sum which has been referred to already, but it may be added that the present lease will lapse in the near future. That, however, is a rent charged for the site as a whole ; but we are here concerned chiefly with the gardens, part of the Green Park. The leases of most of these have been renewed of late years. For 8*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.* Lord North's lease of 80 years from April 5, 1895, substitutes 40*l.* The Earl of Yarborough, instead of 7*l.* 9*s.* 5*d.*, as before, pays 35*l.* Sir John Pender's representatives, for 18 Arlington Street, instead of 14 guineas, pay 15*l.* only. The Marquis of Zetland pays 37*l.* instead of 9*l.* 2*s.* ; and the Marquis of Salisbury 44*l.* instead of 10*l.* 7*s.* 7*d.* For the garden to No. 21 Mr. Van de Weyer pays 27*l.* instead of 7*l.* 16*s.* 3*d.* ; and Lord Wimborne pays 60*l.* instead of 12*l.* 17*s.* 3*d.* In St. James's Place, where one or two of the smaller houses have been divided, Mr. Christie Miller pays 55*l.* instead of 21*l.* 3*s.* for No. 21 ; Earl Spencer, for his mansion's garden, pays 260*l.* now ; and Lord Wolverton is for that for No. 26 subject to 125*l.* instead of 34*l.* in a previous lease. Finally, Lord Ellesmere, for the garden to Bridgewater House, pays 182*l.* now. In some of these cases it is evident that during the century in question the reserved rents here specified have been readjusted for various reasons ; but whereas in 1803 Mr. Fordyce was congratulating the Treasury that he had arranged for rents of 400*l.* for gardens to eighteen houses, it is now found that eleven of them only have to pay 780*l.* under leases of recent date. Some of the gardens are quite small, while those to Spencer and Bridgewater Houses are comparatively large for London houses ; but at the moment we are looking at the 780*l.* a year rent for these gardens in contrast to the rents which should be deemed sufficient

for purposes of cultivation, and so find an instructive instance of the history of land value in London.

Of course, the social associations of these gardens and houses are very many and most varied. In this place, however, it is impossible to do more than to touch one or two of the most famous. And I must choose them apart from the great aristocratic names with which this quarter is indissolubly connected. The persistence of the Salisbury and the Spencer families is a fact of too obvious a kind, though much might be gleaned and retailed about such families in relation to the Green Park neighbourhood. Let us, however, turn to No. 25 St. James's Place, and note that there Sir Francis Burdett—whose daughter is with us still—lived at one time during his most chequered career, and there he died in January 1844. But most famous of all is No. 22 St. James's Place, at one time belonging to the Duke of St. Albans, for it was, until December 1855, the residence of "Poet Rogers." How often have the bow windows, which these leases recounted, been shown as marking Rogers's house! Lord Byron in his *Journal* said: "If you enter Rogers's house, his drawing room, his library, you of yourself say, This is not the dwelling of a common mind. There is not a gem, a coin, a book thrown aside on his chimney-piece, his sofa, his table, that does not bespeak an almost fastidious elegance in the possessor." Bunsen in his "Memoirs" said: "I had a delightful dinner party at Rogers's yesterday; all quite in the style of a rich Roman of the time of Augustus—original drawings of Raphael, &c., after dinner, vases before. The beautiful Titians, &c., of the dining-room ingeniously lighted so that the table alone was in the shade." And Hayward, in his "Selected Essays," says: "It was there too that Byron's intimacy with Moore commenced over that famous mess of potatoes and vinegar; that Madame de Staël, after a triumphant argument with Macintosh, was (as recorded by Byron) 'well-ironed' by Sheridan; that Sydney Smith at dinner with Walter Scott, Campbell, Moore, Wordsworth, and Washington Irving, declared that he and Irving, if the only prose writers, were not the only prosers in that company." With that view of Rogers, as the Mæcenas of London in the first half of the eighteenth century, I must conclude these notes of some "pieces of land on the east side of Green Park."



## *ON SLEEP.*

“ I ONLY know that while I am asleep I have neither fear nor hope, nor trouble nor glory. Blessings light on him who first invented sleep ! It covers a man all over, body and mind, like a cloak : it is meat to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, heat to the cold, and cold to the hot : it is the coin that can purchase all things : the balance that makes the shepherd equal with the king, the fool with the wise man. It has only one fault, as I have heard say, which is, that it looks like death ; for between the sleeper and the corpse there is but little to choose.”

So spake honest Sancho, prince of proverbial philosophers and faithful squire to the ingenious Knight of La Mancha.

Of course, sleep, so universal a phenomenon, and a condition in which so much of our existence is passed, has received its due share of comment from poet and prose writer alike, and a volume would be required to contain their similes and philosophising ; but the number of ideas is very limited. Rest, forgetfulness, oblivion, helplessness, dreams, and the likeness to death—the soundest sleep of all—they go not beyond these. Friend Sancho has fairly covered the ground.

Sleep, like so many other common things, is difficult to define. It is, after all, very much a question of degree. The deep sleep of the tired hunter, or of the man exhausted by pain or toil, and the momentary oblivion that a stuffy church and a dry sermon will occasionally produce, are very different conditions, and yet they are both sleep.

Take a daily illustration. Paterfamilias has turned from the dinner-table to his easy-chair by the fire, and has settled himself comfortably with his newspaper ; soon the active chemistry of digestion, aided by the restful attitude, produces the usual effect—the reading flags, the eyelids gently close, the paper flutters from the relaxed fingers, the head sinks on the chest or cushion, the breathing becomes slower, and perhaps a drone, more or less musical, comes with monotonous regularity from the paternal nose. Pater is asleep,

enjoying his forty winks ; but consciousness is not lost—a playful remark on the unromantic appearance of a half-open mouth will cause a smile and the closing of the lips, a simple question (requiring no effort of memory or otherwise) will elicit a monosyllabic reply, and the nap goes on. Yet this is sleep ; and the best proof is that even a few minutes of such light slumber is followed by a distinct sense of refreshment.

The most workable definition of sleep (although not the latest) appears to be that of the late Dr. Carpenter, in these words : “ That state of suspension of the *sensory and motor* functions which appears to alternate in all animals with the active condition of those functions, and which may be made to give place to it by the agency of appropriate impressions upon the sensory nerves.” Observe, it is the suspension of the *sensory* and motor functions only, not of the *organic* (concerned with respiration, circulation, &c.) ; *these* Nature is too wise to trust us with.

Fancy what would happen (in these days of fierce competition) to us struggling mortals if, in addition to our manifold other cares, we had the added responsibility of having to look after our organic functions ! Picture a portly stockbroker who has been spending anxious, perhaps sleepless, nights of calculations for rise or fall, &c. ; as he stands “ where merchants most do congregate ” he is observed to stagger and fall ; his friends rush up, to find him done with “ bulls ” and “ bears,” dead ; and one remarks, “ Poor old beggar ! I thought this would come some day. He always *was* so careless. Evidently forgotten to wind his heart up.”

Until recent years nothing was known of the physiology of sleep, and most mistaken notions prevailed about it. Because rosy-gilled old gentlemen, with bull-necks and much given to the pleasures of the table, rounded off a life of gorging and guzzling with the death-sleep of apoplexy, it was assumed that “ determination of blood to the head ” was the proximate cause of sleep.

But Donders upset this false assumption in 1854, and in 1860 Mr. Durham, of Guy's Hospital, by a series of careful experiments and observations, showed that the full brain was a preventive of sleep, and that blood-pressure within the skull must be diminished and the brain comparatively bloodless before healthy and refreshing slumber comes to steep our senses in forgetfulness. Mr. Durham, in a letter to me some little time before his death, said that further observation had only confirmed his views, and that he hoped soon to rewrite and expand his essay. This hope, unfortunately, was not fulfilled, but his views are now universally accepted.

This, of course, is not the place for entering into any physiological account of the order in which the brain centres, one after another, are invaded until complete tranquillity is reached. But as certain mental phenomena connected with sleep are to be mentioned, and I hope to say something of that dread complaint of our time—sleeplessness, it seems desirable to glance for a moment at the subject of healthy sleep generally.

Sleep is the condition in which the waste of our waking hours is repaired. Every breath we draw, every voluntary or involuntary use of our muscles, leads to molecular destruction of tissue, and this cannot go on unceasingly without a fatal expenditure of force. Rest from labour is the universal law of Nature; and she also demands *periodicity* and *proportion* in that rest. Even the heart, that wonderful pump, far transcending anything that human engineering can devise, which goes on for 70, 80, 90, 100 years, working night and day, has its own appointed time for rest and repair. Young, in the opening of the "Night Thoughts," sums it all up tersely and beautifully:

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep !

Given the proper conditions for sleep, the absence of all sensory stimuli, darkness, and silence, *vision* first succumbs.

The eyelids close, the pupils contract, the more effectually to shield the retina, and on waking they suddenly relax. Who has not observed the stare with which the sleeper opens his eyes, as though in lifelong amazement at the daily miracle of resurrection to life ?

*Hearing* seems to go next, but this, "with a difference," is much modified by habit, &c. The man who goes to live in a house close to the railway at first awakes at every train, but soon the express may thunder under his window with its shrillest whistle-shriek and the habituated sleeper notices it not. The roar of the London streets keeps the country cousin awake, and the absence of this familiar sound causes the Londoner in the country to toss restlessly, although surrounded by "all appliances and means to boot." In sound sleep the hearing proves a very difficult sense to arouse. *Expectancy* here operates curiously—the sound *we expect* we hear even in sound sleep. As Dr. Carpenter points out ("Mental Physiology") the surgeon hears the first shake of the wire of his night-bell, while the cries of a fractious baby in the room are unnoticed; while his wife neither hears the night-bell nor her husband getting up and going out, but the slightest whimper from her little one wakes her on the instant.

*Smell* is not easy to arouse in sleep. Soft, pleasant odours (the

lavender-scented sheets in a farmhouse, or the perfume of the jessamine or wallflower stealing through the open window) conduce to sleep, while strong and pungent odours cause waking. Remember this, ye romancists, who permit your villains to bring the chloroform-saturated kerchief to the mouth and nose of the sleeping victim.

Of *taste* as affected by sleep we can obviously know very little, because any observation of the sleeper as to this can only be a waking and remembering ; but we all know that in dreamland we often taste with a less sophisticated palate than we bring to waking meals.

*Touch* is the most active of our senses during sleep, and this is doubtless Nature's provision for securing a measure of safety to the sleeper. A strong light in the room, or even on the face, a loud noise, &c., might fail to wake the sleeper, but a touch (*not expected*, a good rough shaking may then be required) will act at once. And the sense of touch is the most vivid in dreams. How often in the visions of our bed have we not *felt* the warm, clinging grasp of the dear little hand that will never again clasp ours on this side the veil?

The notable general changes in sleep are that the pulse slows down, the heart-beats dropping by ten to twenty in the minute ; the respiration becomes slower and shallower, and also drops four or five in the same time. The temperature of the body drops from 0.5 to 2° F. below the waking heat, and reaches its lowest at three or four hours after midnight. This is the time when we are most susceptible of chills, injury from malaria, &c., and is also the time when death most frequently ends exhausting illness.

Now comes the question, How much of this recuperative cessation from waking activity is required for health? How much sleep do we need? In infancy, childhood, and youth a great deal is required ; and again as we reach the evening of life the need of sleep becomes once more greater ; but how about middle-age and the time of manhood's vigour? Here no hard-and-fast rule exists ; but seven or eight hours at least out of the twenty-four may be taken as the norm. There have been men of active habits who, for years together, have found four hours sufficient ; but these are the exceptions. Others can only do good work with an allowance of ten or more hours. All depends on personal constitution and the capacity for taking the requisite sleep at any hour of the day or night.

Eminent statesmen, mistimed by the prolonged parliamentary sittings nowadays, are known, whatever their time for retiring, to



give orders that they shall not be disturbed for eight or nine hours. Perhaps Sir William Jones's answer is as good as any, only substituting "work" for "law":

Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,  
Ten to the world allot, and all to heaven.

In Sir Edward Coke's (another lawyer) couplet it runs :

Six hours to sleep.

I suppose it would be held generally that *dreaming*, while the most common, is on the whole the most interesting mental phenomenon connected with sleep, somnambulism and the doing of certain automatic acts not concerning the bulk of mankind. But dreams we all have at some time of our lives.

It is a moot point whether dreams—conscious mental activity during sleep—coincide with sound sleep, with light sleep, or with the transition period between sleep and waking. The general belief is that profound sleep is dreamless ; on the other hand, Sir William Hamilton maintains that dreaming accompanies all sleep, but that the dreams are forgotten on returning to consciousness. However this may be, the ordinary waking inhibition and control of ideas is certainly lost in sleep. The imagination takes the bit between its teeth, as it were, and runs riot. Nothing seems improbable to us in our dreaming moments. We do things with more than complacency that we are quite conscious (even in sleep) we should be horrified at were our moral mentor not also asleep.

But, oh ! what purely æsthetic and intellectual delights go with our dreams at times ! The coast-born lad or man, who loves the sea and all connected with it, although "in populous city pent" and hundreds of miles from sight of a wave, can in the fairy-world of dreams see and revel in such scenes of beauty, loveliest rock-pools, busy with marine life, and "exceeding magnificent" with their glistening sandy floors and walls of gently waving seaweed (should we not call them flowers ?) ; he can sniff the briny air and feel the salt breath of old Neptune on hands and face and lips. Indeed, dreams of this sort are such a delight that we awake with a pang to realise that they are but the phantasms of imagination, that they "dissolve and, like this insubstantial pageant faded, leave not a rack behind."

Dreams, doubtless, all have a mental or physical suggestion to start them. They are determined by our latest reading, or thought, or conversation before going to sleep ; or by the physical accident of the moment. The clothes slip from our feet, and forthwith we are

standing barefoot in the snow or wading in an icy stream ; your head gets uncomfortably bent on your chest and, lo ! you are being strangled by a giant or hugged by a bear. Then, dreams know no impossibilities. Say you are trying to learn the last indispensable art, cycling, and just in the "wobbling" stage ; asleep, your grace, agility, and fearlessness are a sight for gods and men !

Dreams of warning and premonition, &c., interesting and well authenticated as many are, we must leave to the Psychical Research Society.

All canons of time, &c., are also violated. Dreams suggested by purely physical causes (such as sudden and loud sound), which wake the sleeper almost instantly, develop vivid scenes and actions, extending (in imagination) to hours or days ; *e.g.*, an unexpected artillery salute is known to have caused a sleeper, who passed from sound sleep to a frightened awaking, to go through all the incidents of desertion, arrest, court-martial, sentence of death, the being marched off for execution, and (every detail with lurid distinctness) the being shot, the dream-volley coinciding with the awaking noise.

On the other hand, if we accept comparative physiology (and we can do very little without it), we know by observation of our daily companion the dog that a dream may last a long time (much longer than the event which gives rise to it). Your terrier indulges in a street fight and comes off victor. Hours after, as he sleeps on the rug beside you, you see his bristles half rise, his lips half display his teeth, his skin twitches with excited memory, and he sleepily growls ; this goes on at intervals, until you say to him, "All right, old fellow, that fight's over, and you licked him, you know." The tail wags a drowsy assent and there is a truce. But very soon the little drama is re-enacted ; that dream-fight is still going on, and a tussle that only lasted two minutes furnishes a two hours' dream.

Dr. Carpenter, in his "Mental Physiology," records numerous cases in which students and well-known professors, baffled before retiring for the night by some complex mathematical problem, have got up, gone to their desks, and covered sheets of paper with symbols of abstruse calculation (all the while observed to be sound asleep), and done in sleep what they had failed to accomplish in their waking hours. This is called unconscious cerebration. We all have experience of it. In company you cannot, for the life of you, remember a name or word with which you are quite familiar. Words *like* the one you want float nebulous in your brain-cells ; every moment you feel you must grasp it ; you get very near it (as

children say at forfeits, you "burn"), but still it evades you. At last you give it up and change the subject ; but unconscious cerebration goes on, and suddenly, while you are thinking of something altogether different, the lost word *flashes* on you. Does not this prove that *at least* dual trains of thought were occupying the brain at one time ?

Nightmares and distressing dreams generally owe their origin to systemic disturbance, very frequently to stomach troubles from eating too near bedtime "not wisely, but too well" ; sometimes they are due to ill-ventilated and stuffy bedrooms, or to the action of poisonous gases inhaled during working hours. (Workers in india-rubber factories are subject to night terrors from the action of bisulphide of carbon used in their trade.) If the dreams occur with any persistency, the wise man will seek medical advice, lest there be removable organic disease.

The night terrors of children should not be lightly passed over. The nurse, however excellent in all other respects, who terrorises her little charges by threats of bogeys and black men, and the like, should be (unless she at once alters her ways) ruthlessly cashiered and future employees cautioned. But if the mischief has been done, as you value the health, perhaps the sanity, of the child Heaven has given into your keeping, don't resort to ridicule or Spartan measures. It is useless to tell the terrified child that these things cannot come and that darkness *should* have no terrors. Rather, leave sufficient light for the distinguishing of objects in the room in case of sudden panic, &c. In the charming essay on "Witches and other Night Fears" of Charles Lamb, prince of essayists, he writes, with truest wisdom as well as humanity : "Parents do not know what they do when they leave tender babes alone to go to sleep in the dark. The feeling about for a friendly arm, the hoping for a familiar voice when they wake, screaming, and find none to soothe them—what a terrible shaking it is to their poor nerves ! The keeping them up till midnight, through candle-light and the unwholesome hours as they are called, would, I am satisfied, in a medical point of view, prove the better caution." I would have every mother study this essay of the gentle Elia. Of course it is the better way to bring the child up free from night fears, if possible, but remember he may from his own constitutional tendency (or heredity) spontaneously evolve his own terrors.

By the way, perhaps the best-known and most interesting case of sleep-work is Coleridge's fragment of "Kubla Khan." Coleridge slept for three hours in his chair, and awoke with the consciousness that he had composed some three hundred lines in his sleep

(suggested by a book he was reading when sleep overtook him) ; he remembered the lines and, seizing his pen, wrote *currente calamo* and without a pause the fifty-four lines which have come to us. He was then called away (most likely some little matter of "to account rendered"), and on his return (although the sleep-composed lines were floating in his brain) he was unable to reproduce the remainder.

Numberless points of interest in connection with sleep remain for consideration, but space forbids the following them.

Let us, then, look at the opposite condition—sleeplessness. Insomnia is the pretty name for the ugly thing. There seems little doubt that in these days of high-pressure living insomnia is on the increase, and its general effects, physical and mental, on the community have to be reckoned with. This, of course, is not the place for any medical consideration of the subject—continued insomnia is far too serious a matter for the pages of a non-medical magazine. Every case must be treated on its own merits, and the victim should seek medical advice. But the general hygiene of sleep is of interest to us all, and certain principles may be applied by all.

How, then, are we to propitiate the drowsy god, son of Erebus and Nox?

1. Attend to the atmosphere of the sleeping-room. Except in the coldest weather the windows should be opened at the top ; and see that the chimney-place is open, and not (as is too often the case) closed by a bag of shavings, &c.

2. See that the amount of bedclothes is proportionate to the heat, or otherwise, of the weather. Many restless nights are caused by over-clothing, especially since the introduction of the eider-down quilts.

3. Have the head moderately raised, and take care that there be no tightness about the neck-band of the nightdress ; or, in case of wearing pyjamas, that the waistband is sufficiently loose to cause no constriction.

4. Of course the absence of light and noise is desirable ; but with regard to the latter the effect of habit has been already noticed.

5. It is desirable that the reading or studious man should not prolong his work until the last moment before going to bed, but should quiet his brain by half an hour's rest. In summer it is very helpful to turn out for a few minutes' stroll in the fresh air.

6. Don't go to bed with cold feet. Remember, your brain must be comparatively bloodless before you can get sound sleep, and in studying late at night (when, very likely, you have let the fire go out)



you have had your brain gorged at the expense of the extremities. A hot foot-bath is a capital remedy, and if that is not convenient, smart friction with a towel will act very well. Then, loose woollen bed-socks should be worn, and when the feet are quite warm a little manœuvring with the big toes will put the socks off without effort enough to disturb you.

7. Sleeplessness is often the result of sheer inanition. You dine, say, at seven, and by ten digestion is completed. You go on with pleasure or work until one o'clock, and by that time you are again hungry, and the craving of the stomach may wake you and keep you waking. A simple remedy here is to have a plate of biscuits, a stick or two of chocolate, an apple, or something light on a table by the bedside. Many derive great benefit from taking lettuce or a stewed Portugal onion the last thing before going to bed. Or a tumbler of milk may be swallowed, and, giving the stomach something to do, sleep will at once return. "What," you say, "drink a tumbler of milk and lie down at once and expect to sleep?" Yes, even so. My good sir, for several months of your life you did nothing else but fill your little stomach with milk and then go to sleep.

8. There be many bald heads nowadays, and slight currents of air are apt to chill the scalp and cause a compensatory flow of blood to the head, which is inimical to sleep. The remedy here is to go back to the fashions of your grandfathers and wear a nightcap.

9. A jaded body will often destroy appetite for food. You come in from a long journey, and are so tired that your soul revolts at the solid food you really need. Take a cupful of good soup or Bovril, and lie down for a few minutes, and you can then manage a substantial meal. Just so, a man may be too tired to sleep. Then take a "nightcap" (not your grandfather's this time) in the shape of a glass of stout or a modest jorum of usquebaugh, nowadays called whisky.

In cases of anæmia the brain may be getting the normal sleep-quantity of blood, but the blood itself is deficient in the requisite elements, and here again is suffering from inanition (starvation), and a little cold soup or meat-extract will supply the desideratum.

So much for the physical side in wooing Nature's sweet restorer, but there is the mental side.

1. You should start with a tranquil mind and an easy conscience. You observe how modest are my postulates. A quarrel with the wife of your bosom is a bad start for sleep, and so is the consciousness of a mean thing done during the day. Try to put the troubles of the morrow out of your head. Care not only killed a cat, but has kept many an honest citizen from his sleep. Relegated

the worries to the working-hours ; you will face them better to-morrow if you efface them to-night.

2. Leave emotion, if you can, on the doormat ; grief, remorse, " vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself and falls o' the other side," and all those other excitants, had best be thought out downstairs and done with before you retire for sleep.

3. Suspense, or anticipation of any sort, is not provocative of sleep—even pleasurable anticipation. In my fox-hunting days, the night before the first cub-hunting fixture was not one of sound sleep ; those Bedford cords hanging over the chair, and the butcher boots standing on the mat, got into my brain and filled the few short hours before 6 A.M. with disturbing (if pleasant) dreams.

So, when you have arranged with your boatman to tap at your window at 4 A.M. for the mackerel-fishing, you might almost as well have not undressed and turned in, for didn't you dream all the time of flies and spinners, and dread that you had missed the halcyon hour when the fish were inshore and keen for the bait ?

Even the suspense of another kind (horrible antithesis !), that of the man in the condemned cell, inhibits sleep. While there seems a chance of reprieve his sleep is wakeful ; but when the dread " Justice must take its course " comes, then (hope abandoned) the wretched man sleeps soundly.

Even small anticipations hinder sleep. We all know the story of Carlyle disturbed by a crowing cock and going to law with the owner of the bird. " But," pleaded the lady, " he only crows three or four times through the night." " Yes, madame," replied the dyspeptic sage, " but how long do I lie awake, wondering when the brute will crow again ? "

Old people, whose circulation is not too vigorous, and who (requiring much sleep) are apt to suffer from insomnia, often suffer unnecessarily from getting between cold sheets. Getting up the necessary reaction taxes them severely. This can be avoided by using the good old-fashioned warming-pan. It is a good plan for the aged to sleep in winter in a room over the kitchen.

Now a word as to the abuse of drugs for procuring sleep. This pernicious habit is becoming far too general, and is fraught with considerable danger. The occasional hypnotic is very apt to become a craving. Patients nowadays are getting too knowing. How often, when questioned about their sleep, do they answer, " Oh ! I always attend to that. I generally keep bromide, or chloral, or sulphonal (as the case may be) by me."

There is one other habit still more deadly, and that is the hypo-

dermic use of morphia. This tends with fatal rapidity to the establishing of a "habit," and that habit holds its victim in chains of iron. Better far obtain sleep by a nightly overdose of alcohol: for *that* will soon stamp its hall-mark on you, plain for all men to see, and your reddening nose and shaky hand will warn you of your parlous state. But this morphia fiend is more insidious and does its evil work in secrecy.

To conclude, we all agree, doubtless, with Coleridge's lines :

O sleep ! it is a gentle thing,  
Beloved from pole to pole ;

and if you, perchance, my gentle reader, have been reading this as an evening recreation, I will wish you Good Night. Refreshing be your sleep and sweet your dreams !

T. R. PEARSON.

*AN ELIZABETHAN TOURIST.*

FYNES MORYSON, the younger son of Thomas Moryson of Cadeby, Lincolnshire, Clerk of the Pipe and M.P. for Great Grimsby (1572-89), was born in the year 1566. He matriculated at Peterhouse, Cambridge, May 1580; obtained a Fellowship in 1584; took his M.A. in 1587, and in 1589 obtained leave from his College to travel abroad. In 1590 he became M.A. of Oxford by incorporation, and in the spring of 1591 left England on his travels. During his first journey, which lasted for four years, Moryson travelled through Germany, the Netherlands, Denmark, Poland, Austria, Italy, Switzerland, and France, returning to England at the beginning of 1595. In December 1595 Moryson, in company with a younger brother Henry, started on a second and more adventurous journey. Travelling through Germany to Venice, he there embarked for Joppa and Jerusalem, visiting Cyprus and Asia Minor. Near Antioch his brother died of a fever, and Moryson proceeded to Constantinople and eventually reached London in July 1597. In 1598 Moryson visited Scotland in some kind of official capacity. In 1600 he resigned his Fellowship, when the College presented him with two years' income, amounting to 40*l*. The object of this resignation does not very clearly appear, but shortly afterwards he joined his younger brother Sir Richard Moryson in Ireland, who was then acting as Governor of Dundalk. Almost immediately after his arrival Fynes Moryson was appointed Chief Secretary to Sir Charles Blunt (afterwards created Earl of Devonshire), the Lord Deputy, who was employed in putting down the Earl of Tyrone's rebellion. After going through the campaign, in the course of which he was wounded in the thigh, Moryson in May 1603 returned to England, and in the following year received a pension of six shillings a day. In 1613 Moryson revisited Ireland on the invitation of his brother Richard, who was then Vice-President of Munster, and here his active and public life seems to have ended. He is supposed to have died in England soon after the publication of his travels in 1617. Between the dates of his first and second visits to Ireland Moryson had spent



three years in making an abstract of the twelve countries which he had visited, but the manuscript was so bulky that, according to his biographer Mr. Sidney Lee, "with a consideration rare in authors, he turned his attention to writing a briefer account." This account was written in five parts, only three parts of which were printed in 1617, after having been first written in Latin. The first part contains Moryson's travels through Europe and the Levant. The second part is a history of Tyrone's rebellion. The third part consists of an essay on the advantages of travel, the geography of the various countries, together with the differences in national costume, religion, and constitutional practice. There is also in manuscript a fourth part in the library of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. The second part has been reprinted, as a "History of Ireland from 1599 to 1603," at Dublin in 1735; and the description of Ireland (Part III. Book 3, Chap. 5) appears in Professor Henry Morley's "Carisbrooke Library" (1890). The following pages deal almost exclusively with Moryson's travels on the Continent and in the Levant, which have never been printed since they were first published in 1617, and are therefore probably little known to the British public. Mr. Sidney Lee, from whose article in the "Dictionary of National Biography" many of the above facts are taken, considers Fynes Moryson "a sober and truthful writer without imagination and literary skill." This criticism certainly does not do justice to the quaintness and originality of many of his stories and remarks, and to the considerable power of observation displayed, at all events, in the first part of his travels.

"The visiting of foreign countries," writes Fynes Moryson, "is good and profitable, since the best and most generous wits most affect the seeing of foreign countries, and there can hardly be found a man so blockish and idle and so malicious as to discourage those who thirst after knowledge from so dooing." In support of his contention Mr. Moryson cites the instances of such well-known travellers as Abraham, Jacob, the Queen of Sheba, and St. Augustine, who (he somewhat quaintly and irrelevantly remarks) "wished to have seen three things: Christ in the flesh, Paul in the pulpit, and Rome in the flower." Full of the spirit of enterprise and of opinion that "variety is the most pleasing thing in the world," on May-day, 1591, Moryson left England on his first tour. He was then twenty-five years of age, an M.A., and Fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge. At his special request his College had given him a travelling Fellowship, which enabled Moryson to bear the expense of what has since been called "the grand tour" of Europe. Moryson must have been a deliberate

man and given to no undue haste, as he first wrote an account of his travels in Latin and then made an English translation, the two processes occupying about fifteen years. The book was published in English in 1617 by John Beale of Aldersgate Street, and dedicated to Shakespeare's friend, the Earl of Pembroke, K.G. The title of Mr. Moryson's book is comprehensive, "containing his ten yeeres travel through the twelve Dominions of Germany, Boher (Bohemia), Sweitzerland, Netherlande, Denmarke, Poland, Italy, France, England, Scotland, and Ireland"; and to these travels must be added a voyage to the Greek Islands and the eastern shores of the Mediterranean in 1596. The quaint preface which foreshadows the Murray and Baedeker of the present day runs as follows:—

"The treatise in some obscure places is barren and unpleasant, espetially in the first beginning of the worke, but in other places I hope you will judge it more pleasant and in some delightfull. Again, perhaps you may judge the writing of my daily expenses in my journeys to be needles and unprofitable, in respect of the continuell change of prices and rates in all kingdoms, but they cannot be more subject to change than the affaires of the martiall and civile policie. Touching the work in generall, I would truly say that I wrote it swiftly and yet slowly. This may seem a strange riddle, and not to rack your wit with the interpretation my selfe will expound it: I wrote it swiftly in that my pen was ready and nothing curious, as may appear by the matter and stile; and I wrote it slowly in respect of the long time past since I viewed these Dominions, and since I took the worke in hand. So as the worke may not unfittly be compared to a nosegay of flowers hastily snatched in many gardens, and with much leisure, yet carelessly and negligently bound together." And then to disarm criticism the author adds, "I professe not to write to any curious wits, who can indure nothing but extractions and quintessences: nor yet to great statesmen, of whose reading I confess it is unworthy, but only to the inexperienced who shall desire to view foreign kingdoms."

On May 1, 1591, Moryson set out on his travels by taking ship at Leigh, near Gravesend, where "the Thames in a huge bed is carried into the sea," and after avoiding the perils of some Dunkirk pirates landed on the tenth day out at Stode (Stade) at the mouth of the Elbe. Stode seems to have offered little attraction to the traveller, as he only mentions the bare facts that the Dutch inn charged four and a half Lübeck shillings and the English inn eightpence for each meal. From Stode Moryson crossed to Hamburg, a Free City of the Empire, "with whose buildings and populousnesse" he was much pleased. This praise, however, did

not extend to the inhabitants, as he writes : "The citizens are immeasurably ill affected to the English, to whom (or to any stranger) it is unsafe to walk out of the gates after noon, for when the common people are once warmed with drink they are apt to doe them an injury. Myselfe one day was passing by some that were unloading and telling of billets, heard them say these words, 'Wirft den zehenden auff des Engländers kopf;' that is, 'Cast the tenth at the Englishman's head.' But I and my companions, knowing well their malice to the English for the removing their traffic to Stode, were content silently to pass by as if we knew them not." This story forcibly reminds one of the old picture in "Punch" illustrating the manners of the Black Country, "Who's that—a stranger, Bill? 'Eave 'aff a brick at 'im." Though unfriendly to the English traveller, the Hamburgers appear to have appreciated some of our manufactures, as Moryson was struck by the display of English pewter in the fronts of the Hamburg houses, which suggests to him the observation that "houses promise more beauty outwardly than they have inwardly." The cost of living at Hamburg was rather dearer than at Stode—five Lübeck shillings for a dinner, and Moryson slyly adds that his Dutch companions "contributed half that more for drink after dinner." The ballad of Mynheer Van Dunck is evidently founded on popular tradition.

From Hamburg Moryson went by coach (twenty shillings) to Lübeck, a city which, although built like neighbouring towns, was "much preferred before them." Beautiful houses, clean streets, pleasant gardens, sweet walks without the walls, and citizens who are "much commended for civility of manners" (so unlike those of Hamburg), make up a most attractive picture. Lübeck seems also to have forestalled the Metropolitan Buildings Act of some centuries later, as our traveller says since 1278, when a fine street (Funff Hausgasse) was burnt down, a law was passed "that no man shall build of timber and clay, except he divide his house from his neighbour's with a brick wall three feet broad; no man shall cover his house with anything but tiles, brass, or lead." After stating that he paid five shillings for a quart of Rhenish wine and the same amount for a quart of sack, Moryson (who was certainly somewhat of a *bon vivant*) concludes his notice of Lübeck thus : "Neither do I remember that ever I had a more pleasant abiding in Germany, either for the sweetness of the place, the country of the people, or my diet." Lüneburg and Magdeburg were next visited. At the former town, which was "full of smells," he is taken to a "show place"—the Fountain of Salt, where "everyone gives the Porter a

small reward when he comes in, not when he goes out, as otherwise is used, for this is proper to the Germans that they will be paid ere they begin to work, as if they had done." At Magdeburg the chief attractions were a giant and giantess, so tall that their heads were beyond the reach of Moryson's rapier. At Wittenberg, which the Cambridge Fellow describes as a dull and dirty university town, he passed the remainder of the summer of 1591, attracted perhaps by its cheapness—he paid only a gulden a week for "diet and beer." The well-known legend of Luther, the Devil, and the Inkpot found a home at Wittenberg as well as at Eisenach, and the incident was shown depicted on the wall of St. Augustine's College at the former town. In the autumn Moryson went to Dresden, which forty years before had been a mere village. It was now strongly fortified. When the first stone of the Elector's castle was laid with "music and solemnity" a silver cup, a book of the laws, a cup of coins, and "three glasses" filled with wine were placed under it. The last ingredient seems curious, and has been abandoned in the modern function, though the coins and the book (now represented by the day's newspaper) still obtain. Another Continental custom is also foreshadowed by the Electoral law. When the watchman stationed on the tower of the Elector's castle saw a stranger approaching he gave notice to the guards below, who met the stranger, conducted him to an inn, and there requested the landlord to take down his name and, it may be presumed, his address. In the banquet-hall where the Elector was accustomed to feast the ambassadors, certain Latin verses were inscribed which were thus translated by our Cambridge graduate :

Be not drunken in youth or age,  
Or no more than may cares assuage :  
Gluttony kills more than the sword.

"Yet," adds Moryson, "I dare say that notwithstanding all these good precepts, few or none ever rose (or rather were not carried as unable to goe) from that table." At Fribourg, Moryson visited the silver mines, which had been worked since the year 1180, and at the time of his visit extended to a depth of nine hundred fathoms. He gives the following picturesque account of their working: "The citizens live by these mines and grow rich thereby. The workmen use burning lamps under the earth both day and night, and use to work as well by night as by day, that coming near the purest vein of silver, they are often troubled with evil spirits. The means by which they find silver are very strange, being by a rod which they



vulgarly call chaffel-rod or the divine rod, which they carry in their hands, and when they go over silver they say the rod bends or breaks, if it be straightly held ; and there were not above seven men in this city which had skill of this mystery." The divining rod in this instance seems to have been as efficacious in discovering ore as it is said to be at the present day in the case of water, when tried by the Wiltshire water-finders. Moryson spent the winter at Leipzig, where he learnt to speak the German language, the grammar of which, he tells us, he had studied at Wittenberg. As usual, he gives the items of his expenses at Leipzig ; one gulden "weekly for his diet besides beer, for which everyone pays according to his drinking, some less, some more, mostly beyond measure." The better class of beer, that of Torge, which was usually drunk, could only be obtained at a "public house where it was sold in small measure to the profit of the Senate," a slight variation on the modern Gothenburg system. Leipzig, which was then subject to the Elector of Saxony, is described as situate in a plain of fruitful corn-ground, with fair streets and a stately market-place. The citizens, however, in consequence of some offences committed in the year 1307, were subject to three disabilities. They were not allowed to fortify the town, to use red wax upon their public documents, or to wind a horn in their night watches—the last certainly a very sensible regulation.

After describing a somewhat uncomfortable journey in a coach full of women, who called him "a Jew and a Calvinist" (a strange mixture), Moryson arrived at Prague. The city he describes as filthy ; "the building of some houses is of freestone, and built of little beauty or art, the walls being of whole trees as they come out of the wood, the which with the bark are laid so rudely as they may on both sides be seen." Referring to the river Moldau, he says, "it useth to be so frozen as it beareth carts, and the ice thereof being cut in great pieces, is laid up in cellars for the Emperor and the Princes to mingle with their wine in summer." Dinner at Prague cost six Bohemian groschen, but this payment evidently includes some delicacies, judging from the following anecdote which our traveller tells us. One day at his inn Moryson was eating pickled English oysters, when "a young Bohemian coming in by chance and tasting them, but not knowing the price, desired the merchant to give him a dish at his charge, which contained some twenty oysters, and finding them very savoury, he called for five dishes, one after another, for which the merchant had of him five dollars, the dearneesse no lesse displeasing his minde than the meat had pleased

his taste." At Prague the Emperor had a small zoological garden, and Moryson describes some animals like large cats with spots on their skins, which hunted—clearly the cheetah or hunting leopard. After a stay of two months at Prague, in the spring of 1592, Moryson left for Nuremberg. The six days' journey by coach was uneventful. The usual entry of expenses, six kreutzers for a supper and thirteen for wine, more wine than meat, and no wonder, adds Moryson, as "all my consorts were Dutchmen." Nuremberg was then, as until very recently, a strongly fortified town, and the citizens were described as rich because they, "by their subtile inventions of manuall workes and cunning art, draw the riches of all countries to them." This probably refers to the beautiful iron-work of the Nurembergers, for which during so many centuries the city of Albert Dürer was so justly celebrated. Moryson, however, makes no further allusion to this art. Gastronomy is again almost pathetically touched upon. "No beere, only wine at the inns. A large diet if not delicate." Evidently there were no English pickled oysters at Nuremberg. About this time Moryson's father died, and he had to take a journey to the Netherlands to see about his patrimony, but after a short absence returned to Germany. On his return he visited Augsburg, Ulm, and the free town of Lindau. Of these towns Moryson gives few details. At Augsburg he notices a peculiar arrangement for opening and shutting the city gates, and gives an uninteresting account of a figure clock somewhat similar to the present one at Berne. At Lindau, Moryson presented a petition, written in German and Latin, to the Honourable President, Good and Wise Lords, and Consuls of the Free City. The object of this petition was for the recovery of thirty-two French crowns of which he had been defrauded at Nuremberg by a German who had fled for sanctuary to Lindau. The Consuls ordered the German's horses to be sold to pay the debt, whereupon the German's brother, in order to avoid the sale of the horses, paid the debt himself, much to Moryson's satisfaction; and this satisfaction was in no wise lessened by the fact that "the lawyers and clearkes were so courteous to me, as neither they nor any would take the least reward of me, though I pressed them to receive it." After this legal triumph Moryson left Germany for Switzerland.

Mr. Moryson had certainly not the germs of the Alpine Club climber in him, as soon after his arrival in Switzerland, he thus writes to a more robust friend, one "Master Doctor John Ulmer": "You shall never more persuade me to take a journey on foot, which I find unprofitable for my health and purse. The other day

after dinner, by your advice, I took a journey on foot, and with more sighes than paces, came in foure houres, with much paine, to the little city Eglisau, and coming to the Inne they offered me meate, but I did nothing but so crie out for my bed, as you would have said I was the eldest sonne of Slothe." This letter is dated Basle, May 24, 1592. From Basle Moryson went to Baden (then a Swiss canton), which even at that time appears to have been a fashionable watering-place and "health resort." Writing of the baths, he says : "People do come hither for a remedy ; men, weomen, monks and nunnes, sit altogether in the same water parted with boords, but so as they may mutually speake and touch, and it is a rule here to shun all sadnes. These waters are so strong of brimstone, as the very smoake warmeth them that come neere, and the waters burne those that touch them. Of these one is called the Marques Bath and is so hot, as it will scald off the haire of a Hogge. The waters are so cleen as a penny may be seene at the bottome, and because melancholy must be avoided, they recreate themselves with many sports, while they sit in the water ; namely at cards and with the casting up and catching little stones, to which purpose they have a small table swimming on the water, upon which sometimes they doe likewise eate. These Bathes are very good for weomen that are barren. They are also good for a cold braine and a stomache charged with rhume ; but are hurtful for hot and dry complexions, and in that respect are held better for weomen than men. The Innes are wont to pay tribute to the three Cantons of Baden, Brucke, and Basle (Bazell) ; but now Baden alone makes great profit of them, by the great concourse of sickly persons." Leaving Baden Moryson pays a hurried visit to Strasburg, where he observes upon the cathedral and clock, and then journeys on to Heidelberg, which he describes as "a fair city," having "a monastery with a neighbouring nunnery (as commonly their nests are not far distant) ; it hath a very unhealthfull aire, which maketh funerals very frequent therein, but the water is held very healthfull." From Heidelberg to Worms and thence to Frankfort-on-Main, where there "is the Jewes Street, who are permitted to dwell in this famous Mart-towne, and sucke the blood of Christians by extortion." Moryson afterwards visits Cassel, Brunswick, Hamburg, and eventually reaches Stode, where he writes the following letter to Master Francis Markham, an English gentleman whom he left at Heidelberg ; the letter is dated Stode, Oct. 1, 1592 : "For my promise sake I will trouble you with a short relation of my journey. When we parted at Frankfort, you know I had for companions of my journey two Flemmings poore merchants of

Linnen Cloth, and a Dutch-rider and a Booke-binder of Denmark. I coming first to the coach, tooke the most commodious seat, which these my worthy companions (forsooth) tooke in ill part, yet neither their murmurings nor rude speeches could make me yeeld the place to them. We passed through Hesse(n) to Brunswick, which journey since you purpose to take, I advise you to passe as soone as you can, that you may be out of your paine, and come to more pleasant countries: for there you shall have grosse meate, sower wine, stinking drinke, and filthy beds, and were not the way free from robberies and the people curteous, I know not what other inconvenience might happen to a stranger in any passage. Your diet shall be for the most part of cole-worts, which was so strange to me and so hard of digestion, as it greatly troubled me and wrought upon my body like physicke. At Brunswick I saw a lamentable sight which I dare scarce relate to you, knowing your tenderness in those cases, yet for promise sake I must tell you that I saw a very faire maide of fifteen years married to mine Host, an old churle of seventy years. Be not discouraged. I will tell you a merry accident. Who would have thought that my companions had dissembled so long their malice to me, that now it might breake forth with more bitterness? You know Brunswick is a free city of the Empire and one of those which for priviledge of trafficke upon these coasts are called Hans-Staten. Here, out of custom, passengers comming at first to enter trafficke, use to give the wine to the old merchants, to which custom gentlemen for sociableness have submitted themselves, so as the custom has almost growne into a law. Now for this purpose salt being put upon the table for all to sware whether they were free or no, I confessed that I had not passed for my freedom, yeelding myself to their censure. To be briefe, after they had fined me some cannes of wine and with many ceremonies had made me free, it remained that he whom they had chosen to be my godfather, making a grand oration with some rude jests after their fashion, should instruct me with some precepts how to recover this expence. One of my companions easily took this charge upon him, and after many circumstances he concluded in this manner: 'You are an Englishman, and because your countrymen love to sit easily and to fare delicately, I advise you that both at table and in coach, you be carefull to take the best place, which if you be diligent to performe you shall be soone satisfied for this expence.' By chance my place then at table was betweene the coachman and his servant, for you know that the Dutch are not curious of place, and little regard strangers in that kinde, but I knewe where my gentleman's shoes wrung him, namely in that I had chosen my place



in the coach. And thus I answered him : ‘ Sir, I take it thankfully your grave counsell and will make use of it, but methinks it is too general, making no distinction of degrees, for if I have gentlemen to (for) my companions, who are not willingly overcome in courtesie, I should rather yeeld them place ; but if I fall into base and clownish company, I will not fail to make use of your counsell.’ The gentlemen at table smiled, and so we ended the ceremony with a health. Hence I passed to Lüneburg and so to Hamburg, where the people after dinner warmed with drinke are apt to wrong any stranger and hardly indure an Englishman in the morning when they are sober. It is strange how the people raile on Englishmen in these parts. For that which we call warre at sea and the Royal Navy, that they terme robbery and Pirate ships. Neither have they the patience to hear any justification or excuse.” The Hamburg strictures on the British Navy had probably some justification, as the Elizabethan commanders of that period, such as Frobisher and Drake, though gallant and enterprising sailors, are stated on more than one occasion to have captured a Spanish galleon without reference to the fact whether England and Spain were at war or at peace. While on a visit to Oldenburg in the course of this year the Anglo-Spanish war was the subject of discussion between some Oldenburgers and Moryson over some “ English beere, the goodness whereof made my companions speake much in honour of England and the Queen, with much wonder that she being a Virgine was so victorious against the Spaniards, till in this discourse they all fell fast asleepe.” In the course of this discussion something probably had been said as to the robberies committed by the Spanish freebooters with the sanction of the Count of Oldenburg, as immediately afterwards we find Moryson, for safety, putting his “ golden gulden ” into his boots, which naturally he felt “ very irksome.” These Spanish freebooters seem not to have confined their attention to retaliatory measures against the English, judging from the fact that the citizens of the free city of Bremen “ had lately beheaded thirty-four of them altogether.” The chief freebooter was one Hans Jacob, “ a notable rogue and very malicious to the English, whom he treated very cruelly and mocked them with English words (such as) ‘ I cannot tell.’ ” In order to escape the freebooters and to avoid “ heavy payments ” Moryson started with some companions from Oldenburg meanly clad and with his gulden in his boots. He found, however that this disguise procured but scant courtesy for the Cambridge Don, so one day on his arrival at an inn, without discovering his nationality, he took off his boots, showed his gulden, and therefore

received "better treatment." Freebooter spies, however, followed and watched the travellers narrowly, "but seeing us all covered with dirt, they took us for poor men and a prey unfit to be followed." At length Moryson arrives at Emden, a city on the confines of the Empire, when, free from danger of freebooters, he once more proclaims himself an Englishman and takes his gulden out of his boots.

In the spring of 1596 Moryson left Venice for a Mediterranean cruise. His course was *viâ* Ragusa, Cephalonia, Zante, Crete, to Cyprus, where he landed on May 19. The incidents on the voyage must have been few and unimportant, as Moryson at some length discourses on the ethics and etiquette to be observed by a ship's passenger. The account, however, which we give in the passenger's own words, is not unamusing. "At this time our mariners, as well Greeks as Italians, were greatly offended with one of our French consorts, a layman, because at dinner time, according to the negligent custom of the French, he turned the clean side of his trencher upwards, for of all men the mariners, and of all mariners the Greeks and Italians, are most superstitious. And if anything in the ship chance to be turned upside down, they take it for an ill sign, as if the ship should be overwhelmed. Otherwise I never observed that either the chief or inferior mariners even used the least disrespect to any passenger, being rather loving and particular to them in conversation. And I remember that my brother Henry using to walk on the highest hatches, the Patron and Scrivanos and others did with smiling observe his fast walking and melancholy humour, yet, howsoever it was troublesome to them, did only once, and that courteously, reprove him, or rather desire him that he would have respect to the mariners who watched all night for the public safety, and were then sleeping under the hatches. Always understand that a man may not be so bold in another man's house as his own, and may yet less be bold in a ship of strangers, and that an unknown passenger must of all others be most respective. And whereas mariners are held by some to be thievish, surely in the Haven at their journey's end (where these easily find receivers) it is good to be wary in keeping what belongs to you : but at sea no place is more safe than a ship, where things stolen are easily found, and the offenders severely punished." After giving vent to these moral reflections, Moryson gives the following account of the island of Cyprus : "On Sunday the 19th May (1596) we came to the first promontory of the Island of Cyprus towards the West, and after eight hours sailing we came to the old city of Paphos (or Paphia), now called Baffo, and the wind failing us and gently breathing upon the Castle of Venus, we hovered here all

the next night, gaining little or nothing in our way. The place is most pleasant with fruitful hills, and was of old consecrated to the goddess Venus, queen of this island ; and they say that adamants are found here, which skilful jewellers repute almost as precious as the Oriental. A mile from this place is the cave where they fain the Seven sleepers to have slept I know not how many years. The 21st of May towards evening we entered the port of Cyprus called La Saline, and on the 22nd, obtaining license of the Turkish Cadi to go on land, we lodged at the village of Larnaca, within a monastery of European Friars. Here some of us, having to sail to Joppa and thence to go by land to Jerusalem, did leave the Venetian ship, which sailed forward to Scanderoon. The Turks did conquer the island of Cyprus from the Venetians in 1570, and to this day possess it ; the chief cities whereof are Nicosia (seated in the midst of the Island), Famagosta (seated in the fruittiest part of the Island towards the East). The Turkish Bashaw or Governor useth to choose Famagosta for his seat (though Nicosia be the fairer city) because it hath a good haven and a most strong fort which the Venetians built. The Island lieth 240 (140) miles in length from west to east, and some 80 (60) miles in breadth, and 600 in compass. This Island is said to be distant from the Island of Candia (which is some 230 miles long, but I speak of the next promontories in both of them) ; and from Alexandretta (at this day called Scanderoon) 80 miles ; from Tripoli, Syria, 90 miles, from Joppa 230 miles, speaking of the uttermost promontories on all sides. The Island yieldeth to no place in fruitfulness or pleasure, being enriched with corn, oil, cheese (most sweet), pork, sheep (having tails that weigh more than 2 lbs.), capers (growing upon pricking bushes) pomegranites, oranges, and the like fruits, canes or reeds of sugar (which they beat in mills, drawing out a water which they 'seeth' to make sugar), with rich wines (but gnawing or burning the stomach), odoriferous 'ciprus' trees (whereof they make fires), store of cotton and many other blessings of nature. Near the promontory Del Gatto, so called of cats which used to kill the serpents, they take falcons, which hawks the Governors are commanded to send to Constantinople. They sow corn in the month of October and reap it April. I know not how it comes to pass that in this island of Venus all fruits taste of salt, which Venus loved so well. And I thought this was only proper to the place at which we landed, where they make salt, till many islanders affirmed to me that the very earth, the very herbs, the beasts feeding there, and the fountains of water had a natural saltness. The houses are built after the manner of Asia, of a little stone one roof high and plain on the top, which is

plastered, and there they eat and sleep in the open air. We lodged at Cyprus in a Monastery, whence being now to depart the Friars of our Company and also the laymen gave each of us 8 lire of Venice to the guardian of the Monastery, and 1 lire to the Friar who attended us, in the name of gift or alms, but indeed for three days lodging and diet."

Many of these "blessings of nature" are still produced, and wine, oil, cotton, and corn are now exported to Egypt, France, Italy, and England. Cyprus barley is so excellent that much of it is used by Messrs. Bass in brewing their beer. The barley harvest is so early in Cyprus that the present writer has seen reapers at work in a barley field on April 7. The sugar-cane is no longer cultivated, but great quantities of delicious oranges and pomegranates are grown. The general saline flavour which, according to what the islanders told Moryson, permeated everything, has certainly evaporated in the course of three centuries. There are still salt lakes at Larnaca and Limassol, where salt is produced and sold as a government monopoly. The story of Cape Gatto and the serpent-eating cats is thus told by Cesnola in his book on Cyprus published in 1877 (p. 348): "Passing the Cape," says Cesnola, "my mule was startled by the sudden flight from a bush of what appeared to me to be a cat, and the guide assured me that both at the Cape and near to Acrotiri there are wild cats, which hunt and destroy the asps abounding there. I recollected to have read somewhere . . . that the 'Caloyers' of the convent of Acrotiri raised and trained a peculiar breed of cats, which they imported from Constantinople, to kill the asps in their neighbourhood, and that at the tolling of a particular bell in the convent these cats would come in to be fed twice a day, and then return to their work of destruction. Probably it is in reference to these cats that the ancient promontory of Curias is now known as Cape Gatto, or Delle Gatte." With the assistance of a Venetian merchant Moryson hired a ship to take him and his companions to Joppa. By an admirable arrangement the greater part of the passage-money was deposited with the merchant, to be paid to the captain of the vessel on his return from the voyage, and on proof of his having satisfactorily performed his contract. The ship was provisioned for seven persons, and Moryson mentions amongst the items "a cheese costing four aspers," a jar of oil, and "a barrel full of rich wine which fretted our very entrails." After touching at Limassol, one of the principal ports of Cyprus, Moryson sailed across to Joppa and thence to Tripoli in Syria, where he hears the following account of the Egyptian pigeon post: "My host told me a strange thing;



namely, that in Alexandria in Egypt, seated upon one of the mouths of the river Nilus, there was a dovecote, and that also at Cairo (or Babylon), farre within the land of Egypt, there was another dovecote ; and because it much concerns the merchants to have speedy news of any commodity arising, he assured me that they used to tie letter about the necks of the doves at Alexandria and so let them loose, which doves, having formerly bred in the dovecote at Cairo, did fly thither most quickly, and the keeper of them, taking the letters they brought, used to deliver them to the merchants. This I believed not until I came to Haleppo, and telling it for a fable to the English merchants there, they seriously affirmed the same to be true." In addition to this confirmation of the story of the "pigeon post," Moryson found that at (H)Aleppo considerable "traffic" was carried on "by the Turkey Company of London to their great profit." Here also he gave utterance to one of his frequent culinary regrets. "The Turks want not good meat, but only good cooks to cook it." This is applicable to other countries than Turkey, and to other centuries than the sixteenth. At Aleppo our traveller comes across a wonderful snake. "In a garden in the suburbs I did see a serpent of wonderful bigness ; and they report that the male serpent and young ones being killed by certain boys, this she-serpent, observing the water where the boys used to drink, did poison the same, so as many of the boys died thereof ; and that the citizens thereupon came out to kill her, but seeing her lie with her face upward, as complaining to the heavens that her revenge was just, that they, touched with a superstitious conceit, let her alone ; finally, that this serpent had lived there many ages, and was of incredible age." In the month of June, accompanied by his brother Henry, the representative of Sir John Spencer, merchant, Moryson left Aleppo with a caravan sent by "Master George Dorrington" to Constantinople, distant some sixteen days' journey. The merchandise appears to have been the joint venture of Sir John Spencer and Master Dorrington. The expedition, however, proved most disastrous. "For my brother dying by the way, and the great Turk being heir to all Christians and strangers dying in his Empire, the Turks either thought or fraudulently pretended that these goods belonged to my brother, and so took them into the great Turk's storehouses and kept them there till they had unjustly extorted great sums of money from Master Dorrington, besides the great loss which was sustained by the servants and camels in vain." Henry Moryson "fell sick of a flux," and died at Beilan, near Scanderoon, on July 4, 1596, aged 27, much to the grief of his brother, who writes : "I am sure from hat

day to this I never enjoyed my former health, and that hour was the first of my old age." The Turks appear to have behaved abominably, stealing the dead man's clothes and refusing to allow the body to be buried even in the "open fields" without exacting extortionate payment. When at last the remains were deposited in the "open fields," Fynes Moryson had to pile stones over the grave to prevent the jackals from pulling up the body. Doubtless in consequence of the great depression caused by these experiences combined with the intense heat of a Syrian summer, Moryson was taken ill of a fever at Scanderoon (the port of Aleppo) and paid a piastre a day to a poor man who "continually cooled his head with a fan." Having recovered from his fever, in the month of October Moryson sailed in a French ship for Crete (Candia). Much to his annoyance, his servant, an Englishman whom he had lately taken into his service, fell ill and became a "burthen" and "no comfort," but rather "an expense." He also became anxious about himself, as from "a lean man" he had become "a fat man," perhaps, he adds, from eating "salt meat instead of hens' eggs and damask prunes," which he had brought with him. He sought, however, consolation in tobacco, which he found "consoled his stomach." After an uneventful run the French ship landed Moryson and his English servant at a Greek monastery on the shore of Crete, far from any town. At first they were taken for pirates, but were afterwards hospitably received by the monks. Crete was then subject to the Venetians, who were very particular in enforcing their stringent quarantine regulations. The monks had to notify the arrival of two strangers to the "Provisors of Health" of the neighbouring town (a kind of Urban Sanitary authority), and in the meantime to keep Moryson and his servant shut up in the monastery. They were, however, allowed to use the garden, "where," says our traveller, "we had pleasant walks and store of oranges and like fruits, the country people bringing us partridges and many good things to eat; and my man having skill to dress them and the monks furnishing us with such necessaries as we could not otherwise buy, we wanted here no convenience to make the time of our abode seem shorter, but only good beds." After the interchange of polite letters between Moryson and the Provisors of Health, in which the latter signed themselves "Yours in place of Brethren," and the production by Moryson of a certificate of health from the Venetian consul at Scanderoon, our traveller was permitted to visit the interior of the island. Having hired horses for himself and servant, they rode to Candia, where, upon their arrival, they were put into quarantine at the Lazaretto in the

hope that they would pay a ransom for their speedy liberty. Finding that the Cambridge Fellow did not prove to be a "merchant with jewels," and was therefore unable to pay a good ransom, the authorities, after all their things "had been hung on a rope and fumigated with brimstone," let them out and permitted them to go whither they would. At first they lodged at a native's house, but subsequently Moryson took up his quarters at the house of an English merchant who had come to Candia to purchase muscadine. The English lodgings were found better and less expensive than those of the native. The following was the tariff: two and a half quarts of rich wine, one lira; a partridge, one lira; veal seven, and mutton five soldi per pound. By a certain Cretan law (Foscherini) it was ordered that no one should kill "a beef" until it was unfit to draw a plough. Under these conditions it seems superfluous for Moryson to write "beef, therefore, was not very good." During his stay at Candia Moryson purchased a pair of shoes for four lire. Judging from these prices and the present relative value of money it would appear that Candia was rather an expensive place to live in at the end of the sixteenth century. At the time of Moryson's visit Crete contained only three cities, Canea, Retimo, and Candia, the capital, which was built in the Italian style. "Once," he writes, "it had one hundred cities," but only those three remained. Crete then produced corn, oil, pulse, and sugar, and, like Ireland, had no "venemous beasts." After spending over two months in Crete, on December 20 Moryson, on a small Greek ship, freighted with lemons, onions, and muscadine, sailed for Constantinople. Liquor running short during the voyage, Mr. Fynes Moryson discovered an original if somewhat reprehensible plan of remedying the defect. In his private cabin he found "the head of a tun of muscadine," which was used as a bolster for the head. This he pierced, and "fitting a reed" (on the modern principle of a sherry cobbler) "got good wine to our ill fare, and drunk so merrily that before we came to our journey's end our former reed became too short, so as we were fain to piece it with another." On reaching Constantinople Moryson lodged with one Master Edward Barton, the English Ambassador. He has little of interest to tell about the city, and only tells one anecdote, as to an old woman who mistook him for a slave, and made a bid to the Ambassador's Janissary, who was accompanying him, of one hundred aspers for his purchase. This he relates as a joke. At the beginning of March he left Constantinople, and travelling *viâ* the Greek Islands, Venice, and Germany, reached Gravesend on July 9, 1597.

## TABLE TALK.

### RECENT SOCIAL DEVELOPMENT.

RIGHTLY regarded, every period is an age of transition. There is no time in the world's history when the current of life is arrested and, so to speak, held suspended ; though there are some epochs when, at the close of a great civilisation the effects of which seem buried, it appears as if there were a long reaction. In times, however, such as the present, when discovery and change are in the air, our transitions are so rapid that there seems a chance that conditions of existence may pass and leave scarcely a sign of their having been. I am not accustomed to pay much attention to the changes in fashionable society, regarding such as exercising surprisingly little influence upon the world's development and progress. When, however, as at present, such change amounts to a practical subversal of domesticity, it must necessarily arrest the attention of the observer and the sociologist. In those strata of society which are regarded as fashionable the alterations that have been made constitute a social revolution. A generation ago, so far as regards women, tavern life was non-existent. Up almost to the eighties there was not a London restaurant to which a man in the middle classes would think of taking his wife, though he might, if enterprising, venture to accompany her to the more well-conducted haunts up or down the river. At the present moment fashionable life, if we except the uppermost crust, rarely dines at home. Almost every day in the week, and especially Sunday, it is a matter of some diplomacy and difficulty to obtain a table at one of the more fashionable West End taverns. What used to be regarded as the drawback from the dinner at a restaurant is now a principal attraction. A gentlewoman a generation ago reasonably objected that she did not know whom she might sit next. Now, as was the case at the theatre in the pre-Garrick days, the loose character of a portion of the visitors constitutes in itself a lure. The more flagrant the scandal concerning some painted and bedizened "impropriety," the greater the inducement to dine in her company



and, if possible, in her vicinity. To such an extent does this hold true that if the attractions of a bad and extravagant dinner began to fail, a source of profit might be found by the management in paying for the presence of "fashionable notorieties."

#### SOCIAL INFLUENCE OF "BRIDGE."

ONE further point illustrated, I will quit a subject that holds out few temptations. It has long been the custom for a woman with a large visiting list to have a day or days on which she sits in her own house to receive her friends. Sometimes the notification, say first and third Wednesdays in the month, appears on her visiting-cards. This custom is now falling into desuetude, simply because nobody is found to attend on the days fixed. All the world is occupied with "bridge whist," and no one has time for mere social gossip. Lunch parties, afternoon teas, dinners, are all arranged with regard to bridge-playing. If at the earlier gatherings men present themselves, so much the better ; if otherwise, the fair sex is undismayed. Women sit down together until the moment arrives when it is imperative to rattle home and dress for dinner. They travel about with "Guides to Bridge" in their pockets and miniature packs of cards with which they can show to the interested outsider the positions that have arisen in the course of play. My readers will observe that I am raising no ethical question in connection with this state of affairs. What idle women do is of no great importance to the rest of the world, and, except so far as those financially responsible for them are concerned, they may as well gamble as talk scandal. How readily women take to gambling is no new discovery. One cannot read the Restoration dramatists without finding proof of a state of affairs exactly analogous to that I describe ; and Mr. Austin Dobson's delightful books on the eighteenth century, to which I frequently draw attention, abound with illustrations of the devotion of the fair sex to games of chance. Pope in the *Rape of the Lock* is alone a sufficient authority when he shows the fair Belinda marshalling her pasteboard troops, and tells how mighty Pam

Mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu.

#### DECAY OF GLEANING.

ONE curious outcome of modern life is told me by those whose authority, though I know nothing myself on the subject, I cannot dispute. This is the total disappearance of gleanings as a country occupation. My information extends only to places

within a dozen to a score miles of London, and those with opportunities for wider observation may minimise the importance of what I say. My informants, who are still young, tell me that little more than a dozen years ago the gleaning period was a species of festival to which all looked forward. The daughters of the squire, bearers of an historical name, would tie up their horses in the field and preside over or take part in the gathering of the scattered ears. Not seldom the mother and the children would gather as much wheat as would keep the family in white bread during the winter. This is now over, and the task of gleaning is voted "low." There are certain districts at least in which there is none so poor as will indulge in it. I can only hope that further afield our peasants are less austere high-minded. I do not know that any serious diminution of our national food supply will result from such sturdy independence. On purely sentimental grounds, however, I shall be sorry to see the decay and death of gleaning. How much sweet country lore does not attach to the practice ! Some of the most touching stories and epilogues, Biblical and other, are connected with gleaning in the harvest-field. If there were nothing else, would not the divine story of Ruth and how Boaz bade his young men suffer her to glean even among the sheaves and "rebuke her not," give it a claim upon our affection and respect ? The change may, however, be partly due to the substitution in the harvest-field of machinery for hand labour.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

# THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

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## *A TIN MUG.*

BY J. LAWSON.

"Mentem mortalia tangunt."  
VIRG.

### I

IT fell to my lot, some years back now, in a decade of roaring trade and feverish greed of gold, to be curate of the place where the scene of this story lies.

Once a bathing village of repute, the neighbouring town, spreading apace under the fostering auspices of coal and iron, had eaten into it like some foul disease, till now it was a mere suburb and excrescence.

The fields, erstwhile so green and lush, dappled with frisking lambs and lowing kine, or ripe with shocks of golden grain, were now but a blotchy scab of slag and cinders cast out from works around, the clear brook, that had babbled by, an oozy pool of stagnant slush; whole woods of leafless trees tossing their gaunt arms aloft, dead and blasted, as if by lightning.

The village itself had been (what they chose to call) *tidied up*. The foul fiend of innovation ran rampant; the harridan of reform bestrode her busy besom. All old landmarks were swept away, as things of naught. The panniered ass, the immemorial gander of the green, a quaint old seat of stone—the wonder of the world, the joy of roving artists—nay, the very stocks in which our rude forefathers, bemused with drink, had sat their hour of penitence and shame—all, all were gone, brushed aside "By Order of the Board."

Our northern parts were now well within the zone of outlying cabbage gardens and paled-in garths of hoed or spade-dug tilth,

with their tarred tool sheds, arbours of fragmentary glass, and figure-heads of lost ships. Likewise we gloried in brand-new rows of tiny gimcrack villas, each one with its path of encaustic tiles and inevitable bow-window. And ever, inside the window, the little round rickety table with crewel-work cover, and on the table the corpulent album with ormolu clasps, and on the album the painted jar, and in the jar the waxwork plant, either with leaves only when we call it Begonia, or with sprays of unbotanical bloom when it becomes an Azalea or Pelargonium, according to fancy and the caprice of the moment.

At our southern end, indeed—that furthest from the new-born town, and which abutted on a windy common of close-cropt turf—things were better. On this common, complicated rights of ownership debarred the greedy builder from erecting his flaunting horrors of brick and stucco; and it still made a wholesome Sunday walk for the sons of toil. Beyond this common again, still south, lay the broad estuary of a river, hedging us in from peril in that quarter.

Thus much for the situation.

No doubt it is a trying thing to be plunged (without benefit) in the vortex of commerce. But it is not the grand or major plagues thereof which slay a man; those he encounters as a matter of routine and duty, entering dens of vice, and dragging victims forth to purity and light. It is the petty, daily-recurring worries of the thing that are so wearing and tell upon the temper: the soot settling on opening rosebuds; the clammy smoke brooding ever over beloved hills; the vapid, eager talk of things wherein no interest lies—shoddy, blubber, bones, and tar—the jargon and gibberish of trade—these be the things that gall your clerical man and make him wince.

The late rector and his curate had fled from before these encroachments and insipidities as from before a pestilence. I cannot greatly blame them—I may not even say they did amiss; and yet I do think a soldier should stick to his post, even though it be a commercial one.

However, they were gone; and spiritual supervision was now in new hands, my rector having read himself in but a few weeks before my own arrival.

Thus the people were still strangers to us when, one Saturday afternoon, fleeing from the sweltering heat of a close and stuffy lodging, I sought air in the pretty churchyard; and there, under grateful shade, pondered on my path, revolving schemes and methods of amelioration.

The graves about looked grand—granite sarcophagi and fluted



Carrara pillars—with many a cross and wreath of hot-house flowers ; the graves of the *well-to-do* dead !

Closing my Hervey, I read the inscriptions, clean-cut in red and gilt.

Very pompous and high-flown many of them were ; and I fear the word “*Nænia*” lay on the tip of my tongue.

But all harsh, uncharitable thoughts were quenched at sight of a humble, grassy mound—a child’s mound—on which stood a little common tin mug, with an offering of buttercups and purple orchis.

Again and again did I sally forth to stroll in that God’s-acre, and still the mug of flowers was there, with leaves fresh picked and green. The pious guardians of the graves went to and fro, and I showed myself openly to many. But of this particular grave the guardian was ever absent. Perhaps she came by night. “All in due time, I shall find out” (said I to myself), “and hear, no doubt, some short and touching story of the poor.”

On a certain day, I was called to a death-bed side, and hurried off.

Walking briskly along the narrow uneven pathway of the muddy street, I turned aside to avoid a woman in front, heavily freighted with household goods. She was going my way ; and I had only just passed her when, hearing a crash, I looked back, and saw the poor creature stagger fainting against a low palisade-crowned wall, while on the pavement before her lay a broken pie-dish, and a poor little goldfish gasping for dear life in the wet splash of water from the dish.

Of course, I ran to offer help. The woman, sitting bowed where she was, scarce spoke for grief, but sobbed “Oh, sir ! save the fish ! my child—my child !”

A public-house lay handy, and, seeing her so bent on her fish, I ran in and fetched a vessel of water, and taking the poor wriggling thing tenderly by the tail, dropped it head foremost into the jug. Its position was by no means a happy or easy one, the jug being too narrow to admit of its comporting itself, like a rational fish, on even keel. Nevertheless, the water was cooling to its parched and muddy scales, and it seemed to revive. I held it in silence under the good woman’s eyes ; and when she saw it was reviving, she revived too, and some life came back into her.

Picking up the shattered pie-dish, and a tin mug that had spun into the gutter, and a stuffed canary with one beady eye, sadly ruffled and impaired by contact with the wriggling fish-tail, I saw the woman to her feet, and, noting the address she gave, promised an early call, and hurried away to my death-bed scene.

A week later, on my first day of leisure, I dived into the extra-parochial Jane Street, and in one of a row of fifty dingy dwellings, all jerrymandered on the same mean plan, unearthed the woman of my search. "Asphaltic slime" lay thick on the path below, hot in the noontide glare, and, commingled with stinks from within, and the odour of garbage in the channel without, made what licensed victuallers call a *blend*—a blend that brought me very low, even to the verge of fainting.

Arrived at the house I sought, an amazing smell of soap-suds flew at me from the open door, as, with frothy arms, the woman of my search came in answer to my rap.

At a glance I saw uncommon tidiness reigned there ; and that, in so untidy a region, spoke volumes of good. There too, in the window, on a big family Bible, stood the pie-dish, deftly pieced with cement and rag, and in it the goldfish, looking consoled and as happy as it is in the nature of such a fish to look. Over the mantel-shelf hung a photograph of a certain tombstone in S—— churchyard : a tombstone so superb in its unconscious absurdity that it had become a sort of local lion. *Vis-à-vis* perched the abject canary, with its one good eye set for outward view. Death had evidently struck down this uncomely bird when moulting ; and there he stood with blains of bald skin, limp and frayed, still wired to his mossy peg, but with a grievous list, as of one that nods to his fall. He had never rallied from the shock and wet of that fatal day when he fell on the pavement. Mould had supervened on damp, settling on his vitals, inducing protrusion of tow ; and he was now a mere wreck of his former spruce self, standing there in mute appeal against the hollow sham and imbecility of his eviscerated existence.

There too was the little tin mug, standing burnished in a place of honour.

The poor washerwoman, mopping her foam-flecked face and peony arms with the cleanest of aprons, and dusting a chair, bade me sit ; and then, with floods of pious tears, rehearsed the simple story of her woes. It had best be given in the woman's own words.

## II.

"My father was a hermit. I have heard say as how the hermits of old were solitary men, without wives or children. How that may be, I know not ; I only know my father was a hermit, and I am my father's child. Of my mother I know nothing.

"Our house was the body of a disused cab, incorporate with the black hull of a condemned barge.

"We drifted about, with ebb and flow of tide, shifting from pool to pool, from creek to creek, as occasion served. At times we would lie moored for weeks and months together. Then my father, ever reading, would see in his book :

Here is no home ; here is but wilderness,  
Forth, pilgrim, forth !

and he would fling old Chaucer aside, weigh anchor, and glide on.

"Ten years back now, we fell with the ebb to that estuary beyond your village, and anchored in its tidal shallows ; and my father, with his snowy hair and flowing beard, would come out at the door of our cab, and preach to those that stood on the bank.

"Father was 'of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit ; acute to invent, subtle and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point the human capacity can soar to'—a good man, but stern ; and his doctrine seemed hard to them that heard it.

"Bad young men, out for the Sabbath idleness, would congregate in knots, and crack unseemly jests. I often sought to dissuade my dear father from his perilous task ; but he had a mission (he said), and no words or tears of mine availed.

"One Sunday, when drink was in and wit out, a gang of young roughs, standing on the lea, and mad at the words they heard, hurled sticks and stones ; and each good shot they hailed with boisterous glee, and went from bad to worse : 'Go to, old man, go to !' they cried. 'Thou art a

Sabbath drawler of old saws  
Distill'd from some worm-canker'd homily.'

In vain I urged my father to shove out into the deep, or at the least seek refuge in our cab ; and I stood before him, thinking if those bad youths would not reverence his grey hairs, they might show pity for the weakness of a young girl. But their hearts were very hard ; and one flung a drowned cat, which hit me with such cruel force that I fell backwards over our sharp cooking-stove, and lay stunned.

"When I came to, a fierce fight was raging ashore, with yells and ribaldry and oaths. Presently the greater part of the gang slunk off ; but one, his face streaming with blood, waded off to where we rode at anchor, and loudly upbraided my father as having caused that ungodly din and stir.

"He was a young iron-worker (or *puddler*, as we call 'em here-about). He spoke with urgent warmth, but without indecent

acrimony ; and he looked so strong and brave that I could not for the life of me but regard him with favour, even in that bedraggled, knocked-about plight.

"My father besought him to stay aboard a time, and refresh himself ; and I bathed (ah, me !) his poor puffed cheeks with vinegar, and anointed his eyes with salve.

"I did not know then—I knew afterwards—he it was who had been our knight and champion, and had saved us from the savagery of the mob.

"Many a Sunday after that would young Gavin Wawne stroll down to our boat-side ; and under his arm of strong protection we possessed our boat in peace.

"A day soon came when he spoke to me of love, and begged me to be his lawful wedded wife.

"He was the first proper man I had ever seen—'the first that e'er I sighed for.' I felt I owed him all—my heart was his already : but what of my father's consent ? 'O, dear father,' I cried, 'make not too rash a trial of him. Beseech you, father. My affections are most humble. I have no ambition to see a goodlier man.' To which my father : 'Let your own discretion be your tutor ; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature.'

"Ere long we were married, standing before the registrar ; and my father made a little feast of celebration. In the bows of our floating ark was set a framework of planks, with snowy cloth, and there we did sit in the open, eating curlew and samphire, while Gavin's mates—the Welsh choir of a dissenting chapel—reclined upon the sunny bank, piping nuptial hymn or stave of amorous ditty. And, in the fulness and merriment of their young hearts, they led down a garlanded cow, making syllabub of milk and wine ; and they constructed a raft, and (the wind being fair) set a sail of skewered bark, and launched us their offering in a bowl ; sending therewith a true-lover's knot of peeled rush, with rosettes of lotus and heart's-ease, and these written words *Goodwill to Peggy and Gavin*.

"Of course, my father could not get along well without me, in his great unwieldy junk ; and equally, of course, I could not, as a respectable married woman, go on living in the body of a cab. So we persuaded the old man to have his boat beached at your Snook Point, and there consort with other nomads and migrants (of whom was a colony in *Plimsoll* craft and clustering makeshift huts), salmon fishers, and such like.

"We got him, too, to renounce his perilous preachings, and follow the humbler, safer calling of cockler. Poor father ! before his brain



gave way he had taken deacon's orders ; and we put it to him that, as the Apostles had been fishers, he their successor might well be content to be a cockler. The idea pleased his addled fancy, and took.

"After that I led the hard life of toil it falls to the lot of most workmen's wives to lead. Gavin drank. I was never one to grudge the lads their dram or sup o' drink : poor dears, they toil hard and long ; their days are spent in a dull round. The homes of most are mean and bare. A shiftless wife and squalling brats are not the things to coax a jaded worker past the flare and glitter of an open tavern.

"But Gavin drank more than was meet, and he knew it.

"He was ever sweet-tempered, was my goodman ; and he would smile and say, when in his cups, 'Wait, Peggy, my lass, till the child is born, and thou'lt see thy master a new man.'

"I thought he spoke in jest. I was content with him as he was ; but he meant what he said, and when our sweet Sally appeared he kept his word bravely. How my husband did dote on that, our only child ! Oft would he say, as with outstretched arms and lusty crows she climbed his tired knee, 'The bonnie wee lass puts more heart into me than all their fiery drams.'

"Gavin, in those early days of married life, had one other failing, which was a sorer grief to me than all his drink—he failed to believe in a God. His forbears had been chapel folk ; but my lad had early kicked against his daily dose of cant and rant, and low prints had landed him in unbelief. I never argued with him : let a wife keep her arguments to herself, and all will go well. But when I looked down on the babe at my breast, 'Our Sally,' said I, 'shall lead her father to God.'

"My words, sir, came true in due course. As Sally was that which had cured him of drink, so now was she to be that also which should cure him of unbelief.

"Years rolled by, and our daughter, now near six, grew daily in grace and beauty, and in the love of all that knew her. She was by this old and wise enough to be a help about the house, and carry her father's midday meal to the great blast furnaces and rolling mills where his work lay.

"Many blessed the child as she went her daily round, and not a bad word could any utter where that little figure came.

"One day, with gravity beyond her years, the child prayed me for a penny. Pence were scarce enough with us, even then when work was brisk ; but who could grudge a pen'orth of sweets or a

humble doll? Off she ran, well pleased, to lay her penny out; and soon returning, bore in triumph a tin mug—that tin mug.

“ ‘Bless the child!’ I cried, ‘what for, such an ugly toy as that?’ ‘Oh, mother!’ she lisped, in her pretty way, ‘’tis for father. You know, dear mother, that with his pudding, baked in its basin and wrapped in a knotted napkin, you give me to carry a bottle of cold tea.’

“ ‘What she said was true enough. In the grievous heat of those fiery furnaces, where men, stript to the waist, feed the consuming flames with tons of ore, the sweat pours off them in streams, and their thirst is unslaked.

“ ‘Well,’ (she went on) ‘father says it is so bad to drink out of a bottle’s neck. The tea comes gurgling out, and much gets spilt. But with this little mug to help, he can pour it out, and drink in decent ease.’

“ ‘It was winter time when the mug was bought, and snow lay deep on the ground.

“ ‘One day, they came running to tell me my old father was no more. The way of his end was so sad that it added sharpness to my grief for his loss. The weather had long been wild and coarse, with heavy seas, and floods coming down the river. His boat, I knew, was safely moored above high-water mark; and there were those, paid by me, to look in on the old man at times, and see how it sped with him.

“ ‘With the freshet from above, bankside bushes and wreckage of all sorts had been swept down and stranded at the Snook Point, where his boat lay; and I think he must have been out and about to see after sticks and driftwood to stack for fuel. Be the which as it may, on that sad morning early, in the dreary lift of dawn, men out on a like errand had found my beloved father lying stark and stiff across a drowned pig.<sup>1</sup>

“ ‘From wounds in the pig, and a clasp-knife in my father’s hand, some judged he had died of want, and cast it in our teeth accordingly. But that cruel judgment of the herd was not borne out at the inquest or by the verdict. I think myself, being old and frail, he had stumbled, in the dim uncertain light of dawn, over that drowned, hard-frozen pig, and that the shock of the fall had killed him. He lies in your churchyard of S—— (as that of the parish in which he had died), and on the tomb is hewn in stone the likeness of a prone pig, with his legend below—*Nemo me impune lacessit*.

“ ‘As spring drew on, a strange longing seized our child to visit her

<sup>1</sup> This is a fact.—J. L.

grandfather's grave, and the windy common of which she had heard tell as her mother's old home.

"With her father for guide, she went on that errand of infantile pity ; and ever after, as the Sunday cropped up, it saw them off to the fields. Ruddy and rosy, when the time of tea drew near, would the wanderers re-enter our neat sanded parlour, the child laden with flowers for her mother, my husband to his pipe and nap, blithe and merry beyond measure. But one hot Sabbath, when buttercups were in their prime, the pair returned empty-handed. They had wandered into your churchyard, to strew of their treasures on father's grave. The air was close and thick, and, worn with their dusty tramp, the pair had lain them down to rest beside the grave. Eftsoon, the bells did cease their sleepy jangle overhead, and from the stillness within there came the soothing hum of holy chants. The dear child (it seems) had roused her father thereat, and led him by the hand inside—when, lo ! a flower service. Her tender heart beat high as she saw gaily-dressed infants toddle up the aisle, and present choice gifts—gifts for the sick and bed-ridden, and to lighten them that lay in the shadow of death. And she, timid dear (with her father, sheepish in fustian, for protection), must needs go up too, and cast in her mite of purple orchis and buttercup with the best. (Thus did I miss my wonted posy of Sunday flowers.) After all was done, they rested awhile, once more, in the still churchyard, with its garden beyond of may and lilac in full bloom ; and the rector espied them, and spoke comfortably with them, and patted my Sally on the head ; and when he found they were akin to him that lay beneath the *pig* tombstone (as it was called) he was glad at heart, and fetched them in and gave them tea, my Gavin a book of easy devotions, the child a real live canary. (Later on, he gave her also a goldfish—her heart's idol. Not being able to afford it better accommodation, we committed it to that sulphur-coloured Leeds-ware pie-dish.)

"After that, they seldom let a fine Sunday slip by without being of the congregation ; and my Sally, as I had foretold, led her father to God.

"Gavin's steadiness and probity stood him in good stead at the works ; and the master promoted him to honour, giving into his charge a whirring wheel, on due care of which all welfare hinged.

"Late autumn was now come round with its roaring gales, and there had been, perforce, intermission of Sunday walks.

"One fairer Saturday, after he had washed and cleaned himself up, my husband turned and said, 'Sally, we will go to-morrow (while

we may) and hear them chant in their church, and the good parson tell of heaven. The flowers of summer are faded and gone, but mayhap we shall light on a late straggler or two, to make the mother a nosegay.' Then to me : 'We have a rare job on hand at our works this week' (says he), 'a cast of molten metal, to make them a bell for Jarrow steeple. The parson, maybe, would care to see the sight, for I have heard him say, "Those works of yours, Wawne, I would fain visit some of these days, and know the risks in which you brave hearts pass your useful lives."' '

"Well, sir, the parson was glad to come ; the cast of metal was fixed for Friday, and Sally and I kept house, drest in our best, to show the man of God down to the works, and see with him the perils of the cast and the prowess of my husband. We were not kept waiting long ; and after priestly greeting, hemp to the bird, and a fly to the fish, set off—he holding one of Sally's hands, I the other. We had just entered the uncouth shed, and were nearing the wheel where my Gavin kept watch, our voices drowned by the clang of hammers, the screaming ping of escape-cocks and safety valves, the drumming thud of eager pent-up steam, when we saw men flinging down their tools, and all running madly to one spot. The clergyman would have had me and Sally turn away ; but we were wedged in now and swept along with the throng, till a halt was made by that very wheel of Gavin's. A belt, caught by a comb-like piece of the machinery, had been sliced into strips of leathern thong ; and these whirling strips, clutching at my Gavin who stood by, like the arms of an octopus, had wound about him, and whipped him off his legs, and lashed and laced him to the fatal wheel.

"All stood awe-struck in presence of the dying. Some ran to stop the works. In their hurry and confusion they moved a wrong lever, and threw things out of gear. The clergyman recited the Prayer Commendatory, and, as the wheel still revolved, bade us kneel and say *Our Father* in silence.

"While thus we knelt, with the rim in front revolving like lightning, every time my beloved husband came down on a level with us, love ineffable beamed from his eyes. At length

Ixion rests upon his wheel,  
And the pale spectres dance.

The eyes are closed, the prayer done. In the awful hush, we rise from our knees ; and while they hold me tenderly but firmly back, men bring a sheet and a bier. I hear them say to the doctor of the



works, 'To the hospital, sir?' and I hear the doctor's answer, 'No, to his own home.' By that I know I am a widow.

"By grace of the good clergyman, we laid the mangled body of my husband to rest in the yard of the church where he had first learned to know his God.

"When all was over, my health gave way, and I broke completely down.

"Recalled to exertion by Sally's aches and ailments (she never ailed or ached before), a horrid dread seized me that, as I had lost father and husband, so I should lose child also; and the doctor has told me since, that when he saw her perfect calm that awful day he knew right well what must befall.

"I was a lonely woman now, poor and friendless, with none to bring me words of hope or cheer.

"My Gavin's tragic end had so upset the good parson that nervous prostration, I have heard say, set in, and he had been compelled to throw up the living of S——, and seek for peace elsewhere.

"With early spring I left this awful town, for a cottage in your village, that my fading Sally might have pure air from the sea, and that we might be near our loved ones' graves when the time of buttercups and purple orchis should come round.

"Alas! sir, when that time did come, there were *three* graves for me to tend.

"My Sally's last words had been, 'God bless you, mother! My eyes are very dim. Please put the bird and the fish by my crib that I may see them ere I go; and when I am gone, let the little tin mug out of which father loved to sip his tea be sometimes on *his* grave, sometimes on *mine*.'"

### III.

Such is the substance of what I gleaned from poor Peggy Wawne, of the tragedy of her life. The story done, I saw her no more. She was no longer a parishioner of mine. That very day when I had met her first, with the broken pie-dish, the woman was flitting back to the town, where she had been promised a permanent job of washing.

One sleety night of March, came a rap at my door, and a man—a stranger to me—was shown in. He had come to see about burial of a woman, dead in the workhouse. Her husband, father, and

child lay in our churchyard, and the woman's dying request had been that where they lay she might lie also.

Poor Peggy Wawne ! So, trouble and care were over at last, and all asleep together.

I readily gave my consent to what the man had come to ask, asking in return for details of the woman's end ; but he had little to tell. The crazy canary had toppled off its perch at last, and found such rest as an ashpit affords. The Leeds-ware pie-dish had gone the way of brittle clay. The goldfish, too, was gone, pawned to a fishmonger round the corner, and now, I suppose, travelling in eternal circles round a glass globe on a marble slab, looking mournfully out on myriads of expiring crabs, lobsters in the last agony, hecatombs of crimped cod, departed soles, and the mortal coil of whelks and 'winkles.

That was about all the man had to tell ; but as he turned to go he fumbled in his pocket and drew forth—a tin mug. A tin mug ! It seems absurd and frivolous to wax sentimental over a tin mug.

A girl crying over her dead canary is pretty and pardonable ; but a grown curate—and over a tin mug, too !

And yet, as I look out on that little mug, standing there on the table beyond my sheet of foolscap, I seem to see in it the very symbol of sorrow and pathos, and it becomes, as it were, a crucifix, hallowing and sobering my mood.

That mug, bequeathed me by the dying pauper, and once little Sally Wawne's, will I carry down with me to my grave. Meanwhile, it shall not stand empty, nor be without its lesson of love and pity.

I have still my work on earth to mind ; but I trust some day, please God, to meet little Sally in Paradise, and tell of the blessings which, to one who seeks them humbly, may be found to lie in even so mean a thing as *A Tin Mug*.

## *THE DECADENCE OF THE ART OF "COB-WALLING."*

**A** DELICATE, if somewhat elusive, fragrance lingers long about the spot where the last evening primrose has opened for its scant hour of life, and has breathed out into the night air its message to its guests that are to be, who are haunting noiselessly the sleeping garden.

So, too, over the trail of a dying industry—an industry that has conveyed a picturesqueness all its own to the land where it had its local habitation and its fame—there hangs a fragrant thought of memory—the sunset glow of remembrance. We shall see its place no more. Its day is over. The flower of its heyday of fame has opened widely, and is now shortly to crumple together flabbily, nervelessly, ere it falls inertly to the sodden earth—dead.

Away in sunny Devonshire the picturesque craft of cob-making is, alas ! in its decadence.

In another decade or so we shall see less and less of it, and "the children that are yet for to come" will, presumably, "see its face no more" in the future. And it cannot fail, from the artist's point of view, to be a matter for keen regret that "the tender grace of a day that is" dying will be no more seen in the times that are coming.

There is something peculiarly satisfying to one's eye in the vivid contrast of the rough white faces of a straggling row of cob cottages scattered unevenly down the hill of a Devonshire village, against the deep blue of the summer sky, tempered as this contrast is by the cold grey of the thatch and the hard black "dado" of the streak of tar where the cottage walls meet with the road.

This last summer I went down, with a chosen comrade, to that part of Devon which adjoins Sir Walter Raleigh's home and neighbourhood.

It always seems to me that there is a special pleasure in passing by train through villages and country towns hitherto unknown to you.

You feel that the railway is letting you play for a while at being Columbus ; and the discovery of each new world, as one passes through it and "touches" at its port for a few brief seconds, is very suggestive, is very enlightening.

It cannot fail to be a long step forward in the journey of life ; it cannot fail to be a deepening, broadening experience, to pass into—for even a short spell of time—some new world, to be given some change of scene. A change of spiritual air is sometimes a most beneficial, a most helpful tonic to someone whose own world of thought has made him a chronic invalid.

Sometimes it may be that from one's own housetop one may get in the nick of time this saving clause of enlightenment—change of scene.

Was it not thus in the case of the prophet's servant in old time, at a perilous moment, when he beheld the familiar scenery around him peopled with a host of friends unseen, undreamed of, before ?

But whether it be from one's housetop, one's study chair, or one's porch, that a new vision of old familiar things flashes in upon one's mental eyesight, it makes all our life a new creation.

Sometimes, in passing through a wayside station, an incident of the daily life of the inhabitants comes vividly to the surface during those few seconds.

Life lays her burning fingers on that bit of human existence, and brings thus a tragedy or a comedy to the birth, and the whole scene is in focus for us to witness.

Beyond Templecombe the line passes through very picturesque scenery : wide stretches of meadow powdered with daisies ; the railway cutting spattered here and there with poppies, the vivid red of the flowers showing like drops of blood against the glaring white of the chalk.

Fast as we sped along, the afternoon had paled into early evening by the time we reached the little village for which we were bound—Newton Poppleford.

There is something about the first impression that a person or a place makes upon you which is ineffaceable, indescribable, and never to be repeated.

Newton Poppleford (which we meant to make our headquarters during our stay in Devon) is a little white cob village, built upon the slope of a hill ; behind it, a moor, then purple with heather, capped with a little group of trees, dark in the distance.

In the foreground the gleaming Otter, sparkling along between meadows rich in colour and sentinelled by overarching trees.



Away to the left, as we quitted the little wayside station, lay another hill covered with glorious woods, and beyond them again, the sea.

Most of the cottages in Newton Poppleford (though there are some modern ones of brick) are of rough whitewashed "cob," with a tarred "dado" outside, reaching almost two or three feet above the level of the road, to protect them from damp. They are nearly all thatched, and the doors to them leave nothing to be desired in the way of variety, hardly one of them being alike.

In most of the Devonshire villages there is the invariable little stream gurgling and bubbling its way down the one side of the main street.

In most cases the cottages possess a sort of *multum in parvo* approach to it in the shape of a diminutive bridge, railing, and flight of steps (a "flight of steps" must begin somewhere in the lower figures, so why not at three?). Here the stream seems to have forgotten its prerogatives until near the bottom of the street, for it is not until the third cottage from the end that it makes its appearance round a corner and runs to the foot of the street.

As we passed up the hill we noticed many little printed notices on the cottage doors descriptive of the calling that the owner within followed. In nearly all of them we noticed the curious impediment in the speech, or rather in the pen, of the hesitating comma, which distinguishes all Newton Poppleford notices. For instance, there was the following curious application of it in this notice :

"WALTER, WHEATON,

"Fancy, Bread, Baker,

CONFECTIONER."

"Confectioner" being printed as if, like Aaron's rod of sudden and alarming growth, it would eat up all the other words. Then, again, at an adjoining village, we saw over a shop-door, a day or so later :

"General, merchants, Tipton, St., John's."

I remember, in this connection, that the same very cautious and halting method of progression in a sentence was pursued in the case of the name of my little boy, which was painted on the wheelbarrow by the carpenter at Newton Poppleford, who made it for him at my request.

He printed it thus :

"LanceLoT, Giberne, Sieve, King," !

At the top of the first slope of the hill, and in the middle of the village, stands the church, and close by it is the old "chapel house, still Church property, and going by the name now of the Exeter Inn.

The tower of the church is the only remaining part of the original building ; and it dates from 1331, when there was a chantry, served by monks, who, in all probability, lived near by at the "chapel house."

In an old Devonshire directory there is this short account of the church and parish :

"Newton Poppleford is a chapelry and tithing, and in 1862 was formed into an ecclesiastical parish from Aylesbeare. . . . The church of S. Luke is in Early English style, of stone ; it was originally a chantry, founded in 1331, and after the Reformation was used until 1751 as a chapel-of-ease to the mother church of Aylesbeare. Many of the inhabitants of this parish are employed at extensive silk mills."

To-day the cottagers are mainly engaged in the manufacture of pillow lace, and from all accounts seem to find it a really profitable industry. To judge from what one or two of the cottage women told me, they do not find it trying to the eyes ; but certainly one would imagine, to see the comparatively dark little rooms in which they work, and the exceeding fineness of the work itself, that there must be a great strain on the eyesight.

In the church porch we were struck by a curious notice pasted up on the wall :

"Notice is hereby given that owing to so many complaints having been received from persons entering the church, of remarks passed about them, by Young Men and Boys standing, and causing an obstruction in the Belfry and Church path ; *for the future no one will be allowed* on any pretence whatever to stand in the Belfry or Church Porch either *before* or during Divine Service or to ring the Bell except a Sexton, or a responsible Person appointed by the Vicar or Churchwarden for that purpose. If this notice is disregarded further steps will be *obliged* to be taken in the matter.

"H. H. HORLOCK, Vicar.

"JOHN BEER, } Churchwardens."  
"ARTHUR HAM, }

There is something delightfully convivial about the conclusion of the above notice in the combination of names of the stern churchwardens !

We heard later from a parishioner that Mr. Horlock (who was

vicar when this notice was put up, and who evidently, from all accounts, took Time by the forelock and pulled it disrespectfully enough), took unbecoming steps to prevent the visible approach of Age in his own person.

The same parishioner expressively declared that in his day "you could come out of church exactly as you went in," the sermons he gave being so much the reverse of stirring or enlightening.

There is nothing in the outside of the body of the church to give you any idea of its age, but the present Vicar told me that the old building is believed to have reached to the beginning of the chancel.

There used to be two fairs at Newton Poppleford (the name, by the way, seems to have been originally "Pebble-ford," from the oval-shaped pebbles found in the soil there), one on Maundy Thursday, the other on October 18.

My informant told me that, so great was the crowd in the street on these occasions, you could almost, as she expressed it, "walk on the heads of the people."

There were stalls all up the street, and the cottagers on the right-hand side used to get a license to sell beer for that week alone, and they hung up a big bush outside their cottages during that time.

The matrons who presided over the stalls used to wear a particular colour, and the girls another.

Sometimes a man at the market would have charge of ninety or one hundred horses.

These fairs used to begin with the sounding of a horn at 9 P.M. after evening service on Sunday, and they ended late on the ensuing Saturday evening.

We found, to our disappointment, no date anywhere on the walls of the Exeter Inn, though we sought it carefully; but in an old cottage on the other side of the church there is a charming old ceiling with six or seven sculptured designs of thistles, arranged as a sort of crest—the whole, alas! whitewashed over.

In all the old cottages there seems a lamentable passion for papering; and here, too, the old woman told us she had recently been papering, and that underneath the paper in that very room there was a date in raised letters. Our interest was fired at once, and we felt up and down all over the wall, to be rewarded eventually by feeling unmistakeably under our fingers the figures "1670."

In the cottage opposite we were shown a very interesting old chest, and a chair two hundred years old, which, so its owner said, "belonged to they likenesses there," pointing with her finger to the

pictures of two ancestors of hers, in the dress of two hundred years ago, which hung behind the bed.

Talking about pictures reminds me of the tragic fate which befell the painter of a certain picture which hangs in the parlour in one of the cottages there.

We admired it one day to the owner, and she remarked: "Ah, yes, the artist who painted it got hanged at the Royal Academy!"

Peace be with his ashes—or, rather, his canvas!

In some of the old cottages nearer to the station there is some old oak panelling—as usual, however, covered over; and on the front of one of them a crest and three feathers.

Later on, after having inspected the ins and outs of the village, we made our way up, by a little deep, winding lane, carpeted with all manner of ferns and flowers unfamiliar to the dwellers near a town.

Then on, going ever higher and higher, until we reached the moor; and in front of us was spread a feast of colour which literally filled the eye: the two kinds of heather—a perfect glow of colour—red-magenta and sweet grey-lilac, worked together in and out into one gorgeous richly hued carpet by the brilliant golden-yellow silk of the furze blossoms, and surrounded with a fringe of bushes of the softest olive.

Across them darted hither and thither the scurrying rabbit, the black and green lizard, the many-coloured grasshopper; and over all brooded an atmosphere of the soft luminous mistiness of a summer day's heat.

Across the intervening meadows a little bridle-path wound in and out down into the valley, where the long straggling line of cottages of the distant village showed up white against the sky.

*A propos* of "cob" cottages, Dr. Brushfield, in one of his delightful addresses to the Devonshire Association, says that "the employment of cob—*i.e.* of earth mixed with straw—for the construction of walls has for many years been abandoned in Devonshire; and it is questionable whether a good cob-waller could now be found. Moreover, the use of thatch, the customary roofing of cob-houses, is generally passing into desuetude."

My own experience in Newton Poppleford led me to rather a different conclusion as regards the difficulty of finding a "good cob-waller," for there are two or three "cob-wallers" in that small village who regularly get work; though it is true the time-honoured profession goes slowly, with a limp to-day where of yore it used to stride briskly forward.



The reason of this is not far to seek, "cob" being exceedingly difficult to dry in winter, and the process being tedious and expensive. Brick-making was found to be so much cheaper, and also so much quicker in the manufacture, that it found favour in the eyes of those who formerly had seen nothing to compare with "cob" for the building of their homes.

We had made certain inquiries of the village blacksmith for one of the aforementioned "cob-wallers" one morning, and he had recommended us to look for his house by a "high-paled gett." That day we had been unsuccessful in our search, and had consequently been obliged to refer to our friendly blacksmith again, though, it must be owned, with a certain sneaking shamefacedness at having to confess to our failure.

The blacksmith strode forward eagerly into his doorway, and looked us through and through :

"I told ye ye should go by a high-paled gett," he said, after his scrutiny was accomplished.

"Then ye didn't find him th' other daay adown the roo-ad?"

I owned to the soft impeachment of stupidity, and he went on to insist further on the landmark the "high-paled gett" would be to anyone rightly considering it—everything, in fact, seemed to hang on that "gett"—and after a few final directions we started on a fresh attempt.

This time we made a more strenuous search, and, discovering the "gett," opened it, passed through, and arrived in a cobbled yard hedged round with old barns and cob walls.

In one of these barns we found the man whom we had come to seek. He was a man of about sixty-five, of the typical Devonshire kind, and with him was a very much younger man. We soon got into conversation, and in asking for directions as to the finding of the other "cob-waller," I inquired incidentally what sort of a "gett" there was before *his* cottage, and also made inquiries as to his age.

There is nothing in the world so comparative as age, nothing that looks so different from the back of life as from the front ! I remember once a young lady of thirteen who described a girl of twenty-one as "*quite* old" ! In this case the old carpenter said thoughtfully of his brother cob-waller's age, "Oh—— ! young ;" at the same moment as the young man in the corner had answered, confidently and without hesitation, "he's oldish" ; but I noticed that the latter's face wore a curious half-humorous, apologetic expression as he caught what the other had said.

Asked about the process of making dry cob, the carpenter ex-

plained that wet cob was quickest done, but that he, personally, had only been concerned in the manufacture of dry cob.

He said dry cob was not made with straw, but with clay, with sand between, "like a sort o' marl. You dress 'em zau, and work it all up t'gether, and tread it down with a horse," or with pigs kept marching round and round, and then it was stacked on one side like concrete.

My visit to Ham, the ex-churchwarden, further down the village street, procured me many more details as to how *wet* cob was concocted.

He was sitting at his dinner when I inquired for him at his cottage door ; but the interest of the subject led him to disregard the temptations of the flesh-pots at once, in order to explain to me particulars about his "profession at arms." He eagerly pointed out to me that wet cob was almost impossible to make in winter, owing to the enormous time it takes in drying—six or seven weeks as a rule, and if the winter was a damp one, very much longer.

He declared that most cob builders "doan't go high enough for they foundations ; if yu had three füüt high o' cobble 'twould be a deal better."

He went on to describe the process further. The straw is all mixed in with the earth, wet, "just like mud, and put on wi' a pick. You have to tread it nearly up to the knees with bullicks and horses, and to see that they don't tread in the same place twice ;" then it would be stacked on one side like concrete, then another layer put on, and this "slab-bed up wi' plaa-nks, and a man would stand on it, and with a thick stick would press it down wi' blows till it was dry" (cheerful occupation for the man !); "and then another lay, and you'd have to tread it nearly up to your knees." After a moment's hesitation he went on that brick walls were better, because the materials were cheaper, and took far less time to make, and the men's labour proportionately less, and "it all looks nater."

He wound up with : "'Tis a thing of the paa-st for certain !" in reference to cob-walling, said with a half-sigh of regret. He owned that he still had some orders for it each year, but it was evidently, in his eyes, a moribund art. As regards thatching, he showed me how the cob goes right up through the roof of the cottages ; that it is left its own red colour at the sides, not whitewashed over as in the front. The advantage of the thatch is that it is warm in winter and always cool in summer. A tarpaulin is fastened round the rafters to keep on the reeds, which are put on in layers, beaten into shape, and tied up in courses.

Once every spring the whitewashing of the cottage fronts goes

forward ; once every spring also the tarring of the "dados." On the sides the unwhitewashed cob shows up a warm, deep red, and on examining it closely you find the edges of the chopped straw protruding from the surface in all directions endwise ; also here and there the big smooth cobble-stones that you find in the soil hereabouts, placed endwise, halfway up, worked in with the other materials.

Cob-making is a time-honoured industry, and dates from far away back in the past ; and in some old records at Woodbury (a village in the neighbourhood of Newton Poppleford) there are these entries :

"In 1592-3, p<sup>d</sup> toe Androwe German for beatinge of Earthe, & for Carriage of Stones for the fundatione of the Church yeard wall at several tymes, xiiij<sup>d</sup>.

"P<sup>d</sup> toe the ploughmen for carryenge of earthe toe the wall & for Drinke for them, viij<sup>d</sup>.

"P<sup>d</sup> toe Thomas Ballemant for his mare toe carrye earth Twoe Daies, viij<sup>d</sup>.

"P<sup>d</sup> toe Androwe German for Choppinge the Strawe for the walle, viij<sup>d</sup>.

"P<sup>d</sup> toe Richard Hill for Threshinge ye same, xvij<sup>d</sup>.

"P<sup>d</sup> toe John Pylle for the carringe of ye same, ij<sup>d</sup>.

"P<sup>d</sup> toe Androwe German for carringe of stones, & for beating of earth an other tyme, xij<sup>d</sup>.

"P<sup>d</sup> toe the widoe German for Reede toe thache the same wall, iij<sup>s</sup>.

"P<sup>d</sup> toe Thomas Ballamant for makinge & Thetchinge the same wall, xvij<sup>s</sup> v<sup>d</sup> ob."

In the parish accounts, too, of East Budleigh there are similar entries respecting the carriage of building materials. For instance :

"Sandstone for *walling* was brought from the sea-coast on the left bank of the Otter ; 'shindles' from Sidmouth" (1689).

"Up to the early part of the present century," Dr. Brushfield says, "all materials were conveyed to the parish either in boats or else on packhorses. . . . The customary mode of conveying goods was by packhorses, and the roads they traversed have been thus described in a 'Survey of Devon,' 1808 :

"'The parish roads generally, and particularly through the red loamy districts, are very indifferent, nay, bad indeed. . . . There are but few wheel-carriages to pass along them ; the channel for the water and the path for the packhorse are equally in the middle of the way, and which is altogeth'er occupied by an assemblage of large and loose stones.'"

In another account the Devonshire roads are thus described :  
 " The roads are so dreadful . . . the best horses in the world would be ruined by such roads."

Another entry *à propos* of the carriage of materials is found in East Budleigh parish accounts, as under :

" 1678-9. Ffor a seame of frith, 1<sup>s</sup>" (which the Vicar of East Budleigh says is a local word still used in the village, and which means " hedge-clippings, grass, weeds, &c.")

" 1687. For fetching of 3 seams of sand . . . . 00 00 06

" 1733-4. To 20 Seams Earth and Carrage . . . . 2 8."

Dr. Brushfield says that earth, sand, and loose, heavy materials generally, "were conveyed in 'potts.' These were strong paniers slung on either side of the packhorse, the load being discharged by unlatching the hinged bottom. Frith . . . large stones and bulky articles would be loaded between 'crooks,' upright pieces of wood slightly curved outwards, rising in pairs on either side of the saddle."

Then, as regards the men's wages who brought materials from a distance, Dr. Brushfield tells us that in " 1663-4 a man with a horse and cart (butt) was paid 1s. 10d. per day. . . . Up to the commencement of the seventeenth century it was customary, when workmen came from a distance, to defray the cost of their board, and in some cases of their lodging also ;" and in some of the Woodbury parish accounts are these items :

" 1556-7. Itm paid to the helier his man & his ladd for six daies worke, vijs. . . . Itm p<sup>d</sup> to Richard Bussell for their table and lodging one whoale weke, x<sup>s</sup>.

" 1564-5. Itm to the fre masone for one wyckes worke at viij pents the day, iiij<sup>s</sup>. Itm p. for his meat & drynke, iiij<sup>s</sup>."

Every year our touch with the past in the matter of ancient buildings grows looser ; every year the insistent, ever-growing demand of the present breaks up and demolishes with ruthless fingers some old fragments of wall or building—fragments full of memorials of lives and adventures that are over and gone.

Breaks up—but cannot replace with anything like as good workmanship as that which it heedlessly destroys ; nor, indeed, in most instances, does it even attempt to do so.

The real pride and "spirit of building," as Thomas Fuller of blessed memory called it, is absent in most cases to-day from the modern mason's mind : "Such a man were unwise to pluck down good old building to erect, perchance, worse new."

I. GIBERNE SIEVEKING.



## HEINE IN LONDON.

IT was no less a personage than M. Thiers who remarked of Heine that "he was the wittiest Frenchman since Voltaire," a compliment that the poet, born and reared in an obscure little town of the "Holy German Empire," must have heard, one inclines to believe, with the keenest relish and appreciation. Born and nourished though his corporeal body was in a German State, Paris, there is little doubt, was the home country of his soul. His was the "champagne blood" of the Gaul; his spirit, the indefinable essence of the man, was purely Parisian; his humour, that mocking, spirituel, deadly persiflage, light as pollen grain, biting as a poisoned weapon, was of the variety that grows only to its fullest perfection on French soil.

It was congenial to the poet's love of paradox that, born in Düsseldorf though he was, and of German parentage on both sides, he nevertheless was, during several years of his boyhood, a French subject. Napoleon, in his victorious progress, had "dislocated the boundaries of Europe," and Düsseldorf, formerly the chief town of a petty German State, became capital of the equally minute Duchy of Berg under the rule of the soldier-fop, Joachim Murat—but with an enormous, almost inconceivable difference. All the old feudal vassalage was swept away, the Code Napoléon was introduced, and noble and peasant were subject to precisely the same legal formalities and penalties. In a word, the people of the Duchy of Berg were admitted, without striking a blow, to all the privileges won by the horrors of the French Revolution.

Heine was six years old when Murat made his gorgeous and triumphant entry into Düsseldorf, and for the next few years the little Jew school-boy at the newly-established Lycée ran about among the French soldiery as witty and impudent as a Paris *gamin*; hearing wonder-tales of the hero of Europe from those who had fought under the magnetic spur of his glance, till he grew to love and worship Napoleon as he certainly never revered and loved the God of his fathers. Napoleon was to him in all his after-life the Lord of Liberty, under whom, despite, as he said, the establishment of an empire, the

rainbow-tinted dream of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity reached as close to realisation as is possible in this unequal world. Heine spoke from his standpoint as a Jew, and perhaps it was necessary to be a descendant of Abram to realise fully what emancipation under Napoleon meant. Then came Waterloo. The French troops were withdrawn ; the petty German princes seized on their own, and the Jews were thrust back, once again, to their old outcast condition.

Thus the plastic years of Heine's life, when the boy was merging into the man, were tormented by the tantalising recollection of a freedom once possessed, and harassed by irritating reminders that that freedom was theirs no longer. Penned within the walls of the Ghetto at Frankfort, when at the age of sixteen he tried commerce ; restricted in his choice of a profession at the University, on every side he was reminded that the Jews were unclassed Pariahs. To a dull mind the situation was scarcely tolerable, and Heine with his ardent poet spirit grew to long with his whole soul for a land where every man, no matter what his race or creed, was as free as his neighbour. He had heard much of England ; to his glowing fancy that must be the ideal land he was seeking ; where censorship of the Press did not exist ; where debate was free ; where equal laws and equal rights were the heritage of all.

" I gazed on the green banks of the Thames, and the nightingales awoke in all the corners of my soul. ' Land of Freedom,' I cried, ' I greet thee. Hail to thee, Freedom, young sun of a rejuvenescent world ! ' Those older suns, Love and Faith, are dead and cold, and can no longer light or warm us. . . . The old cathedrals, once piled to a towering height by a daring, pious race, which would fain have built its faith into the high heavens, are crumbling away ; their gods believe in themselves no longer. These gods have lived out their existence . . . all the strength which resides in the heart of man has now turned to love of Liberty, and Liberty is perhaps the religion of the coming age. This is, once again, a religion which will not be preached to the rich but to the poor, and which has also its evangelists, its martyrs, its Judas Iscariots."

It was in this exalted frame of mind that Heine approached England, and it was inevitable that, before long, personal contact with some of the sordid details of London life should give a shock of illumination to many of his enthusiasms. April in London has its moments, even its days of charm, but, as the Londoner knows too well, the average record of the month is chilly, foggy, and capricious, and Heine, one is led to think from his letters, found it rather worse than the average. The town, too, was in a state of mad

excitement over the premiership of Canning and the late Castlereagh government; and the hoarse mobs, the incessant babble of politics, even the copious and continual porter-drinking roused him to scornful disgust. For though he had studied at three German universities he had never acquired the habit of excessive beer-drinking, and the thick, turgid, muddy porter of England seemed little less than an abomination to his poetic eye. A fortnight after his arrival all his enthusiasm seems to have effervesced, leaving nothing but a sick, sorrowful, disgusted poet, who writes thus to Merckel, a friend in Germany, from 32 Craven Street, Strand:

"Dear Friend,—It is snowing without, and I have no fire in my chimney. The result is a cool letter. Over and above I am vexed and ill. I have already seen and heard much, but as yet have got no clear view. London has surpassed all my expectation in respect of its vastness; but I have lost myself. I have as yet made few visits. Your friends I have not yet seen, and the theatres are my chief resource. I am freezing and suffer fearfully. I am too ill to be able to do anything; but my next work shall be the preface to my poems; afterwards I shall revise my "Ratcliff." Living here is frightfully dear; up to this time I have spent more than a guinea a day. I paid a sovereign and a half for my food and steward's fees on board the steamer; for the few books I have I had nearly a pound duty to pay. Books themselves are at a mad price here. Nothing but fog, coal-smoke, porter, and Canning. . . . It is so fearfully damp and unpleasant, and nobody understands me here. Nobody understands German. Farewell, young friend.—H. HEINE."

Heine had brought with him a letter of introduction from his wealthy financier uncle to Rothschild, through whom he saw much of what was worth seeing, and gained admittance into some circles of London society. He had also brought from this same uncle Solomon a letter of credit for 400*l.*, which the old Jew millionaire had charged him on no account to change, as it was only lent him for the purpose of making a good appearance. But to Heine, burdened with petty debts, and with no definite prospects, the opportunity was too good to be thrown away, and, if he did not misunderstand his uncle, he at least affected to do so. Changing the bill as speedily as possible, he sent part of it to Moser to pay off his debts, reserved a portion for immediate use, and despatched the remainder to Varnhagen von Ense, his friend in Berlin, to be kept for him in case of future necessity. Naturally, when the millionaire heard of this audacious proceeding, he was almost speechless with wrath; then, recovering, he abused the poet in his vulgar but extremely

forcible German patois to Frau Heine, who remonstrated with her son. Heine's reply was irresponsible and characteristic :

"Dear Mother,—What uncle has given me in a fit of good humour, he might take back in a bad one. One must take care of oneself in this world. If uncle had not taken care of himself, he would never have become so rich."

It is only justice to Heine to mention that, unscrupulous though he might be with his tongue to a real or imaginary enemy, it was not a part of his character to be dishonourable ordinarily in money matters. But the rich uncle was looked on by Heine all his life as a person from whom benefits were to be begged or extorted. He gave away enormous sums to deserving charities in Hamburg, and what object of charity could be more deserving than his penniless nephew, who, with his few rhymes, brought more distinction to the family name than all the millions of the financier? Such, at least, was the poet's argument, and the illiterate old uncle, who generally referred to him as "that fool of a boy," only vaguely understanding that in some inexplicable way Heine was a credit to the family, from time to time produced the necessary funds for the poet's education and support. When it was proved that Heine could not or would not be chained to a commercial desk in Hamburg, it was the gruff old uncle who gave him a suitable allowance while studying for the law at Bonn and Göttingen. When these studies were finished, and Heine discovered that law was only a degree less disagreeable than commerce, the millionaire was again induced to guarantee a year's income while Heine was endeavouring to find in what direction his genius was likely to become productive enough to secure him daily bread. He even afterwards, in spite of many annoying and indiscreet speeches from his bitter-tongued nephew, gave him a yearly allowance till his death, which began at 60*l.*, but was finally increased to 160*l.*

His letter of introduction to the Rothschilds took Heine among the aristocracy of wealth, where, as an obscure poet, he was of absolutely no importance ; and there is not a single mention of his visit to be found in the memoirs of the time. Incidentally we learn that he went to the great banker's offices, and the perpetual race for gold, as seen from the headquarters of Mammon, made a lasting impression on his sensitive poet-spirit. He spent much time, too, in wandering about by himself, till the many phases of London life, the external aspect of the streets, the curious medley of extreme poverty and extreme wealth ; the ostentatious grandeur of the rich



side by side with evil-faced lurking crime and shrinking want, stamped itself in sombre colours on his receptive brain.

"I have seen the greatest wonder which the world can show to the astonished spirit ; I have seen it and am still astonished, and there still remains fixed in my memory the stone forest of houses, and amid them the rushing stream of faces of living men, with all their motley passions, all their terrible impulses of love, of hunger, and of hatred—I mean London. . . . I had made up my mind beforehand not to be astonished at its immensity, of which I had heard so much. But I was no more successful than the poor school-boy who determined in advance not to feel the whipping he was to receive. . . . I anticipated great palaces, and saw nothing but mere, small houses. But their very uniformity and limitless extent impress the soul wonderfully."

Heine, like so many of his compatriots before and since, was naïvely astonished at the fact "that every family, though it consist of only two persons, must still have a house to itself for its castle." But he found the long array of small houses in the poorer districts infinitely depressing ; the mad, breathless hurry ; the serious, unsmiling faces ; the incessant rush of business ; the rattle of vehicles ; above all, the selfish absorption of each in his own concerns, make him exclaim, "Send a philosopher to London, but for pity's sake no poet !" His keen eye noted the huge standing army under the banner of vice and crime ; with angry impotent scorn he lashes with his criticism the aristocrat who rides "like a satiated god" above the toiling millions ; his venom is never more bitter than when he writes of England's nobility, to whom "their little island is only a temporary resting-place, Italy their summer garden, Paris their ball-room, and the whole world their inheritance." But London held him with her fascination ; day after day he wandered into the streets and watched the surging crowds as if hypnotised.

"Day and night he (John Bull) must rack his brain to invent new machines, and he sits and reckons in the sweat of his brow, and bustles and runs—having bare time to look round—from the docks to the Exchange, from the Exchange to the Strand ; and it is very pardonable if, when he finds at the corner of Cheapside a poor German poet staring at a shop window, and standing in his way, he bumps somewhat roughly against his side with a curse."

On this particular occasion Heine happened to be looking at a picture of the passage of the French over the Bridge of Beresina, and he compares the frantic hurry of London streets to this picture

in words that recall the "Vision of Mirza," only, instead of the philosophic calm which in the "Vision" accepts the inevitable, one feels the passionate heart-throbs of the poet as he looks on the unfathomable mystery of the struggle of human life to maintain its existence.

"As I, roused out of such contemplation, looked again on the raging street, where a medley herd of men, women, and children, horses, stage-coaches, with a funeral procession in the midst, whirled along, groaning and roaring, rattling and creaking ; it seemed to me as though all London was a Beresina Bridge, where every man in frenzied anguish presses onward in mad haste to save his scrap of life ; where the dashing rider stamps down the poor pedestrian ; where everyone who falls is lost for ever ; where the best friends rush, without feeling, over each other's corpses, and where thousands, bleeding and dying, endeavour vainly to clamber on to the planks of the bridge only to sink down into the icy grave of death."

But though Heine is sobered into respect by the astounding immensity of London, he gives free run to his gibing sarcasm when he is dealing with the inhabitants and their insular peculiarities. He objected to their seriousness, their taciturnity ; he calls John Bull "a solid fact" ; their enormous joints and elementary sauces are all for him material for laughter.

"The stamp of John Bull is as deeply impressed and as sharp as that on a Greek medal ; and wherever we find him, be it in London or Calcutta, as master or man, he is always perfectly recognisable. He is everywhere a plump fact, very honourable, but cold and absolutely repelling. He has all the solidity of a material substance, and one cannot fail to remark that, wherever or with whomever he may be, John Bull regards himself always as the chief person present ; also that he will accept no counsel or advice from anyone, although he may have intimated that he required it. And be he where he may, one remarks that his own comfort—comfort personal and peculiar—is the great subject of all his efforts and desires."

This is severe enough, but his mental snapshot of John Bull at dinner is, one must confess, still more severely accurate of a certain section of English society which, though nearly a century has passed since this was written, survives within our borders yet :

"Most edifying is their talk at table, when they cut their gigantic roast beef, and ask you with an earnest face what sort of a slice you would like, whether thick or thin, whether an inside or an outside piece, whether fat or lean. Heaven preserve any Christian man from their sauces, which consist either of one-third flour and two-thirds butter,

or, according to the taste of the cook, one-third butter and two-thirds flour! Heaven preserve everybody from their plain vegetables, which they boil in water, just as God made them, and then send them to table! More horrible even than the cooking in England are their toasts and their set dinner-speeches, when the tablecloth is removed and the ladies get up and leave the table; and in their stead so many bottles of port wine are brought in—since they consider the absence of the fair sex is thus best replaced—I say the fair sex, for Englishwomen deserve the appellation.”

Heine was amused and astonished at the depth and solidity of English reserve—“their silent forms of sitting together, which the French call *une conversation anglaise*”; though in later years his French wife, after a visit to his relatives in Hamburg, would often, with unconscious retaliation, mockingly call his own long silences *conversation allemande*. He tells, with true Heinesque irony, of the one Englishman who was a noteworthy exception to the taciturn multitude. Had he been gifted with prophetic vision he would have recognised him as the prototype of the horde of Germans who come to our shores yearly full of affability and conversation in order that they may as speedily, and with as small an outlay as possible, acquire the much-needed English language.

“It was the self-same Englishman, who, although I had never seen him before, sat down opposite me and began to converse so genially in French that I could not for my life help telling him how delighted I was to meet, for once, an Englishman who was not reserved before strangers. Whereupon, he, without smiling, quite as candidly remarked that he merely talked with me for the sake of practice in French.”

It was the dark period of pre-reform days when Heine visited England in 1827. Criminal law was cruelly, shockingly severe and indiscriminate, and the poet, native of despotic Germany though he was, was afflicted with a genuine shrinking horror at the wholesale hangings. He visited the Old Bailey several times whilst trials were proceeding, and he writes later: “The very name Old Bailey sends a shudder through the soul!” By accident, too, he witnessed the execution of a batch of men for various crimes, one a lad of seventeen, the others middle-aged or white-haired, and the sight affected him with with a deadly, ineffaceable disgust. Years afterwards he wrote:

“After boxing and cockfighting, there is for a Briton no more delicious spectacle than the agony of a poor devil who has stolen a sheep or forged a signature, and who is exposed in front of the Old

Bailey for an hour long with the rope round his neck before he is swung into eternity. It is no exaggeration when I say that sheep-stealing and forgery are punished in that detestable, hideous country, as severely as parricide and the most abominable crimes. Me myself chance once put in the way of seeing a man hung in London for stealing a sheep, and since then I have lost all taste for legs of mutton. . . . Near him was hung an Irishman who had imitated the writing of a rich banker ; still do I see the naïf mortal anguish of poor Paddy, who could not understand at the assizes why they should punish him so severely for imitating somebody's handwriting—he who would have allowed all humankind to imitate his own ! And this people is for ever prating of Christianity, never omits on any Sunday to go to church, and deluges the whole world with Bibles."

Nothing in London pleased him. He confesses that he brought a good store of ill-humour with him from Germany ; indeed it was a somewhat critical time with him, for he had just published the second volume of the "*Reisebilder*," in which he had aimed several sharp little arrows of satire at the aristocracy of his own country, and was slightly uncertain as to what would be the result. His irritable disgust with England can thus only be explained ; for even to the most jaundiced eye, London in May and June has its aspects of gaiety, its hours of subtle charm which cannot but appeal to a poet's nature. But all these he persistently ignored, and, with a morbid petulant obstinacy, dwelt on the more sombre features of English daily life. "What a repulsive people !" he exclaims. "How stiff, how commonplace, how narrow, how English !" and then affects to be astonished the William Shakespeare, the idol of intellectual Germany, should have first seen the light among them in 1564. "But," he says,

"The England of those days was surely very different from that of to-day. Then it was called 'Merry England' and it bloomed in light and colour, in merry maskings, in expressive follies, in gushing activity and joy, in exuberance of passion. Life was then a merry tourney-field, where indeed the noble-born knights played the chief parts in sport and earnest, but where the clear trumpet tones also made the burgesses' hearts to leap within them. . . . And instead of muddy beer, people drank light-thoughted wine, the true democratic drink, which makes, on the sober stage of reality, the men who are distinguishable by rank and birth equals in exhilaration. . . . All these rich-coloured joys have since then passed away. Flickered away has the fair intoxication of life ; and the book which is called the dramatic works of William Shakespeare has fallen into the hands



of the people as a consolation in bad times and as a proof that Merry England once really existed."

But amid all his bitter scorn and splenetic sarcasm he recognises what England has once again so lately proved, that in spite of the most highly developed dogged individualism, the country, in her hours of need, is a whole and undivided unity.

"Despite these diametrically opposed tendencies of mind and life, we still find the English people an unity in their way of thinking, which comes from the very fact that they are always realising that they are a people by themselves. . . . they may hate and despise one another mutually and as much as they please; they do not for all that cease to be English; as such they are at union and together, like plants which have grown out of the same soil and are strangely interwoven with it. Hence the secret unity of the entire life, and activity, and intercourse of England, which at the first glance seems to us but a theatre of confusion and contradiction. Excessive wealth and misery, orthodoxy and infidelity, freedom and serfdom, cruelty and mildness, honour and deceit—all of these incongruities in their maddest extremes; over all a grey misty heaven, on every side buzzing machines, reckoning, gaslights, chimneys, pots of porter, closed mouths—all this hangs together in such wise that we can hardly think of the one without the other, and that which singly ought to excite our astonishment or laughter, appears to be, when taken as a part of the whole, quite commonplace and serious."

To only one thing in London does Heine give ungrudging approval—the debates in Parliament. Parliament opened that year on May 1, and during the rest of his visit he was constantly in the strangers' gallery. He grew to be amazingly familiar with English politics; he appreciated keenly the careless give-and-take thrusts on each side of the House; and his criticisms of the prominent statesmen, when not biassed by private detestation, as in the case of the Duke of Wellington, are full of insight and extraordinarily acute.

"Their Parliament displays a cheerful comedy of the most unrestrained wit, and of the wittiest unrestraint. In the most serious debates, where the lives of thousands and the welfare of the whole community are at stake, it never occurs to anyone to make a stiff, German, 'district-representative' face, or to declaim with French pathos; and their minds, like their bodies, act freely and without restraint. Jest, self-quizzing, sarcasms, humanity and wisdom, malice and good nature, logic and verse, spray forth in the freshest variations of colour, so that the annals of Parliament, years after, afford a most glorious entertainment. How strongly do these debates

contrast with the empty, bolstered-up, blotting-paper speeches of our South German Chambers, whose tediousness defies the patience of the most zealous newspaper reader: yes, whose very aroma suffices to scare away any living reader, so that one must believe that the tediousness in question is a secret and deliberate intention to frighten the public from reading their acts, to thereby keep them secret despite their publicity!"

The leader of the opposition was Henry Brougham, more pronounced, perhaps, as a reformer than as a Whig. He was at the height of his fame and popularity at this time; unquestionably the most noted man in the Lower House. The sight of his thin spare figure and slightly peculiar face commanded immediate attention whenever he rose to make one of those remarkable speeches which seem in their day to have caused a sensation scarcely less than those rare celebrated speeches of Mr. Gladstone in the later years of his life. He is one of the few men whom Heine mentions with respect; but his magnificent services to reform, his magnetic personality, his amazing grasp of the questions of the hour, all combine to extort admiration from the hypercritical poet.

"I was never so fortunate as to be able to see Brougham at my leisure during the delivery of one of his great speeches in Parliament. I only heard him speak in fragments, or on unimportant subjects, and I seldom saw his face while so doing. But always, as I soon observed, whenever he began to speak an almost painful silence at once followed. His figure, of ordinary stature, is very meagre and in perfect keeping with his head, which is thinly covered with short black hair which lies smooth towards the temples. This causes the pale long face to look even thinner; its muscles are ever in strange nervous movement, and he who observes them sees the orator's thoughts before they are spoken. This spoils his witty outbursts, since jests, like borrowers, should, to succeed, surprise us unawares. Though his black dress is altogether that of a gentleman even to the cut of his coat, it still gives him a certain clerical appearance. Perhaps this is owing to the frequent bending of his back, and the lurking, ironic suppleness of his whole body. . . . The 'lawyer-like' in his general appearance was first suggested to me by the manner in which he continually demonstrates with his pointing finger, while he nods assentingly with his head. The restless activity of the man is his most wonderful feature. These speeches in Parliament are delivered after he has been eight hours at his daily tasks: that is to say, practising law in the courts, and when he perhaps has sat up half the night writing an article for the *Edinburgh Review*, or labour-

ing on his improvements of popular education and criminal law. . . . Brougham's celebrity was first founded by the suit against the Queen. He fought like a knight for this high-born lady, and, as one might suppose, George IV. will never forget the service rendered to his wife."

Of Cobbett, noisy reformer, vulgar prototype of some of the Labour candidates of to-day, he writes as he recalled him at a political dinner at the Crown and Anchor tavern.

"I see him again with his scolding red face and his radical laugh, in which the most venomous deadly hatred combined terribly with the scornful joy which sees beforehand, in all certainty, the downfall of his enemies. Let no one blame me for quoting Cobbett! Accuse him as much as you please of unfairness, of a passion for reviling, and of a too vulgar personality; but no one can deny that he possesses much eloquence of spirit, and that he often is in the right. He is a chained dog who attacks at once in a rage every one whom he does not know, who often bites the best friend of the family in the legs, who always barks, and who on that account is not minded even when he barks at a real thief. Therefore the aristocratic thieves who plunder England do not deem it necessary to throw the snarling Cobbett a crust to stop his mouth. This aggravates him most bitterly, and he shows his hungry teeth."

But the statesman for whom Heine reserved his bitterest venom, his most unqualified hatred, his overwhelming scorn, was the Duke of Wellington. The latter was not a popular Minister, it is true; he had been too closely connected with the recent and hated Castlereagh Government; but his dire offence in Heine's eye was the very achievement for which England has honoured and will honour him while the English language lives. He was the conqueror of Napoleon. Heine is scarcely sane on the subject. He writes scathingly of Sir Walter Scott because of his "Life of Napoleon," which one must confess was but a poor performance; but when his subject is Wellington, the man through whom Napoleon, his idol, was captured and sent to St. Helena, he becomes almost rabid.

"What vexes me most is the reflection that Wellington will be as immortal as Napoleon Bonaparte. It is true that, in like manner, the name of Pontius Pilate will be as little likely to be forgotten as that of Christ. Wellington and Napoleon! . . . There can be no greater contrast than the two, even in their external appearance. Wellington, the dumb ghost, with an ashy-grey soul in a buckram body, a wooden smile in his freezing face—and by the side of *that* think of the figure of Napoleon, every inch a god!"



However, Heine is always a humorist, and in the midst of his theatrical denunciation he tells the story against himself of how, in spite of his detestation of Wellington, he was once obliged to take up cudgels in his defence :

"My barber in London was a radical named Mr. White, a poor little man in a shabby black suit worn so threadbare that it almost shone. He was so lean that even his front face looked like a profile, and the sighs in his breast were visible before they reached his lips. He used to sigh especially over the misfortunes of Old England and the impossibility of her ever paying the national debt. 'Alas!' I heard him perpetually sighing : 'Why need the English trouble themselves as to who reigns in France, and what the French are doing at home ? But the high nobility, sir, and the High Church were afraid of the principles of liberty of the French Revolution, and to put down these principles John Bull must give his gold and his blood, and make debts into the bargain. We've got all we wanted out of the war. The Revolution has been put down, the wings of the French eagles have been clipped ; and the High Church and high nobility may feel sure that none of the eagles will come flying over the Channel ; and now the High Church and high nobility should at least pay the debts which have been made for their interest and not for that of the poor people. Alas the poor people—— !'"

Whenever Mr. White came to the "poor people" he sighed more deeply than ever, and complained afresh that bread and porter were so dear that the poor people must starve to feed fat lords, stag-hounds, and priests, and that there was only one remedy. At these words he would sharpen his razor, and as he drew it murderously up and down the strop would murmur savagely to himself : "Lords, dogs, priests !"

But his radical rage boiled most fiercely against the Duke of Wellington ; he spat gall and poison whenever he alluded to him, and as he lathered me, he himself foamed with rage. Once I was thoroughly frightened when he, while barbering away at my neck, burst out in his usual fashion against Wellington, murmuring all the while, "If I only had him now under the razor I'd save him the trouble of cutting his throat like his colleague and fellow-countryman, Londonderry, who has just killed himself that way at North Cray in Kent—curse him !" I felt that the man's hand trembled, and, fearing that he might in his excitement imagine that I really was the Duke of Wellington, I endeavoured to soothe his violence. So I appealed to his national pride ; I represented to him that Wellington had advanced the glory of the English, that



he had always been an innocent tool in the hands of others, that he was fond of beef-steak, and that he finally—but the Lord only knows what I tried to say in favour of Wellington while the razor was at my throat.”

Heine never repeated his visit to England. It was the first country he had seen outside his own, and he brought with him all those poetic rose-coloured illusions which the untravelled cherish concerning foreign lands; and one by one, as he trod the streets of the mightiest city in the world, they were torn away. Liberty of thought and its free expression, to one of his oppressed race and ardent imagination, was the supreme, ideal good to be sought for as knights of old sought for the Holy Grail. He found it—side by side with the most squalid, hopeless poverty; thinly disguised vice and crime; barbarous legal horrors that were unheard of in Germany. A riper experience, greater opportunities of comparison, would probably have modified his views, and on a second visit he might, perhaps, have seen England with different eyes. He was literally one of those travellers who come to a country for three months, and then return home to write a book about it. But it is remarkable with what an amazing grip, in that short time, he seized on the most salient features of London social life and English politics. For his visit was essentially to London. He went nowhere else except to Margate for a fortnight, and he seems quite honestly to have believed that all England was covered with a pall of sombre smoke and fog, and that all her people were breathlessly, silently, continuously absorbed in a wild race for wealth.

Curiously enough, though he often, in Heinesque fashion, exaggerates more than slightly, yet he never libels; never makes those ludicrous mistakes from which we have so often suffered at the hands of French visitors. Even at his wildest, there is always a germ of truth in his accusations; perhaps his Teutonic origin gave him an intuitive insight into our national character, which was so evidently repugnant to his essentially French mind.

JAYE GARRY.

*THE DUKE OF BERWICK.*

ON June 12, 1734, an Austrian cannon-ball put a term to the stainless and splendid record of one of the greatest captains England has given to history: James Fitzjames, Duke of Berwick, Marshal of France: a captain of whom, alas! she may not boast with full self-gratulation, since her rebellious choice gave his sword to her enemy.

Macaulay seizes upon the painful paradox of his career for antithetical and rarely generous appreciation of a noble adversary. "He ennobled his wretched calling. There was a stern, cold, Brutus-like virtue in the manner in which he discharged the duties of a soldier of fortune. His military fidelity was tried by the strongest temptations, and found invincible. At one time he fought against his uncle, at another he fought against the cause of his brother, yet he never was suspected of treason, or even of slackness." Thackeray takes up the word of praise: "There was no stain on his shield except the bar across it which Marlborough's sister left him. Had Berwick been his father's heir, James III. had assuredly sat on the English throne. He could dare, endure, strike, speak, be silent. The fire and genius, perhaps, he had not (that were given to baser men), but except these he had some of the best qualities of a leader."<sup>1</sup>

The praise of modern writers is far exceeded by the enthusiastic portraiture of contemporaries. In the testimony of those who knew him, we find the very ideal knight of Tennyson. "I have seen at a distance in the works of Plutarch what great men were," writes Montesquieu. "In Marshal Berwick I have seen what they are." Bolingbroke drew his portrait for publication with his memoirs: scrupulously just, perfectly truthful, of inviolable secrecy, strict to sacrifice himself and even others to military duty, knowing no claim more binding than his plighted word, yet humane and lovable; generous but frugal; naturally affable but reserved with strangers as became his dignity (a man of few words always); of an even temper,

<sup>1</sup> *Esmond*.

like Marlborough, his uncle, whom he resembled also in his entire exemption from "those vices which beset his age and profession" (not, however, in early youth, as Bolingbroke, with unexpected enthusiasm, avers); devout but gentle and unassertive in religion; his faults so few, so slight, so fugitive as to be almost invisible, not worth mentioning. "Like his royal grandfather, he was the most docile of sons, the best of fathers, the most tender of husbands, the most sincere of friends, the most considerate of masters, the most faithful of subjects, the best great man who ever existed."<sup>1</sup>

Verily, as far as mortal man may discern, from the beginning to the end of his sixty-four years, crowded with glorious life, he never stooped to one unworthy deed. He fixed his ideal of duty high, and no human consideration could move him to act beneath it. Like Marlborough, he was uxorious—perhaps even henpecked! Unlike Marlborough, he was absolutely devoid of avarice. No money could buy the raising of his little finger. From his father he inherited perfect sincerity and dogged determination to act according to conscience, no matter which way private affection or private interest might point.

The eldest of the four children of James II. by Arabella Churchill, Marlborough's sister, he was born at Moulins, in the Bourbonnais, August 21, 1670. The father of Arabella and her brothers was Sir Winston Churchill, knight, of Wootton Bassett, cavalier and member of the Royal Society, founded by that eminent scientist Charles II. Their mother was grand-niece of George Villiers, the favourite Duke of Buckingham. Thus they were cousins of Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland, *née* Villiers. Berwick did not inherit his comeliness from his mother, whom contemporaries describe as "an ugly skeleton"; "a tall creature, pale-faced, nothing but skin and bone": possessed nevertheless of fine feet and ankles, whose revelation in a hunting accident gained for herself a royal lover and for France a great commander.

Her two Fitzjames sons, James and Henry<sup>2</sup>—she married later a Colonel Godfrey and had other children—were educated in France by the Jesuits: at their college at Juilly, where Monmouth, their cousin, also was educated, and at Plessis and La Flèche. In August 1684 the Duke of York sent for the boys. Sir Henry

<sup>1</sup> *Portrait du Maréchal de Berwick.*

<sup>2</sup> Called the Grand Prior; created Duke of Albemarle 1696. Married, but died at thirty, *sine prole*. A French authority asserts that he left a daughter, who married Colonel Mahone, but concealed her marriage to save her succession to the dukedom: probably a confusion with the Duchess of Berwick's sister, Lady Clare, who married Colonel Mahone or Omane.

Tichborne brought them over, and they stayed with their sister, Lady Waldegrave, at Turnham Green, and at Tichborne when James was with the Court at Salisbury. He presented them to Charles II., who was very kind to them and offered to give the elder a title: an honour which the Duke declined. They were sent back to France in October to finish their studies, after being delayed some days by an accident to Harry,<sup>1</sup> always a careless and wilful boy.

A few months later, James Fitzjames entered military service under Charles, Duke of Lorraine, and, though only fourteen, distinguished himself at the siege of Buda.

In the following year, 1685, the Duke of York became James II. He sent again for his son, kept him at court until the following March, then created him Duke of Berwick, Earl of Tynemouth, and Baron Bosworth, and sent him back to finish his military apprenticeship with Lorraine in Hungary. He was present at the battle of Mohacz, where he was wounded, to the great distress and anxiety of his father.<sup>2</sup>

At the end of 1687 he was recalled to England. Difficult days were approaching and King James needed every loyal heart he could gather to his throne. Berwick was given the important command of Portsmouth, *vice* Lord Gainsborough; also the command of Lord Oxford's<sup>3</sup> Life Guards, that nobleman having refused to use his interest for repeal of the Test Act. He was not yet eighteen; a young man of very noble presence, says Lord Ailesbury. Burnet, the arch-enemy, can say no worse than that he was "a soft, harmless young man, greatly beloved by the King." A portrait (print) in the National Portrait Gallery at Edinburgh shows him as a charming, curly-wigged lad, to whom the honours of court and grove might be expected to fall more readily than those of the camp. Yet no veteran ever showed more sober skill and stouter loyalty than this boy in the places of anxious trust he was called to fill during the next three years. In the summer of 1688 he commanded 4,000 men of that camp at Hounslow which so stirred the terrors of Protestantism, and was present at that event which proved the last straw in the balance against the Stuart monarchy, the birth of the Prince of Wales, June 10 (20), 1688.

Portsmouth was mutinous and insufficiently armed. Berwick filled up the garrison with Irish Catholics, against which "foreign"

<sup>1</sup> Letters from James II. to his daughter, Lady Waldegrave.—MSS. (British Museum), 5015.

<sup>2</sup> Letters of James II. to Lady Waldegrave (British Museum).

<sup>3</sup> Aubrey de Vere, last of his line.



intrusion his captains protested, declaring there was no lack of strength in the companies, nor had any orders been issued for recruiting.<sup>1</sup> At his request the King ordered armour to be provided (September 30). Rumours of Dutch invasion were rife ; to be verified November 5 when the Prince of Orange landed at Torbay.

The King went to meet the Dutch army at Salisbury. Berwick was summoned to take command of the royal troops, and Portsmouth was handed over to Lord Dover. Blaythwayt, Secretary for War, delayed the King's orders so that Lord Cornbury, senior colonel, nephew of Anne Hyde, arrived first and took four regiments of cavalry over to the Prince of Orange. Then Berwick came, followed and overtook the regiments at Warminster on the very evening of their treason, and brought them to the King at Salisbury, short only of fifty men and a dozen officers.

But desertions went on. The King retired from Salisbury, just escaping assassination from the hands of Lord Churchill turned traitor ;<sup>2</sup> whose captaincy of the bodyguard James gave to Berwick, making him a Knight of the Garter. He was elected November 28, but failing to present himself for installation—for obvious reasons—his election was declared void by William January 1, 1689.

Then followed vain efforts at peaceful settlement by concession, and the flight of the King, who left the kingdom in wild disorder. Feversham had been ordered to disband the army, but Berwick had no orders, knew not what to do, and turned for information to Lord Dartmouth, commander of the fleet. Dartmouth, with tears in his eyes, declared he was no more master of the rebellious fleet than Berwick was, whom he advised to look after himself and get away.

Orders came at last from the King at Rochester. Berwick must deliver Portsmouth up to the Prince. He knew it was all but impossible to hold it, though the garrison was loyal, for they had no provisions, and were blockaded by the fleet, while Norton occupied Portsdown. He joined the King at once and escaped with him to France.

Two months later, he sailed back with the King to Ireland, and remained there throughout the campaign, though in February 1690 the Highland clans, bereft of Dundee, entreated that Berwick might be sent as soon as possible to lead them.<sup>3</sup> He was at the siege of Londonderry and the battle of the Boyne. Then King James left Ireland to seek help from France towards a landing in England.

<sup>1</sup> Sir William Ellis to the Duke of Ormond.—Carte MSS. (Bodleian Library).

<sup>2</sup> See Sir George Hewitt's confession.—Carte MSS.

<sup>3</sup> Carte MSS.

Tyrconnel, the Viceroy, followed, and during his absence Berwick governed Ireland. Big, brave Patrick Sarsfield, of the noble family of Kilmallock, held Limerick until the Prince of Orange was compelled to raise the siege; on account of the rain, he pretended, though Berwick declares there had not been a drop of rain. Berwick indignantly refused to listen to Irish impeachments of Tyrconnel's loyalty, and their suggestions, through Sarsfield, that he should succeed him permanently in the viceroyalty. He was only twenty, but he had his hands full, and did his best to make peace among the jealousies of rival commanders. At the end of 1691 Sarsfield was obliged to surrender, and went into French exile with 10,000 of his good men and true. James had created him Earl of Lucan and Baron Rosberry. He took service under Louis XIV.

Berwick was recalled to France upon Tyrconnel's return and he also entered French service, but he made his home at St. Germain's and was always King James's devoted son and loyal servant. He accompanied him to La Hogue in 1692, and was present at the Princess Louise's birth after that overthrow of Jacobite hope. Then he went to gather laurels in the Low Countries and was taken prisoner by his uncle, George Churchill, at Neerwinden, where Sarsfield was killed August 19, 1693. He was led into the stern, silent presence of his great foe, the Prince of Orange; the only occasion on which they met face to face. He was exchanged for the Duke of Ormond.

In 1694, there were rumours of his presence in London;<sup>1</sup> again in 1695, when Lord Peterborough was taken for him.<sup>2</sup> In that year he was attainted by the English Government and his estates forfeited. He does not mention any such trip in his memoirs, which are full and minute as to military and political matters, though domestic incidents pass with barest mention.

On March 25, 1695, he married, in the Chapel Royal at St. Germain's, the lovely Lady Lucan, widow of the gallant "rapparee" of Limerick,<sup>3</sup> *née* Honora de Burgh, daughter of Lord Clanricarde. King James disapproved of the marriage, but the Queen stood Berwick's friend. She was always fond of him and had great confidence in him. The bride was only twenty-three years old, but had two children—Lord Lucan, of whose education Berwick at once took charge, and a daughter, who married Baron Theodore de Neuhof,

<sup>1</sup> Portland MSS., Hist. MSS. Commission Reports.

<sup>2</sup> *Memoirs* of Lord Ailesbury.

<sup>3</sup> Here is a small coincidence. Rapparee is a nickname from an Irish word meaning a pike. Berwick's name at St. Germain's, *Brochet*, also means a pike.

or Newburgh, King of Corsica.<sup>1</sup> She, of course, was penniless, and Berwick had only his pay and perhaps his St. Germain's pension of £615. 15s.<sup>2</sup> But she was as good as she was beautiful, a sunbeam in that sad court; fond of gaiety and dancing; a star at all the court fêtes of Versailles, into whose starched stateliness she introduced the artless abandon of the English country dance.

Berwick, before his marriage, had lived the life of a soldier of his time, but though he was now only five-and-twenty, he had wholly abandoned such licence.<sup>3</sup> The influence of a deeply religious and dearly loved wife set the final seal on that reform which was response to the touching letter addressed to him by his father, printed by Macpherson.<sup>4</sup> Excuse of temptation and fashion, wrote the King, was an argument suggested by the devil. Berwick would perhaps retort that it was not for James to condemn; this his father humbly admits, but urges that his example be followed not in sinning but in repenting.

In 1696 another expedition was projected, and Berwick was sent to England to assure the Jacobites of the sincerity of French promises of help. He found, as was the case ever and ever after, that English assurances were far less trustworthy than even French promises. The Jacobite leaders refused in any case to rise until the King had actually landed with an army. France refused to send an army until the English had risen. There was worse than deadlock; the wilder and baser spirits had planned the assassination of the Prince of Orange, twisting to their purpose the sense of the King's leave to take arms. Berwick indignantly refused to be concerned in such a business and left England at two in the morning after the council. He had been long enough in England to be recognised by his family likeness and his long fingers.<sup>5</sup> His lodgings were searched but the bird had flown. Sir John Fenwick, Sir John Friend, Charnock and others died on the scaffold for their concern in the plot, though against Fenwick at least there was no proof whatever of complicity in murder. Berwick's stainless name was so smirched by

<sup>1</sup> G. E. C. *Complete Peerage*.

<sup>2</sup> It appears in the household accounts of 1709.

<sup>3</sup> *Memoirs* of James Francis, second Duke of Berwick, Duke of Liria.—A fragment of printed folio in the British Museum.

<sup>4</sup> *Fatherly Advice to N. N.*—Original Papers, i. 247.

<sup>5</sup> Here a curious coincidence may be found between the brilliant, successful, and impassive Berwick and the brilliant, successful, and impassive Kitchener of Khartum. According to a contemporary magazine article (*Windsor*, March), Lord Kitchener's fingers are unusually long, a feature which denotes fertility of ideas, imaginativeness, resourcefulness, and quickness to cope with unexpected emergencies.

association that in 1698, the year after the peace of Ryswick, Portland was sent to Paris to demand his banishment as an assassin.

Until his sword was temporarily sheathed by the peace, he served under Villeroy in Flanders. His eldest son, James Francis,<sup>1</sup> to whom the King and Queen stood sponsors, was born October 21, 1696. Then his wife fell into delicate health; consumption developed. He took her to Montpellier in Languedoc, then to Pezenat, where she died, January 16, 1698, in her twenty-sixth year. The young widower was inconsolable. He brought her body to Pontoise, where she was buried with great splendour in the convent of the English nuns.

Unable to stay in idle melancholy, he went on a tour through Italy: solely for pleasure, he says, but his son states that he went to offer his sword to the Pope, then quarrelling with the Republic of Venice. The Pope regretted his high commands were filled up, but offered to make him a cardinal instead!<sup>2</sup> Sorrow had, no doubt, made for devotion—he had taken Loretto on his way—but not for vocation, and the offer was declined. The interesting young widower then made a powerful friend in Rome in the Princess Orsini, Duchess di Bracciano, better known as the Princesse des Ursins, whom he visited daily. He did his best to settle her quarrel with Cardinal de Bouillon over the purple hangings in which she presumed to mourn for her husband as a privilege due to the Orsini as well as to the cardinalate. Berwick's efforts at peace-making failed. He returned to France and, to general surprise, found consolation in a second marriage, April 18, 1700.

The bride was Anne Bulkeley, daughter of the Hon. Henry Bulkeley and Lady Sophia Bulkeley,<sup>3</sup> the Queen's lady-in-waiting, who was sister of fair Frances Stewart, Duchess of Richmond. Sophia's husband, Henry Bulkeley, was a younger son of Viscount Bulkeley, of Cashel, who committed suicide under exceptionally tragic circumstances. His elder brother was murdered. Henry himself was fated to swell the family record of tragedy. Anne was a large, handsome, stately woman of five-and-twenty, stupid and penniless, and again Berwick carried his point in the teeth of parental opposition and married her on his French pension of 20,000 livres.

<sup>1</sup> Lord Tynemouth, afterwards Duke of Liria, second Duke of Berwick.

<sup>2</sup> *Memoirs* of the second Duke of Berwick.

<sup>3</sup> How she happened to be *Lady* Sophia is a mystery, for her father was a younger son of Lord Blantyre, her sister only Mistress Stewart until her marriage, and there is no recorded creation to explain it. St. Germain's titles certainly became somewhat confused.



It is to be feared he was henpecked, as military lions in love are wont to be. Her stepson, Lord Tynemouth, gives a heart-rending account of her cruelty to him : how he was treated like "a poor wretch," hardly clothed, often beaten, his health and education wholly neglected. His father loved him but caressed him secretly. His half-brother, little Lord Lucan, lived with his father's sisters, called, in the St. Germain's mode, the Ladies Kilmallock : pensioned for the purpose by Berwick. In 1703, Berwick sent Lord Tynemouth to the college at Plessis where he himself had been partly educated, and where the boy found a kind and clever tutor. He wished to send Lord Lucan to join his son. The Ladies Kilmallock were furious at the idea of losing the boy and his pension, and disputed the right of guardianship not only with his stepfather but with his grandmother, Lady Clanricarde. Lady Kilmallock carried him off from St. Germain's and kept him hidden for some time, declaring that the Queen (Regent since James II.'s death) might take him by force, but that she would never give him up. To frighten Lady Kilmallock, the Queen obtained a *lettre-de-cachet* to get the child, but did not use it, though she stopped her pension for such disrespect. Lady Kilmallock appealed to the King of France, asserting that English law was on her side and the child's good. Berwick was terribly worried and complained to Lord Middleton, prime minister at St. Germain's, that his reputation would suffer from these accusations : at which too humble estimate of himself Middleton laughed. "I love the Duke of Berwick, notwithstanding two strange ladies torment him."<sup>1</sup> Berwick came off victorious and Lucan joined poor little Tynemouth at school, where they became much attached to each other.<sup>2</sup>

These domestic worries came to Berwick at a time when he had more than enough on his hands of important military responsibility besides complications of Jacobite plot and treachery. Early in 1701, while Louis XIV. was anxiously engaged in settling his grandson upon the recently vacated throne of Spain, the Act of Settlement had strained the peaceful relations of France and England to the utmost tenuity. By that drastic measure, nearly forty catholic princes of nearer blood were passed over to secure the English succession to the Electress Sophia of Hanover. Next in blood to the three surviving children of James II. and the Prince of Orange stood Anne,

<sup>1</sup> Carte MSS.

<sup>2</sup> *Memoirs* of the second Duke. He became Captain of the Bodyguard of Philip V., and Knight of the Golden Fleece ; went to Ireland in 1715 "on the King's business," and died in 1719 without issue.

Duchess of Savoy, daughter of Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans. Victor Amadeus II., her husband, took her wrongs so lightly that Berwick was sent by James and Louis to remonstrate with him; the small result of which embassy was the formal protest of the Savoyard minister at the bar of the House of Lords. Berwick went on to Rome to enlist papal sympathy, but was suddenly called home by the beginning of James II.'s last illness. He accompanied his father to the waters of Bourbon: then, after a brief interlude in Flanders, preparing for war, stood by his deathbed, September 16, 1701, and went with the rest of the household to salute the young Prince of Wales as King James III., whose proclamation by Louis XIV. set the smouldering embers of war aflame.

In 1702 Berwick was sent to Brussels as captain-general to serve with Boufflers under the Duke of Burgundy: a campaign so disastrous to French arms that the French King recalled his grandson to save him from the shame of witnessing Marlborough's triumphs.<sup>1</sup>

Meantime Berwick, absent in the flesh, managed to serve with wise and loyal counsel the Queen-mother at St. Germain's: a good and devoted woman, but apt to be governed by her own warm feelings and influenced by specious appeal to her religious ardour. Her passionate refusal, in her husband's lifetime, to listen to Louis's proposal, probably supported by England, that her son's succession upon William's death should be secured by quiescence during his life, had seemed to Berwick a grave mistake.<sup>2</sup> When in 1703 Lord Lovat, posing as a Catholic convert, came to St. Germain's with a treacherous scheme of restoration and managed to dupe the Queen, it was Berwick, absent in Flanders and afterwards in Spain, who succeeded in proving to the Queen, before much mischief was done, in what a miscreant she was placing confidence.

But Berwick's heart was before all in his military career. His brother's youth and other circumstances made hopeless any present hope of actively serving him. As the way to the highest honours in the French army was barred by his nationality, he had himself naturalised a French subject in January 1704, with the consent of his own king, who reserved the right to call upon his brother's service "in all times and places and upon all occasions when and as often as we shall think fit . . . according to the indispensable duty of his allegiance and the inseparable right of our crown."<sup>3</sup>

In February 1704 he was sent to Spain to look into affairs there,<sup>4</sup> which were promising badly for the French dynasty. In that

<sup>1</sup> *Mémoires du Maréchal de Berwick.*

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>3</sup> Carte MSS.

<sup>4</sup> *Mémoires of Berwick.*

year of glory, the year of Blenheim,<sup>1</sup> Gibraltar fell to the flag of England. Berwick was recommended for the post by Luxembourg and Villeroy. The latter "loved him as a son, and was for ever boasting of his genius before the king." Philip made him captain-general of his army, and gave him 12,000 men to fight under him. Through the whole period of nearly two years he held the allies in check and prevented them from invading France on the south. He was rewarded with the Golden Fleece; but there was strong opposition against him at Court. The Princesse des Ursins, who had ruled Philip V. and his young Orleans wife,<sup>2</sup> had been recalled from Spain, and the Queen wanted her friend back. According to his son's memoir the princess was now the sworn enemy of her old friend Berwick; perhaps he had discovered her government to be at the bottom of the mischief. The Queen demanded his recall; he was *un grand diable d'Anglais, sec, qui va toujours tout droit devant lui*. They protested his rank was insufficient. They could not do with less than a marshal of France; a poor excuse, since, as Berwick says, that fault could easily have been remedied. His fault was, of course, his English blood. The Duc de Grammont was sent, who quarrelled with him, and Berwick returned to Versailles in October. Louis was surprised and puzzled by the demand for his recall. Berwick, into the stronghold of whose high heart neither jealousy, pique, nor resentment had power to enter, declared himself perfectly satisfied with that proof that at least the King knew of no short-coming on his part.

He was then sent to govern the Cevennes; specially charged with the suppression of the Camisards, a sect of Protestants in open rebellion; probably harmless folk enough, though Berwick, implicitly trusting his instructions, describes them on his word of honour as guilty of the most appalling crimes: murders, robberies, grilling of priests, roasting of children, ripping of women. The Camisards put down, he was sent with a very small and indifferent army to punish that recreant ally, Victor Amadeus of Savoy. He besieged and took Nice with the adjoining country, all in such a short time and under such disadvantages that he fully earned the marshal's baton with which he was rewarded in January 1706.

All through these months he was panting to be in Spain, where Peterborough was gathering laurels for Queen Anne and *her* protégé, the Archduke Charles. At Philip's earnest entreaty, Berwick, now

<sup>1</sup> August 13.

<sup>2</sup> One of the most homely and blameless young persons possible, though the Marquis d'Asieu was said to be in love with her.—St-Simon.

equipped with the required rank, returned to Spain in March to take command of the army of the North. It was no time to refuse English leadership and Churchill blood while the proud French nation lay humbled in the dust before the triumphant car of Marlborough, who, on May 23, 1706, added the laurels of Ramillies to his chaplet. For more than a year Peterborough's triumph continued. Berwick retreated before Ruvigny, Lord Galway, the French commander of the English and allies. Philip and his Queen were sent flying to Burgos. Then, on Easter Monday, April 25, 1707, Berwick met the allied army under Galway at Almanza, where he won that brilliant victory of which England, the vanquished, may be prouder than France, for the victor was her son. It was the only battle in which he ever had supreme command. In grateful recognition of the services which, at last, established the Bourbon line in Spain,<sup>1</sup> Philip created him Duke of Liria and Xerica and a Grandee of Spain of the first class.

While he was gaining glory abroad, his friend Count Anthony Hamilton, brother of the Duchess de Grammont, sent him constant, full, and gay accounts of the life at St. Germain's: the efforts made by that sad Court to divert itself by games and dances, picnics, hay-making and strawberry feasts; reporting the gaiety and good looks of the fair Nanette, Duchess of Berwick, and her lovely sisters, Lady Clare and Henrietta Bulkeley; and how they wore through the winter's dulness between washing their cornettes and falbalas, hanging them to dry in Berwick's garden (he was always a great gardener), and slumbering on sofas.

He remained in Spain until February 1708, when he besieged and took Pampeluna, still enduring the ungrateful jealousy of French courtiers and Spanish Court. Then he was superseded by the Duke of Orleans, who had missed the honours of Almanza by going round to visit his daughter in Madrid; whose tastes and amusements were constantly and unpleasantly rebuked by Berwick's seriousness and regularity of life.<sup>2</sup>

Berwick returned to the French Court, where he remained until May, when he left to command on the Rhine under the Elector of Bavaria, against that cosmopolitan prince who liked to sign himself "Eugenio von Savoye." During this period an important step was taken by Louis, ostensibly on behalf of the young King of England.

It was needful to divert English attention and English arms

<sup>1</sup> He generously shared the honours with Amezcaga, the Spanish general, who by an opportune manœuvre turned the fortune of the day.

<sup>2</sup> Montesquieu.



from Flanders and the Rhine. Scotland was chafing at her recent loss of dignity by legislative union with England, her "auld enemy," and was almost unanimously praying that her native prince might come over to deliver her from the yoke. French help in men and money was still required and promised. A general was as urgently required, Berwick for choice. Berwick declares that he knew nothing of the expedition until after its collapse, and his truthfulness is beyond question.<sup>1</sup> He even seems annoyed and disappointed at the secrecy and his detention. Yet he was at St. Germain's, within easy reach of the French Court and ministry; occupied only by ministerial changes of mind as to his own employment, whether in Dauphiny or on the Rhine. Ships were fitted out. The eager young king, publicly sped by the kind words and girt with the jewelled sword of Louis XIV., embarked, sailed and returned without having set foot in his ancient kingdom. France never intended that he should land: had never intended, since perhaps in 1692, to restore the Stuarts. They were too useful to her as a weapon at hand for embarrassing her natural enemy. It may well have been that the secret of such treason was kept from loyal Berwick, who was able by the terms of his naturalisation to place his conquering sword at the service of his royal brother; a loss that would have more than counterbalanced the calling of half Queen Anne's victorious legions to defend her throne. Berwick, too true himself to dream untruth in a French officer, to say nothing of the sovereign to whom he lent his sword, blamed the jealousies of the ministers and the stupidity of the admiral for the catastrophe.

In May, Berwick<sup>2</sup> went to Strasbourg, and the poor royal cat-paw, now calling himself Chevalier de St. George, went with the French princes and Vendôme to the army in Flanders, in time to flesh his maiden sword at Oudenarde, July 11, where Marlborough sent the French hosts flying like chaff before the wind. Berwick was called from the Rhine to retrieve the ill-fortune of Vendôme and relieve Lille, where Boufflers was invested by the English, much

<sup>1</sup> Whatever the puzzles of his conduct, and mistakes of too optimistic faith in men, his word must always be accepted absolutely, and facts interpreted to square with his statements. The unanimous testimony to his perfect truthfulness cannot be disregarded. In the fog of falsehood which surrounds the politics of his age two lights burn clear and steady for guidance: the perfect honesty of Berwick and of the Chevalier de St. George.

<sup>2</sup> Just at this time the Duchess of Berwick's father, Henry Bulkeley, committed suicide, "being weary of life," says her stepson. The manner of his death was concealed from Lady Sophia.—Letter from Mary of Modena, Chaillot Papers.

against his inclination, as he believed a marshal of France should serve only under a prince of the blood. St-Simon exulted spitefully : " Berwick with his dignities and his marshal's baton, decked with the laurels of Almanza, exalted in the king's eyes as a bastard, even beyond Vendôme " (grandson of Henry IV. and Gabrielle d'Estrées), " has been commanded to pass under the Caudine Forks with unconcealed indignation. He did not set foot in Vendôme's quarters, but declared publicly he had brought his army to the Duke of Burgundy,<sup>1</sup> to be incorporated with his ; that he wanted neither command nor office and would meddle in nothing, but keep by the person of the Duke of Burgundy." St-Simon, who despised Berwick for the stain on his birth—*La bâtardise me répugna*—and speaks of him always as " Berwick," without any title or prefix such as he gives so punctiliously to French gentlemen, describes him as *intrépide de cœur mais timide d'esprit*, and attributes the King's favours to that very incident of his birth, Louis being eager to make precedents for the advancement of his own children. But even St-Simon admits him to have been of such scrupulous honesty that he would do with all his might what he disapproved, if it had to be done, and would seek out a way to make it feasible.

Berwick remained at Lille until it capitulated, and the campaign ended by overtures of peace from poor bleeding France. But England demanded as a condition that Louis should give up his grandson's cause in Spain, and Louis preferred fighting his great rival to fighting his children, and 1709 saw a new campaign, Villars commanding in Flanders. The Chevalier de St. George again joined the army, and was wounded in the arm in the shambles of Malplaquet, where Villars was seriously wounded in the knee. Again Berwick was called—this time from the frontiers of Piedmont—to retrieve, if possible, the new disaster and relieve beleaguered Mons. He arrived October 18 ; Mons capitulated October 20, and Berwick returned to Court.

He now employed a brief leisure in buying the estate of Warty, near Clermont, in Beauvoisis, and changed its name to Fitzjames : a proceeding which profoundly shocked St-Simon, not without reason. It was scandalous to impose an English name on French soil ; ridiculous to translate it, " Son of James." Even the King was surprised, and asked for explanation ; but Berwick " had it all his own way, and persuaded Louis that such nomenclature was quite in accordance with English baronial custom." In May

<sup>1</sup> Burgundy was very fond of Berwick, who was devoted to him, and would willingly have died for him. — *Memoir* of the second Duke of Berwick.

St-Simon was still further infuriated. Berwick was created Duc de Fitzjames and peer of France, with succession settled upon the eldest surviving son of his second marriage (he had lost two infants), James, born in 1706. Then he set off to take command of the army in Flanders in the new campaign. "Not bad for forty years old," comments St-Simon, furious that French honours should lie between French and English bastards at head and tail.

On his departure he sent for his eldest son, Lord Tynemouth, to meet him for farewell at the Porte St. Martin, Paris, where he stopped to change horses ; to whom he broke the news that the French titles and estates were to pass over his head to his little half-brother ; but, as his father loved him best, he should inherit the larger and richer English and Spanish titles and estates. Alas ! it was the English inheritance, not the *château en Espagne*, that proved unreal ! The boy, convinced of his stepmother's agency, though after all the division was fair enough and according to French custom, was deeply hurt, and cried that he did not want wealth, he wanted to be near his father. Why send him away if he were the best loved ? But there was no help for it, and Berwick joined the army at Cambrai on May 21.

It was in a deplorable condition : starving, unpaid, but boastful. Berwick reviewed it. At its gasconading he took snuff and smiled ; refused to send for any of his officers and carriages, and said he was going to Dauphiny in a fortnight.<sup>1</sup> The army was in despair, but Berwick was firm ; visibly weary of wasting even three weeks of his time in doing nothing, knowing too well that nothing was to be done, that Marlborough's immobility was bought and paid for. He spent much time with his brother, the Chevalier, to whom he was very cordial and kind ; while Marlborough, now out of favour in England, corresponded, as during the previous campaigns, with that young gentleman and their mutual relative the Anglo-French Marshal-Duke.

James had won great praise on all sides for the valour with which he had acquitted himself in his three campaigns. Now the armies lay idly facing each other, exchanging occasional compliments. James could not be held from the nearly daily excitement of riding close to the English lines, wistfully watching his subjects and countrymen, who reciprocated the interest, to his extreme delight ; even cheering him in sympathy for the exiled son of all their kings, and admiration for his gallant bearing. But his guardians were

<sup>1</sup> Charles Booth to Middleton,—Carte MSS.

anxious and appealed to Berwick, asking for orders to stop the King from exposing himself so recklessly to accident. "He stared, shook his head, and said nothing."<sup>1</sup> He knew that the King was serving himself by his courage and confidence and eager interest in his people, far better than he could have been served by keeping in cotton wool. But he was wise and careful "to put things in their true light" before the young man, whom Marlborough and others were so busily luring to the destruction of his best hope : that he might be called by Queen Anne herself to live as her heir until he should succeed her at her death or abdication.

On June 13 Berwick left Flanders for Dauphiny. He returned to Versailles in the winter, when Abbé Gautier came from Harley and Miss Oglethorpe to arrange the peace.

Sundry important points were discussed with Berwick, who from 1708 had been more or less concerned in King James's affairs. James and Berwick were persuaded to write to the English Jacobites, commending them to strengthen the Court, or peace party, by joining it. James, advised by Berwick, willingly agreed that Anne should reign for her life, the crown to pass to him on her death. It was an open secret that she detested the idea of Hanoverian heirs, and was intensely anxious that she should be succeeded by her brother. He wrote to Anne herself, entreating her to heal the divisions of the kingdom by restoring to him his birthright. At the same time he and Berwick drew up a circular letter to the English Jacobites, frankly setting forth his determination to stick to his own religion, but to tolerate and protect the Church of England and the liberties of the kingdom. These proceedings were to be kept secret from the Queen-mother, for it was well known that there was no secrecy at St. Germain's.

Before returning to London, Gautier was authorised by Harley to promise that the scheme should be put under way in the summer (1711). Meantime, since Berwick was sent back to his command in Dauphiny, King James must, under pretext of a tour through France, visit his brother and there discuss matters out of eaves-dropping reach. Relations were still strained on the Rhine, for Prince Eugene, who fought out of furious hatred of Louis XIV., would not hear of peace.

James set off in June, watched with intense interest by both England and France, though St-Simon declared there was nothing to account for his journey beyond weariness of St. Germain's and

<sup>1</sup> Booth to Middleton.—Carte MSS.



incognito campaigns. He duly arrived at Barraux, where Berwick was stationed with his son Tynemouth as aide, and would not be torn from the camp while there was any chance of a battle.<sup>1</sup>

His own prospects looked vague. Berwick had received none of the papers promised by Harley, and little comfort from the Duke of Ormond, commander-in-chief of the English army, vice Marlborough, disgraced, who had come over to Jacobitism, and with whom Berwick corresponded, unknown to Harley.<sup>2</sup> In October he returned to Paris with his son ; King James following in November after a progress up the Garonne.

The Court of St. Germain's, though in mourning for the Dauphin, was now at its best and brightest. The King was young, gallant, and hopeful, though under notice to quit France ; the Princess, his sister, "of the most enchanting gaiety."<sup>3</sup> But heavy shadows were darkening over the royal houses of England and France. In February, 1712, the Dauphiness and Dauphin and their little eldest son all died. In April King James and his sister fell ill of smallpox. James recovered, but not the dear young princess. "Never did death affect me as this did," writes Lord Tynemouth. "I loved the princess, I would have sacrificed a thousand lives for her. . . . I weep still whenever I think of it."

After another term of service in eastern France, Berwick was relieved by Villars to his great content, so fond was he of his Fitzjames home, to which he returned in February 1713.<sup>4</sup> He now devoted himself to the increasingly important affairs of King James, who had departed to Lorraine as a condition of the Peace of Utrecht, signed April 11, 1713. It still seemed to Berwick so easy for James to succeed his now invalid half-sister. Out of patience with Harley's deep dark ways, and confident of the timorous Anne's happy acquiescence in having the decision taken out of her hands, he was for a *coup d'état*, the sudden presentation of the young King before the assembled parliament.

At the same time, domestic affairs occupied a considerable amount of his attention. His eldest son, Lord Tynemouth, was now seventeen, and, according to the fashion of the day, it was full time that he should be married and settled. Berwick tried to arrange a marriage for him with the newly widowed Lady Petre, who was possessed of at least £40,000 a year ; a more substantial provision

<sup>1</sup> *Memoir* of the second Duke of Berwick.

<sup>2</sup> *Mémoires* du Maréchal de Berwick.

<sup>3</sup> Second Duke of Berwick.

<sup>4</sup> Carte MSS.

than the English property settled on the young man, though his castles in Spain were substantial enough. Great interest was taken in this projected marriage by Schutz, the Hanoverian envoy, up to the January of 1714. There were rumours also of an Act to restore to Berwick his attainted rights in England. But the marriage came to nothing. In 1732 Lady Petre's son, Lord Petre, born after his father's death, married the only daughter of James, third Earl of Derwentwater. Lord Petre had given up Jacobitism, deeming it hopeless without the French help that would not come.

War raged on the Rhine; Eugene would not sheathe his sword, and Berwick was sent back to besiege and take Landau. In February 1714 he was sent to Madrid to condole officially with Philip on the death of his enemy the Queen of Spain, and to persuade Spain to make peace with Holland; then to Barcelona as Philip's generalissimo, where he was fighting till October. He returned to France November 4. During his absence the great crisis had come and gone. On August 12 Queen Anne died. Why did Berwick, "the sword and buckler of the Stuart cause," linger in Spain at the very time when his brother most urgently required his counsel and his arm, while all loyal Britain was looking to him as her military chief? James could not guess, but was sorely perplexed; had been uneasy since the spring, when the Duke of Lorraine replied to his suspicions, May 17, "If Berwick does not want to go with you, he has got his way."<sup>1</sup> On August 15 James still only "believes Berwick does not want to attend him."<sup>2</sup> Yet Berwick urged James to hasten at once to England.

The fact was that Louis had forbidden him to command for James after Anne should be dead, as he wished to avoid difficulties with George I.; so Berwick himself confessed after Louis's death.<sup>3</sup> He was, therefore, kept in Spain lest fraternal pressure should have been put too strongly upon him, to the confusion of his divided allegiance. It was a period of most difficult diplomacy. Louis was quite unable to risk war by military support of his cousin and ward; but then neither James nor Berwick had ever intended a restoration by force. Harley was false and Marlborough lay low, though he promised service and even advanced money; but Ormond and Mar declared that five out of six in England were for King James. Why rely on force at all?

By November, when Berwick returned to Paris, the question had grown less simple. The Elector was firmly seated on the throne.

<sup>1</sup> Carte MSS.<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*

Berwick might not fight but he now devoted himself wholly to James's service ; sadly worried by the busy Jacobite plotters, their want of method and superfluity of talk. He was the chief channel of communication between Louis at Versailles and James at Bar, and was consequently shadowed by the spies of Lord Stair, the English ambassador. He tried to persuade Louis to change his mind, but most of all he set himself to gain the alliance of Charles XII. of Sweden and conferred much with his minister, Sparr.<sup>1</sup> Then great adherents came in. Bolingbroke arrived, flying from the gaping gates of the Tower, followed by Ormond. After a pause of hesitation, Bolingbroke consented to act as James's minister in concert with Berwick. Ormond was appointed to command a fleet bound for the south coast of England, while Berwick was daily expected by the Scots and the British Government to land at the head of fifteen or twenty thousand men : James to follow in March.<sup>2</sup>

In August 1715 Berwick declared his heart to be set on accompanying the King, yet it was he who hindered Mary of Modena from approaching the deathbed of the now dying Louis XIV., probably hoping to obtain a last promise of help for her son.<sup>3</sup> On September 1 the old King died. The Duke of Orleans assumed the Regency for the child, Louis XV. His sympathies were with the House of Hanover : his policy, for the peace France so sorely needed. On September 29 Berwick "would fain part first, but the King seems unwilling. It will be a terrible mortification if he does not go."<sup>4</sup> On October 10 James writes to Bolingbroke that Berwick is "incommunicable and incomprehensible," but of no importance—a mere cypher. "If he withdraw his duty from me, I may well [withdraw] my confidence from him. I suspect he is the cause of France's strange diffidence. He never did me any good there."<sup>5</sup>

On October 14 he wrote to Berwick :

"At the time you receive this will be the conjuncture in which I shall see the sincerity of your frequent and sacred promises to the King my father, and to the Queen. . . . I hereby require you . . . either to come at once with as many officers as you can gett to follow you, or to give me some other and signal proof of your loyalty. . . . It is not words but deeds that I expect now from you."<sup>6</sup>

Then the great blow fell.

On October 21 Berwick wrote to Bolingbroke that he was unable to obey his Majesty's command.<sup>7</sup> The Duke of Orleans had

<sup>1</sup> *Mémoires du Maréchal de Berwick.*

<sup>2</sup> State Papers.

<sup>3</sup> Carte Papers.

<sup>4</sup> Stuart Papers (Windsor).

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>6</sup> Carte MSS. Holog.

<sup>7</sup> Stuart Papers.

forbidden him as a subject and marshal of France to take any personal share in the projected expedition.<sup>1</sup>

It was a terrible blow. James indignantly declared that he would neither name nor think of Berwick any more, and of course would never trust nor employ him again.<sup>2</sup> Berwick declares he did all he could to get the prohibition recalled, but he could not desert like a trooper.<sup>3</sup> James set off secretly for Scotland, which had been for some weeks in arms under Lord Mar. Lord Tynemouth accompanied him. Berwick remained at St. Germain's.

After weary delays, James landed at Peterhead, December 22. He found the failing hopes of his adherents so fixed upon Berwick that he was obliged to cheer them by promising that the "cypher" would speedily follow. How all was once more done in vain, if not all that man might have done, is a too oft told tale. James returned to France in February and dismissed Bolingbroke, who had betrayed him. Berwick believed in Bolingbroke, declared he had done everything in his power for the King, that his dismissal was both injustice and folly. James, refused further hospitality in Lorraine, took refuge finally and permanently in Italy.

In April (1716) Berwick was sent to govern Guienne, and there his own memoirs stop. He was only forty-six and had made twenty-six campaigns. In December he married his son, Lord Tynemouth, now twenty years old, to Catalina de Portugal-Colomb, only sister and heiress of the widowed Duke of Veraguas, having in the previous September formally made over to him, as he had promised, his Spanish property and the Dukedom of Liria.<sup>4</sup>

In the following year another great conflict of sympathy and military duty came into Berwick's life. Alberoni, Swift's "saucy gardener, who had got a gold cross on his stomach and a red cap on his head," and Philip V.'s prime minister, craved to restore to Spain the possessions she had lost by the apportionment of Utrecht. England protested vehemently, and insisted on France sticking to her obligations by alliance with England, Holland, and the Empire, to punish such ill faith. In January 1718 war was declared by France

<sup>1</sup> Berwick says he offered his services to James three years before, subject to the proviso of leave from the French Court.

<sup>2</sup> Stuart Papers (Windsor).

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>4</sup> He had already had several love-affairs: one really serious with Mlle. d'Aubijoux, who returned his love, but was made to marry the Duc de la Rocheguyon in 1714. He went with his broken heart to make the German campaign with his father, who took no notice whatever of his melancholy state until six months later, when they were in Barcelona. Then he explained that Louis XIV. would not have consented to the marriage.



against Spain. Villars having refused the command, Berwick was appointed to command the French army, not only against the monarchy he had made on the stricken field of Almanza and its ally, his old friend Charles XII. of Sweden, but against his son the Duke of Liria, and against his brother and native sovereign, King James III., whose cause Alberoni had taken up, in hope of securing to Spain a future ally on the English throne. James came over from Urbino to Spain, and the Duke of Ormond sailed with a Spanish fleet from Corunna for England. "Did you ever expect," Arbuthnot writes to Swift, "to live to see the Duke of Ormond fighting against the Protestant succession, and the Duke of Berwick fighting for it?"

But the staunchly Protestant wind scattered the Spanish fleet; the remnant of troops that landed in Scotland came to grief in Glenshiel. James lingered in Spain sad and sore at heart, while Berwick in the north besieged and took Pampeluna and San Sebastian. Perhaps the Duke of Liria went between. He was always a fervent and loyal friend to James.

At the end of August James returned to Italy to marry the bride rescued for him from Austrian captivity by the enterprise of Charles Wogan. As Berwick remained fighting in Spain until November, he could not, as he had wished, have been present at the royal wedding on September 2.<sup>1</sup>

He was placed upon the Council of Regency in Paris, and governed Guienne until the death of the Duke of Orleans in 1723, when all offices changed hands. Berwick came home to Fitzjames for a welcome rest of nine years. On June 3, 1724, he received the ribbon of Saint Esprit in recognition of his long and brilliant services.

He now turned his sword into a pruning-hook, and found his happiness in his family and his garden. He impressed the greatness of his soul even upon that garden, and French experts marvelled that "this Englishman" should have created so fair a pleasure. He did not care for sport, but enjoyed the conversation of his friends. His own talk was of the most interesting, simple and varied, replete with stored experiences.

In 1721 he lost his French heir, already called the Duke of Fitzjames, who had been married for a year and a half, but left no children. His next son, Francis, embraced the ecclesiastical state in 1728, when eighteen, and renounced all claim upon his

<sup>1</sup> He took St. Sebastian August 2, the Citadel August 17.

father's dignities. He was then given the Abbey of St. Victor de Paris, and was ordained priest in 1733. In 1739 he became Bishop of Soissons and almoner to the King; in which capacity he sent "the fair and haughty Châteauroux, with wet cheeks and flaming heart," flying from the fever-stricken bed of Louis XV. at Metz in 1744; to return and avenge herself upon the stern Bishop, whose severity she charged to Jansenist proclivities.

Into this period of Berwick's home-staying falls an incident which Lord Mahon has unwarrantably construed into what that very staunch and steadfast soldier would undoubtedly have held for attempted treason.<sup>1</sup> Relations with James were cool, but "a few letters of compliments" passed between them during some years before 1727.<sup>2</sup> In 1724 or 1727 (the MS. date seems to be 1724, but Mahon takes it for 1727) Berwick wrote to Walpole for leave to visit his mother-in-law, Lady Sophia Bulkeley, at Dover or elsewhere in England, whither she had retired after the death of Mary of Modena in 1718. By the law of his attainder, his life was forfeit should he set foot on British soil. George I. was willing to grant his request, promising that his head should be safe; but on finding that such a licence, even under the King's seal, would not ensure his liberty, he declined to risk being "clapped up" according to the fancy or impertinence of any cross-grained magistrate, while thanking "his Majesty" courteously for his generous intentions. In all this there is no "hint at wishing to pay his respects to King George," whose kingship he necessarily recognises when asking a favour from George's Minister. Indeed, he usually speaks of "King George" in his memoirs, while acting for "King James." He had little to gain from any such overtures, pensioned and landed as he was in France.

His son, the Duke of Liria, spent some time in London about this time, and enjoyed the hospitality of Lord Strafford<sup>3</sup>; yet he, fervent and roystering Jacobite as he was, could hardly have gone over to make terms; still less probably to represent his father in any transactions with the mother of his detested stepmother. In 1725-26 he, Ormond, and the Duke of Wharton at Cadiz were drinking enthusiastically to "the Cause," planning a new expedition, and shouting that it would soon be a crime to mention George I. as King of England. In December 1726 he was sent to Russia by Italy on a special embassy, but was unable to visit Rome

<sup>1</sup> *Mahon*, ii. 26.

<sup>2</sup> Lockhart Papers.

<sup>3</sup> Letter of Liria to Strafford, 1728.—Add. MSS. (British Museum), 20,663.

on the way.<sup>1</sup> But we find him at Rome in 1728-29, a member of King James's household.<sup>2</sup>

In September 1727, when James was at Avignon, still awaiting results from the death of George I. and the promising plot of Allan Cameron, Berwick went to Aix. He suffered at times from gout in his right hand. George Lockhart, of Carnwath, who was busily engaged in the plot, noted with interest this visit into the royal neighbourhood, and eagerly inquired of Sir John Graeme, James's secretary, if he thought Berwick could be counted as a "thorow friend" were his services required. Sir John did not know how far his friendship could be reckoned on. Lockhart was authorised to wait upon him, nervous as to his behaviour, and resolved to keep to general conversation. Berwick received him civilly, but evaded all attempts at the private conversation desired by Graeme. This was about October 6, and at the beginning of October the plot fizzled out, as if Berwick's refusal had again "shown matters in their true light."

In 1733 the flames of war burst forth once more; this time kindled by a disputed succession to that very shaky and disreputable seat, the throne of Poland. In September, Berwick was called from his garden to command the French army on the Rhine, to support the French King's father-in-law, Stanislas Leczinski, against his old opponent, Prince Eugene, who commanded the Austrian army for Augustus of Saxony.

In June 1734 the French army invested Philipsbourg, held by the Austrians. On the 12th, Berwick, accompanied by his son, Lord Edward Fitzjames, the Duc de Duras, father-in-law of his late eldest son, and Lord Clare, his wife's nephew, with a brilliant suite, was perceived from the walls about to mount his horse. He was easily distinguishable by the splendour of his equipage, and engineer Maldair had leave from Count Daun to fire. The cannon-ball struck Berwick in the neck. His son was drenched by his blood. A splinter wounded the Duc de Duras.<sup>3</sup>

Never since the death of Turenne had such mourning been in the armies of France. Common soldiers wept as for a father; officers for a beloved and honoured friend. Even Count Daun of the Austrian army generously lamented the order that had caused such a catastrophe.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Liria to Gualterio.—Add. MSS. (British Museum).

<sup>2</sup> Hist. MSS. Comm. Reports.

<sup>3</sup> *Memoirs* of Marshal Daun.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*

When the news reached Versailles, all public amusements were stopped. A cloud lay heavy over France. A stranger would have supposed the troops had been cut to pieces. Public places were hung in black, windows were darkened. From the King to the magistrates, who offered to carry the coffined hero on their shoulders from Philipsbourg to Paris, and the weeping crowds who lined the roads along which the cortège passed, all vied to praise him. Aged Prince Eugene said Berwick lived a soldier's life and died a soldier's death, and wished he himself might die as gloriously.<sup>1</sup> Marshal Villars, that child of fortune, then lying on his deathbed, exclaimed that he had always said Berwick was luckier than himself. Here was his last stroke of superior fortune in that he had met death with honour in the trenches, while he himself must receive him shut up in bed.<sup>2</sup>

Berwick was buried, according to his wish, in the chapel of the English Benedictines at Paris beside his father, James II. His eldest son, the Duke of Liria, succeeded to the English titles ; also to the vacant Garter, in spite of his stepmother's anxiety to secure that honour at least for her own son. The new Duke was preparing for the siege of Gaeta, where he was in command of the Spanish army, when the terrible news of his father's death reached him. He was already a field-marshal and an officer of distinction and experience. To his care at Gaeta, King James confided the Prince of Wales, bidding him show him the art of war and lead him to glory.

The second Duke became Philip V.'s ambassador at Naples, where he died in 1738. The present Duke of Berwick, Alba, and Liria represents the eldest line of the great English soldier who won for France undying laurels, and for her royal house the only throne which remains in their possession.

ALISON BUCKLER.

<sup>1</sup> *Memoirs of Marshal Daun.*

<sup>2</sup> *Conquista di Sicilia*, por el Duque de Berwick.



## *SOME GOSSIP CONSEQUENT ON SIGNS.*

FORMERLY when Amaryllis would fare abroad she did not lightly disregard the weather warning which, were her fate cast in a town, came to her in the music of the innumerable signs that, creaking and straining on their hinges before almost every door, played to the humour of the wind. When this uneasy murmur arose to a din of swinging metal, Amaryllis, who possessed no umbrella, forbore her best frock with a sigh, or probably, with deeper disappointment, stayed at home.

Signs, which, apart from their proper uses, were a good old means of learning the caprice of the uncertain elements, have long since vanished out of fashion, like a great many other quaint things in this age of superior gentility.

Saving in a tavern-way, they have no other purpose now in England, with the sole exception of the plaintive inducement to the desperate, conveyed in three golden balls; though in old Continental cities, where smartness is not so well understood, quaint emblems of various trades still decorate picturesque and cobbled streets, suspended in all the dignity of iron wrought into stately and gracious design.

I have seen, too, signs of the most primitive sizes and shapes hung out before the eyries which pass for habitations in those mountain villages poised above Lago di Garda: "Al Pesce" is frequent enough, and the excellence of the blue lake trout amply compensates for the paucity of talent displayed in the depicting of a fish upon a bit of rough wood with rudely scalloped edges, or a foot or so of decorative tin half hidden by carnations growing from an upper window.

The best intention of signs began with hostleries, and appears likely to end with these places of good cheer, unless fashion effects a throwback; but to my mind the custom of picturing your trade is far too pretty for a modern usage always proud to boast "use" in preference to "ornament."

There was an open-handed, large-hearted smack about the good

old mediæval custom of treating trusted servants in a great employ, when my lord, duke, or earl, as the case might be, took an absence from home, and left his mansion not closed and shuttered, but available for the rest and good cheer of travellers who might be passing that way. One is tempted to wonder if the trusted dependant and his lord shared the profits later; but at any rate the custom held for a good many years, till the servant had secured a capital warranting further enterprise on his own few feet of ground. Methods were exceedingly simple in those days, and the unlettered person adopted his own fashion of nomenclature for these places of occasional entertainment from the gorgeous heraldic devices that custom ordained should decorate the fronts of noble houses.

John Ball's confraternity—raving of liberty—knew nothing of heraldry and cared less; but it had a very human fashion of growing thirsty, and, with an eye for a painted meaning in heraldic creatures, soon had its Boar's Head, its Ragged Staff, or Black Bull for marking the stretches of a day's journey: hence thousands of little inns and taverns scattered throughout the length and breadth of the country perpetuate the memory of the great families of Gordon, of Warwick, of Clare. And thus were the beginnings of that generous institution, the tavern, not mincingly described in his "*Microcosmography*" by Dr. Earle:—

"A tavern is a degree, or (if you will) a pair of stairs above an ale-house, where men get drunk with more credit and apology. If the vintner's nose be at the door, it is a sign sufficient; but the absence of this is supplied by the Ivy Bush."

If this be enigma to one unused to the shibboleth of signs, let it be explained that the affixing of ivy bushes at London tavern doors was a custom of the remotest date; and a vintner had not need of necessity to ply two trades, though in commercial interest, doubtless, he would not turn a thirsty man away. It was a custom, too, holding out of England, and bushes are still nailed above the doors of *osterie* in remote Italian villages, to gladden thirsty souls; and in old Dutch paintings the symbol is frequent enough.

The outward essentials of a tavern are set forth thus in an early seventeenth-century masque:—

"A flaminge red lattice, several drinking rooms and a back doore, but especially a conceited signe and an eminent bush."

Concerning this bush, there was a worthy fellow kept a tavern in Aldersgate Street, with a carved representation of such a thing entitling his house, which bush on the morning of January 30, 1649, appeared suddenly painted black. Wherefore the town gaped; but

the man was either a brave loyalist who could not bear to see his King beheaded, or else a cunning tradesman who foresaw his till the fuller for notoriety: in either case, probably, result justified daring, since there were as many King's men in the metropolis as Puritans, and mostly thirsty souls.

Not disdaining so excellent a precedent, another who kept a tavern in Fenchurch Street, called the "Mitre," followed suit, and likewise hung his sign in mourning at the fall of his Majesty's head; and the irony thereof was probably unconscious enough. A contemporary note has its bit of sarcasm over the occurrence:—

"He certainly judged right: the honour of the Mitre was much eclipsed, through the loss of so good a parent of the Church of England. Those rogues say this endeared him so much to the churchmen that he soon throve amain, and got a good estate."

To this "Mourning Mitre" in Fenchurch Street a little company of choice spirits were once used to come after days of antiquity and curio hunting in Little Britain. One of these was Thomas Britton, familiarly known as the "Small Coal" man. This was a curious and soaring spirit, obliged to barter coal for a livelihood, yet nevertheless an artist and a man of great determination. He had a house in Clerkenwell, and in a room over his coal shop was used to gather for reunions the finest amateur and professional musicians of a period teeming with the music which the Puritan rule had thrust out of hearing for half a century. Dr. John Hawkins says the house "was in Aylesbury Street, Clerkenwell. The room of the performance was over the coal shop, and, strange to say, Tom Britton's concert was the weekly resort of the old, the young, the gay, the fair of all ranks, including the highest order of nobility." Presumably Britton was a person who knew the worth of opportunities, and he died leaving property of considerable artistic value, as the following testifies:—

"Catalogues of the Sale of Mr. Thomas Britton's library" (observe the "Mr." prefixed now to the name of the "Small Coal" man) "distributed by Mr. Nott on Pall Mall and Mr. Wargrave at the King's Head, Holbourn . . . and at the place of sale. Will be sold at auction at Tom's coffee house adjoining to Ludgate, on Thursday, the 1st of November, at Three in the Afternoon.

*"Conditions of Sale."*

"That the books, for aught we know, are perfect, but if they appear otherwise, before they are taken away, the Buyer may leave them.

"The highest Bidder is the Buyer, but if any Difference arise

which the Company cannot decide, the Book or Books to be re-exposed.

"That no person bids less than Sixpence advance after any Book arises to the Sum of Ten Shillings.

"The Sale will begin on Thursday the first of November, at Three of the Clock in the Afternoon exactly, and the Books will be exposed to view Four dayes before the Sale begins. The Money for the Book or Books so bought, to be paid within Six days after the Sale is ended, the Buyer paying Porteridge.

"Any Person who cannot be present at the Sale, may have their commissions faithfully executed by their Humble Servant, John Bullord, if directed for him at the place of Sale."

Volumes could be filled with the gossip and interesting conjecture, along with significance—political, moral, and historical—which signs might set going; the subject leads off into a labyrinth of bypaths of lesser history.

*A propos* of taverns, which, above the other trades, have always enjoyed a great monopoly of signboards, it stands proven by an ancient proclamation of King Edward III.'s time that that trick of "dusting the sugar, etc." is gotten of a long ancestry. Being a nation with a reputation for honesty, so excellent a fame should put to the blush adulteration in trade; yet apparently Honesty winks at the practice—which is not to be gainsaid, since it obtrudes in most things to hand, from your silk dress to your breakfast milk—as a bit of bye-play of commerce. An ugly trick, too, and one you would think a church-going nation might forgo; out of England it is frequently less indulged in, in spite of our profound belief that beyond the chaste area of our British seas evil customs foregather of necessity. The ancient bye-law then, with an excellent understanding of matters, permits that:—

"All and singular persons drinking wine in taverns, or otherwise buying wine from them, may *look* as they will, whether the wine so sold as aforesaid in taverns, be drawn out of the Hogshead, *or taken from elsewhere.*"

Amongst a multitude of more commonplace entitlings and heraldic survivals occur the names of more uncommon signs, such, for instance, as "The Grinning Jackanapes," "The George and Thirteen Cantons," or the "Flying Childers."

In a little Hertfordshire village, not so remote from London, swings one of these rarer signs. "Mad Tom of Bedlam," garbed in a great ragged coat with skirts, looks appropriate enough in the narrow Georgian street through which three times weekly used to



formerly pass the stage for Dunstable, of straw-plait fame. John Aubrey, a writer of sorts, but an antiquary of unremitting industry, accounts for the sign and its curious reverse.

"Before the Civil warre, I remember Tom o' Bedlams went about a-begging. They had been such as had been in Bedlam, and there recovered, and come to some degree of soberness; and when they were licensed to goe out, they had on their left arm an armilla of tinne (printed), about three inches breadth, which was sodered on."

One is grateful to Aubrey for such items as this, and, as a sidelight upon his period, forgives him for being a man of singularly little mental luminosity. He is a striking example of the odd localisation of seventeenth-century enlightenment; in spite of birth and education he is almost ignorant, while others of that time—Dorothy, Lady Temple, immortal Evelyn—saving for certain little matters purporting to convention, might have been bred of this century.

In a number of the "London Gazette," appearing in 1675, occurs an advertisement throwing more enlightenment upon the order of mendicants, which was the origin of the "Mad Tom" sign.

"Whereas several vagrant persons do wander about the city of London, and countries; pretending themselves to be lunatics under cure in the Hospital of Bethlem, commonly called Bedlam, with brass plates upon their arms and inscriptions thereon. These are to give notice that there is no such liberty given to any Patients kept in the hospital for their cure, neither is any such plate as a distinction or mark, put upon any Lunatic during their being there or when discharged thence. And that the same is a false pretence to colour their wandering and begging and deceive the people to the dishonour of the government of that hospital." Privilege evidently had been wasted in abuse, and the permission Aubrey describes, retracted, as a means of being rid of a troublesome beggar pest.

The fashion of signboards belongs, of course, to an age when the man in the street was frequently an unlettered person; the manner of the sign did away with the necessity of the printer's art, and greatly facilitated the shopping of people whose spelling had less excellence than themselves. Inns enjoyed the monopoly of a picturesque fashion enforced upon them from the earliest times by law; but with the other trades it was left optional, and has left but small survival. A few here and there remain still. I know well by sight a battered Scotsman, as tall as a man, who spends his days outside a shop in a well-known London thoroughfare. On wet days and at night he is lifted within. It seems that he has some claim to the kindness of the people who house him, since they interest themselves

intelligently in his welfare ; but he has every appearance of age and approaching decrepitude, and perhaps their solicitations come from a sentimental thought that even he, battered old warrior, will not last for ever. This sober, kilted person has brethren scattered about in the country ; they guard thresholds of little shops, and signify that within snuff and tobacco are sold. Wherefore the following, which appeared as a humoresque upon that commando of 1745, decreeing that everything Scottish, the very nationality of the Scottish, was to disappear after their last effort for the feckless Stuart : " We hear that the dapper wooden Highlanders, who guard so heroically the doors of snuff shops, intend to petition the Legislature in order that they may be excused from complying with the Act of Parliament with regard to their change of dress, alledging that they have ever been faithful subjects of his Majesty, having constantly supplied his guards with a pinch out of their Mulls when they marched past them, and so far from engaging in any Rebellion, that they have never entertained a rebellious thought ; whence they humbly hope that they shall not be put to the expense of buying new clothes."

The particular Scotsman of my acquaintance is to be found on the road to a hostelry named "The Adam and Eve." The name in itself is a common inn title, and has no more interesting origin than having sprung from the old mystery plays which once were enacted, as a matter of course, in inn yards. Mysteries and moralities, their worth as an educational force, and their significance as to the beginnings of the drama, are out of place here ; but pause when you discover that "The Adam and Eve" stood in a road called Tothnam Court, lost in the country, and that, not so particularly early in the last century, a stage was used to run from it to the City, taking in its journey two and a half hours "quick time," and three hours back "fair time." Some new modes have indeed a superiority over the old !

The inn itself grew up from a fair old manor house whose ground rent belonged to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, called Tothnam Court—hence the modern rendering of the name—and was a pretty gabled and chequered building ; but as early as the days of George Wither, the Puritan poet, it had fallen to its new use, and was one of the boundaries of the Cockney's Sunday walk. It seems Wither eyed the lightheartedness of these town birds with leniency : there is no acidity in the verses he wrote touching on this place of resort ; they speak him a broader-minded Puritan than his hat and bands declare him in an old portrait.

Some by the banks of Thames their pleasure taking,  
Some sillibubs among the milkmaids making,  
With music some upon the waters rowing,  
Some to the next adjoining hamlets going,  
And Hogsdone, Islington, and Tothnam Court  
For cakes and cream had then no small resort.

Islington recalls the "Angel," a landmark of modern London. There has been an "Angel" there from time immemorial ; the name, by the bye, was adopted—from its signification of a messenger—as a sign for places of resort for carriers and errandmen. Mrs. Fitzwilliam, of brilliant but disreputable Regency days, had a joke that arose from this Islington hostelry. When the "Loves of the Angels" was produced at the Strand Theatre, it was proposed by somebody or other to Mrs. Fitzwilliam, the lessee of Sadler's Wells, that she should produce a piece upon the same subject at her theatre ; but Mrs. Fitzwilliam said, "No, no ; mine's not a celestial figure. Mrs. Waylett may be the Angel of St. Clement's if she likes, but I won't be the Angel at Islington."

About the Surrey Hills, and here and there eastwards and south of London, you may find still ancient and gnarled yews occurring with some method and sequence, and clinging now to earth in the decrepitude of stupendous old age. Dark spots in a rich green pastoral landscape, they dot the foot of Leith Hill, and are fine cover for the birds ; very whimsical shapes in the moonlight. In the days when men were devout, and followed religion with dogged resolution at considerable personal discomfort, holy pilgrims picked out the way to Canterbury by means of these yews, through the dense luxuriance of unspoiled country where a man might go in danger of his life, because of the perils of travelling in Chaucer's time. These "pilgrim yews" bring one to memories of the Tabard Inn in Southwark, busy with the bustle of departure, thronged with a motley multitude.

Byfel that, in that sesoun on a day,  
In Southwerk at the Tabbard as I lay,  
Redy to wenden on my pilgimage  
To Canturbury with ful devout corage,  
At night was come into that hostelrie  
Wel nyne and twenty in a companye  
Of sondry folk, by aventure i-falle  
In felawschipe : and pilgryms were thei alle  
That toward Canturbury wolden ryde.

Southwark, a step then without populous London, lacked not for inns : "there be many fair inns for receipt of travellers, . . .

amongst the which the most ancient the Tabard," writes Stowe in 1598. A hundred years later Aubrey is regretting the change in its ancient and renowned sign. He says, "The ignorant landlord or tenant, instead of the ancient sign of the Tabard, put up the Talbot or dog"; and this too within another hundred years has disappeared, for it and its supports were taken down in 1766. Southwark once had a fire as big in its way as London's conflagration. It began at four o'clock A.M. on May 23, "and continued with violence all that day and part of the night following." Charles II. was to the fore in the matter of the emergency—a man of parts when he chose, for all his dallying.

"All his Majesty's means for putting a stop to it—through the mercy of God finally affected, after that about six hundred houses had been burnt and blown up."

The Southwark catastrophe brings a curious item to notice. In the *London Gazette*, August 11, 1676, might be read an advertisement:—

"Whereas his Majesty hath granted Letters Patent unto Mr. Wharton and Mr. Strode, for a certain new invented engine for quenching a fire with leathern pipes, which causes a great quantity and continual stream of water with an extraordinary force to the top of any house, into any room, passage, or alley; being much more useful than any that hath hitherto been invented, as was attested under the hands of the Master of S. Thomas' Hospital as in the late Great Fire of Southwark, to the greatest benefit and advantage."

An embryo fire-engine is an interesting landmark on the way of smaller history.

Away in the west country loyalty was a fine motive of life and deeds when Cromwell was rearranging systems. It is a little curious that it should have been the same west that was first welcoming the Prince of Orange which, thirty-five years before, to a man, stood for King Charles: it would almost seem that the west had its discretion, and had discovered that the eyes of James Stuart were set too close together for proper governing—a poor sign that, always, in a face where width and toleration are looked for.

But in luscious Devon and in the gallant duchy of Cornwall there were many brave gentlemen who staked all on an ideal, and the foremost of these was Sir Bevill Grenvill. His was a school of manners and the old knightliness at Stowe manor, and when the flame of war shot out over that country, there were good soldiers ready for the King that Sir Bevill had had the moulding of. The



stand of the Cornishmen for the royal cause is a fine bit of incident in an epoch of great deeds and single-hearted purpose. Of one encounter with the enemy Sir Bevill writes to the lady his wife :—

“My dear love, it hath pleased God to give us a happy victory on this present Thursday, for which pray join me in giving God thanks. I had the van, and so after solemn prayers at the head of every division, I led my part away, who followed me with so great courage both down the one hill and up the other, that it struck a terror in them, and the wings of horse charged on both sides. But their courage so failed as they stood not the first charge of foot, but fled in great disorder, and we chased them divers miles.

“So I rest yours ever,  
“BEVILL GRENVILL.”

“The messenger is paid” was added, “yet give him a shilling more.”

A little inn stood in 1845 on Cornish soil whose simple cognomen was the “Tree,” and affixed somewhere to its walls was a tablet which was once one of the sides to a monument erected to Sir Bevill at Stratton Heights, and which, fragmentary-wise, reads thus :—

in this place ye (. . .) of ye  
Rebells under ye command  
Of ye Earl of Stamford, received a  
Signal overthrow  
By ye valour of Sir Bevil  
Granville and ye Cornish  
Army on Thursday ye  
16 day of May 1643.

“Rebells” stands a sturdy appellation of the Parliament men ; one fancies it in the mouth of Sir Bevill—square-jawed, determined, with earnest eyes, as he looks straight out of an old portrait.

This gossip of signs and quaint memories would run on but too willingly into many inconsequent pages. At every turn some antique fashion thrusts itself forward, or a usage long forgot is recalled—and along with it a glimpse back into times when the world was picturesque and honest, when shoddyism was unheard of, and snobbism not the weapon of money, but a fine art in the hands of the few.

ETTA COURTNEY.

*AMWELL IN HERTFORDSHIRE.*

EARLY last Spring I visited Amwell in Hertfordshire, a village well known to Master Izaak Walton in the days when he studied to be quiet and went a-fishing. At Broxbourne I left the footpath beside the Lea—that river which, as Drayton puts it, “brags of the Danish blood”; and the day was still young and misty when I caught my first glimpse of the tiny church of St. John the Baptist on the hillside among the trees. I had not turned aside to drink my morning draught at the “Thatched House” in Hoddesdon, for that cheery hostel is now only a memory; but my thoughts were of one who had often done so when he trod these Hertfordshire byways, among the water-lilies and lady-smocks, to meet Mr. Sadler’s otter-dogs upon Amwell Hill, or to look once again at the great trout, “near an ell long,” at Mr. Rickerbie’s, at the “George” in Ware.

Few men, even among “those literary fellows,” go on pilgrimage to Amwell, and yet they wend towards many a Mecca less worthy of reverence. The village is beautiful for situation, and is full of memories and traditions of several most interesting men. I learn as I write that Canon Benham rambled in the neighbourhood a few days ago and was delighted with all he saw. I can share his raptures. The cottages are sprinkled over the hillside in charmingly haphazard positions, overlooking the valley of the Lea; the New River is in the immediate foreground. Close to the church are the stocks, protected, I was pleased to see, by iron railings, and therefore less likely to suffer, from the wandering Hooligan, such wanton treatment as befell the stocks at Aldbury, in the far west of the county, a few years ago. They stand there much as they stood in the good old days, but will never again hold in their embrace the ne’er-do-well of Amwell, or the naughty yokel who snored too loudly in church. We have changed all that now—for better for worse.

As I loitered in the churchyard, I found myself thinking of Scott of Amwell. That John Scott was a Quaker and a poet, and that he spent most of his years at Amwell, is known to many. Perhaps I

shall bore no man, nor woman either, if I write a few sentences touching his works and ways. He was born at Bermondsey in 1730; he died and was buried at Ratcliff in 1783; his father, like Walton, was a linendraper. He lived for the most part at Amwell after the year 1740; here, too, lived Hoole, who introduced him to Johnson. Johnson did not include the poems of Scott among those of the "Most Eminent English Poets," nor, so far as I am aware, did he recommend them to the booksellers who were responsible for that astonishing selection. The omission is easily explained; he did not think "Amwell" or the "Elegies" worthy of such honour. He told Boswell, at General Oglethorpe's, that the "Elegies" were "pretty well, but such as twenty men might write." Boswell seems to have thought otherwise; possibly the verses of the Quaker whom Johnson loved and visited had afforded him such edification as he had found in "Ogden on Prayer." Scott's poems would hardly disgrace a collection which includes the verses of Yalden, Stepney, and Duke. His "Amwell" is as good as Savage's "Wanderer." His "Elegies" are as well turned as Hammond's, and little inferior to those of Shenstone. I wonder he did not write "Amwell" in rhyme instead of in very blank verse. The couplet flowed readily enough from eighteenth-century pens.

The house in which Scott lived is at Amwell End, between Amwell and Ware. The grounds which surrounded his home are in part built upon, but the house still stands. Here the bard, like Pope at Twickenham, amused himself by making a grotto, which you may see, hewn in the solid chalk and adorned with shells and fossils, for a modest charge. As becometh grottoes, it was sung in verse by its designer:—

At noon reclin'd, perhaps, he sits to view  
The bank's neat slope, the water's silver hue,  
Where, midst thick oaks, the subterranean way  
To the arch'd grot admits a feeble ray;  
Where glossy pebbles pave the varied floors,  
And rough flint-walls are decked with shells and ores,  
And silvery pearls, spread o'er the roofs on high,  
Shimmer like faint stars in a twilight sky:  
From noon's fierce glare, perhaps, he pleased retires,  
Indulging musings which the place inspires.  
Now where the airy octagon ascends,  
And wide the prospect o'er the vale extends,  
'Midst evening's calm, intent perhaps he stands,  
And looks o'er all that length of sun-gilt lands,  
Of bright green pastures, stretch'd by rivers clear  
And willow groves, or osier islands near.

Such as twenty men might write ! Scott's friend Hoole could have given him a lesson in smoothness of diction ; even Johnson, had he scanned the epistle from which I quote as he scanned the couplets of Crabbe, could have added to their sonority and point.

In the "Ambulator," a small gazetteer of the environs of London, published about a century ago, reference is made to a curious epitaph in the churchyard here :

That which a Being was, what is it ? show :  
That Being which it was, it is not now,  
To be what t'is, is not to be, you see :  
That which now is not, shall a Being be.

I found no headstone bearing this inscription, though I sought it diligently. But as I was lingering just outside the apse, which Canon Benham thought "most curious," I noticed a memorial of greater interest. This was the mausoleum of the Mylne family. The other day, when rummaging among the bookshops near Covent Garden, an old print in a window arrested my attention. It was a portrait of Robert Mylne. Now an inscription on the west side of the mausoleum is to the memory of this worthy, who spent his last few years at Amwell, but was buried near Sir Christopher Wren in St. Paul's Cathedral. He was born in Edinburgh in 1734, and is remembered by posterity at large as the designer of that bridge at Blackfriars which was pulled down in 1868. After studying architecture in Rome he came to London in 1759. At that time designs were invited for the bridge ; Mylne competed and his plans were accepted. The critics, expert and inexpert, were very angry. An old print in the British Museum is entitled "Just arrived from Italy, The Puffing Phenomenon with his Fiery Tail turn'd Bridge Builder !" Dr. Johnson contributed to the squabble, in the pages of the "Daily Gazetteer": "The whole of the argument in favour of Mr. M—— is only that there is an elliptical bridge at Florence, and an iron balustrade at Rome ; the bridge is owned to be weak, and the iron balustrade we consider as mean ; and are loth that our own country should unite two follies in a public work." The bridge, however, was erected, and I am glad to know that Dr. Johnson and Robert Mylne were in time fast friends.

But Mylne is remembered for his share in an undertaking more closely associated with Amwell, for in due course he became sole engineer to the New River Company, and lived in the village. Almost beneath the shadow of the church, on its eastern side, flows the New River, and there, on an islet close to the little handbridge that spans its gleaming water, stands the monument erected by



Mylne to the memory of Sir Hugh Myddelton, by whose enterprise and energy the famous watercourse was constructed in the reign of James I. The King watched the work in progress when staying at Theobalds, about seven miles south from Amwell, and took a practical interest in its welfare, for he was a large shareholder. Myddelton lived, meanwhile, at Bush Hill, Edmonton. In Mylne's time the course of the river was widened, and its works improved; but even to-day the general trend of its channel from Chadwell and Amwell springs to the north of London is much the same as at first.

From Chadwell's pool  
To London's plains, the Cambrian artist brought  
His ample aqueduct. . . . Old Lea, meanwhile,  
Beneath his mossy grot o'erhung with bows  
Of poplar, quivering in the breeze, surveys  
With eye indignant his diminished tide.

The names of Myddelton and Mylne must ever be associated with this picturesque village. As I paused near the islet and loitered beside the narrow waterway which we owe so largely to Myddelton, I remembered the words placed by Mylne over the grave of Wren :—

“Lector, si monumentum requiris, circumspice.”

Myddelton wrote his title to fame very legibly in the valley of the Lea, and Mylne, one hundred and fifty years later, did much to ensure that title's perpetuity. Near the monument to Myddelton, there is a second islet planted with shrubs; among them stands a large stone, bearing some lines by the Quaker poet :—

Amwell, perpetual be thy stream,  
Nor e'er thy springs be less,  
Which thousands drink who never dream  
Whence flows the boon they bless.  
Too often thus ungrateful man  
Blind and unconscious lives,  
Enjoys kind Heaven's indulgent plan,  
Nor thinks of Him who gives.

On the night of Thursday, March 9, 1608–9, one William Warner died suddenly in his bed at Amwell, and was buried the following Saturday in the village church. His name in the parish register suggests little to the average tourist; nor, perhaps, is the statement that he was “an attorneye of the common pleas” and “author of ‘Albion's England’” very helpful. And yet Warner will live in our annals, for his verses were read by those who, by a mere passing allusion, can render a name immortal. Lamb, who loved

so deeply the village of Amwell and the green fields of pleasant Hertfordshire, has recorded for us, in a letter to Ainsworth, his impression of "Albion's England." "I have read Warner with great pleasure. What an elaborate piece of alliteration and antithesis ! . . . . There is a fine simile or picture of Semiramis arming to repel a siege. I do not mean to keep the book, for I expect you are forming a curious collection, and I do not pretend to anything of the kind." Long before, Drayton had found in Warner some passages so "fine, cleere, and new" that he was taken with "almost wonder." "Albion's England" was published in 1586, midway between the "Gerusalemme Liberata" and the "Faerie Queen," and possibly found, for a time, almost as many readers as Tasso or Spenser. We have forgotten Warner in this degenerate age. I, at least, am sadly lacking in poetic taste ; for I once tried to read him at the British Museum, but gave in at the fourth page. "Albion's England" was dedicated to Sir Henry Carey, first Lord Hunsdon, who lived within an hour's stroll from Amwell, and had given Warner more than one friendly pat on the back. Readers will find the poem, of surprising length, in "Chalmers's Collection of English Poetry."

Little is known of the story of Amwell church in mediæval days. Chauncy, in his "Historical Antiquities of Hertfordshire," gives a list of the vicars from 1400 to 1695. The list is incomplete, for between the first two names, John Boddet and Henry Johnson, there is an interval of 149 years—too long for any vicariate since the days of Hilpa and Shalum. The year of John Boddet's institution coincides with the date assigned to what is probably the oldest monument in the church or churchyard. This is a brass near the lectern, bearing the effigy of a priest with his finger-tips together in an attitude of prayer ; a common figure, I believe, on English brasses. The church retains some Early English features, and is of interest to visitors for its two hagioscopes, some curious brasses, and a monument in the nave to William Empson, M.A. This, again, is a name to give us pause. Empson was with Macaulay at Trinity College, Cambridge, and subsequently succeeded Mackintosh as Professor of Polity and the Laws of England at Haileybury College, close to this village of Amwell. From 1823 some sixty articles from his pen appeared in the "Edinburgh Review," and when he sought a wife he found one in the only daughter of Francis Jeffrey.

I think I have justified my remark that this village abounds with memories and traditions of interesting men. Mention of one other worthy will take me to the end of my tether. In the church-

yard is the grave of Isaac Reed (1742-1807), and in the church is an inscription which warns us, somewhat unnecessarily, that we must die though we *read* till our eyes ache. Reed, whose father kept a baker's shop in Fleet Street, lived at Amwell for some years, and at Amwell he died after a life of whole-hearted devotion to Literature's "pale and shadowy, but enduring pleasures." Written by Boswell, his life would have made an interesting volume. He got together a large and curious library at Staple Inn, where he and Steevens pored over the text of Shakespeare to good purpose. "The best edition of Shakespeare is Isaac Reed's, in twenty-one volumes." So wrote Southey to John May, and so, probably, thought many of his contemporaries. How deeply Johnson was indebted to Reed for assistance in the shape of raw material for his "Lives" we learn from Boswell. Reed was for some years president of the "Un-increasable Club" which met at the Queen's Head in Holborn, and frequented literary gatherings at Mr. Dilly's in the Poultry, but does not appear to have been present on that memorable occasion when Jack Wilkes helped Dr. Johnson to veal and held the candle to show the print of a beautiful female.

A village like Amwell affords an ideal retreat to the man who loves learning and retirement rather than dissipation and noise. To Charles and Mary Lamb the village and its neighbourhood were as a green thought in a green shade. They rambled through "fair Amwell" as children; and in riper if not happier years they laid the scene of "Mrs. Leicester's School" in the village which they knew and loved so well. As I lingered near the stocks in the afternoon, listening to the song of a lark as it mounted heavenwards and to the merry voices of children at play by the riverside, "the young ladies of Amwell school" seemed no mere creations of fancy, and I found myself wishing to see the house where they plied their books. Lamb knew the spell of Coleridge's voice and the luxury of tobacco at the "Salutation and Cat," "amid a scene how different from this," and loved the playhouse and his Wednesday suppers; but Hertfordshire, and above all Widford and Amwell and Mackery End, seem to have filled his thoughts in more restful moments. For this reason I may end these rambling recollections in his own words, written in 1822 to one of the worthiest of his many friends—Wordsworth. "I had thought in a green age (oh green thought!) to have retired to Ponder's End, anon stretching, on some fine Izaak\* Walton morning, to Hoddesdon or Amwell, careless as a beggar."

*A NEW LIGHT  
ON ANNE ASKEWE.*

**A**NNA KYME, or, as she is commonly called, Anne Askewe, occupies an exalted place on the roll of our English martyrs. She was one of the first women, after the dawn of the Reformation, to offer herself as a victim to the stake in defence of Protestantism. Undismayed, she braved the wrath of that terrible King Henry VIII., the agonies of the rack, confinement in Newgate and the Tower, the ordeal of examination before Bishops Bonner and Gardiner and the Privy Council, with finally death by fire, rather than profess credence in the doctrine of transubstantiation. Many chances, indeed, were offered her of effecting escape from prison and from the fire, but she declined them all, and fought her way steadily to martyrdom.

Anna, younger daughter of Sir William Askewe, was born at a house of his in Lincolnshire in the year 1520. According to one tradition, the place of her birth was South Kelsey; according to another, Stallingborough. The name Askewe, or Askew, was variously spelled—Ascue, Ayscough, and Ayscue, being the principal other renderings. Her father was a staunch Catholic, and took part in the “Pilgrimage of Grace.” When less than twenty years of age, Anne was married to the eldest son of a rich landowner at Kelsey, named Thomas Kyme, who had been engaged to be married to her elder sister. On the latter’s sudden death, however, before the wedding could take place, Sir William urged Anne to step into the vacancy, to which scheme, against her own professed inclinations, she eventually consented. It was altogether an unlucky union, for soon after the birth of her second child serious differences broke out between the pair, and, as we have only the highly coloured and *ex-parte* records furnished by Anne’s devoted admirers, John Bale and Foxe, for reference as to the origin of the quarrel, it is difficult to ascertain the whole truth of the matter. It is evident that Anne’s husband was outwardly a Catholic, who may have viewed with some alarm his wife’s Protestant tendencies, in which she began openly to indulge soon after the birth of her first child.



Thomas Kyme, so we are told by Foxe and Bale, finding that Anne would pay no attention to his wishes by returning to the Catholic fold, violently turned her out of his house, and deprived her of the custody of her little children. This must have taken place apparently in either 1543 or 1544, so that her children were both infants and she herself a very young woman at the time.

But it seems likely that some other cause beyond that of religious convictions must have operated towards the separation of Anne from her husband. She was a person of a quick temper and a stubborn nature, and evidently paid little attention to her husband's likes and dislikes. What is more, she must have entertained but scant affection for her children, and was content to widen the domestic breach by endeavouring to get a divorce from Kyme, in which she was not successful. Meanwhile, her avowal of heretical opinions brought her under the displeasure of the local ecclesiastical authorities. She created disturbances in Lincoln Cathedral, where she would go and read the New Testament aloud, and dispute with the clergy attached to that beautiful building. Early in 1545 she had, however, left her native parts, after having been rebuked and disowned by her father and brother, for we find her in London. That it was not her husband's cruelty, as her admirers have pretended, that drove her away from home is proved by an extract I quote from the "*Acts of the Privy Council*," which has been overlooked by all her biographers, and shows that Thomas Kyme himself lay under some considerable suspicion as to the orthodoxy of his religious opinions, for we find that the Council assembled at Greenwich, May 23, 1546, made an order for Kyme's appearance before them, with Anne, within ten days of the receipt of the notice. Moreover, on June 19, 1546, an entry in these "*Acts*" states that :

"Thomas Keyme of Lincolnshire, who had maryed one Anne Ascue, called hither and lykewise his wief, who refused him to be her husbonde without any honest allegacion, was appointed to return to his countrey till he shulde be efstones sent for, and for that she was very obstinate and heddye in reasoning of matiers of religion, wherein she showed herself to be of naughty opinion, seeing no perswasions of good reasons could take place, she was sent to Newgate to remayne there tanswere to the lawe ; lykeas also, one White, who attempted to make an erronyeous boke, was sent to Newgate."

But, before the month of May, Anne Kyme's troubles had begun. She seems to have become acquainted with certain ladies

of the Court, with some especially of the Queen's household, who were suspected of leanings towards Lutheranism. There is, nevertheless, no foundation whatever for the popular story that she was employed as a maid-of-honour to Katherine Parr. As early in 1545 as March 11, Anne (who insisted upon being called by her maiden and not her husband's name) had been arrested, and was examined for heresy by one Christopher Dare at Sadlers' Hall. By Dare she was sent to appear before the Lord Mayor, who continued the examination, and then ordered her confinement in the Counter. On the 23rd of the month, Anne's "Cousin Brittainne came," as she tells us, "into the Compter and asked whether I might be put to bail or no?" He was told to "speak with the Chancellor of London," who apparently refused the request, and Anne was directed to appear next before Dr. Bonner, Bishop of London. To the credit of Bonner, who has probably been more harshly judged for his share in the Marian persecutions than he has deserved, she was treated with the utmost kindness, gentleness, and consideration, and although it was clear that the accused professed no belief in the doctrine of transubstantiation—the crucial test—Bonner, anxious to save her, permitted Anne to sign evasively a document drawn up in terms just sufficiently broad and ambiguous to admit of her release from custody. This relief was destined to be of brief duration, for in June she was once more under lock and key.

Anne was, indeed, determined to make her voice heard in favour of the reformed doctrines. She went about London openly inviting men and women to reject the "Six Articles;" hence her second arrest, effected at the instance of the Privy Council, and her incarceration in Newgate. This time, too, Anne, "whose name," as Froude writes, "was to be written among those who were to serve Heaven in their deaths rather than in their lives," was not so fortunate as to find a judge so merciful as Bishop Bonner. She was repeatedly brought up before the Council, whose chief spokesman was Bishop Gardiner, and at whose advice she was sent from Newgate to the Tower, and eventually sentenced to death. Confined in the Tower, efforts were made to get her to implicate certain ladies of the Court, such as the Countesses of Suffolk, Hertford, and Sussex, but she refused to confess anything against them. In the Tower she was put on the rack, but owing to the Lieutenant, Sir Anthony Knyvet, thinking her endurance had been taxed enough, she was taken off, against the wishes of the Chancellor Wriothesley and Sir Richard Rich, who were present, and insisted upon the torture being prolonged. Knyvet refused, whereupon the two re-

representatives of the Council, "throwing off their gowns, would needs play the tormentors themselves ; first asking her if she were with child. To whom answering again (she) said, 'Ye shall not need to spare for that, but do your wills upon me.' And so quietly and patiently praying unto the Lord, she abode their tyranny, till her bones and joints were almost plucked asunder." (Foxe.)

Meanwhile, Knyvet, enraged at this cruelty, made his way, by boat, to the Court, where he demanded an immediate audience with the King, to whom he complained of Wriothesley's interference, "which, when the King had understood, he seemed not very well to like of their extreme handling of the woman and also granted the Lieutenant his pardon, willing to return and see to his charge. Great expectation was, in the mean season, among the warders and other officers of the Tower, waiting for his return ; whom when they saw come so joyfully, declaring to them how he had sped with the King, they were not a little joyous."

On July 16, Anne Askew, together with John Adams, a tailor, John Lascelles, a gentleman formerly holding a post in the Royal household, and Nicholas Belenian, a secular priest from Shropshire, were carried to the stake, erected in front of the Priory Church of Saint Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield. The relentless Wriothesley and other members of the Council were present as spectators, and viewed the proceedings with as much pleasure as theatre-goers of our day would applaud an amusing farce (although they, at first, expressed some fear lest they should be hurt by the ignition of some gunpowder, given to the victims to shorten their sufferings). Before being bound to the stake by a chain, Anne was offered the Royal pardon if she would sign a recantation of her heresies. She indignantly declined. The Lord Mayor exclaimed "*Fiat Justitia*," and the flames arose.

"At the first putting to of the fire," records an eye-witness, "there fell a little dew, or a few pleasant drops upon us that stood by, a pleasing noise from Heaven, God knows whether I may truly term it a thunder crack, as the people did in the gospel, John xii. 29, or an angel, or rather God's own voice."

Thus perished in the fire Anne Kyme, a woman of heroic courage and unflinching devotion to her religion. Her literary remains which have come down to us comprise complete accounts of her examinations before the "Inquisitors." According to her statements therein, she seemed to delight in recording the story of her troubles, and she includes a narration of the controversies raging between

herself and the interrogators with reference to the doctrine of the Real Presence. Anne was evidently possessed of great physical strength, for she exults in relating how, after she had recovered from her swoon on being loosed from the rack, she "sat two long hours reasoning with my Lord Chancellor upon the bare floor ; where he, with many flattering words, persuaded me to leave my opinion. But my Lord God gave me grace to persevere," &c.

Much as we must admire Anne's conduct in adhering to the dictates of her conscience, and in willingly submitting to be led out to die the most painful of deaths for her faith's sake, it must nevertheless be confessed that her character, considered as a woman, and not merely as a martyr, has been unduly lauded and magnified by her biographers. The evidence of the Privy Council books refutes *in toto* the charges of cruelty made by her biographers against Thomas Kyme. It is impossible to look upon her as a very affectionate mother or as a strictly dutiful wife. She suffered herself to be cajoled into marrying a wealthy man simply for his wealth's sake, and then grumbled at the obvious results. To Bishop Bonner she behaved with conspicuous ingratitude for his many kindnesses shown to her. Her controversies concerning the Sacrament with Bonner and with Gardiner remind us of the discussions relating to the same doctrine that took place between Lady Jane Grey and Father Feckenham. Anne and Lady Jane Grey held, indeed, precisely the same religious opinions, and, although the more stalwart and fiery Lincolnshire lady lacked the grace and personal charm of the "ten days' Queen," she resisted the "Inquisitors" with as much courage and controversial skill as Lady Jane fenced with the learned Benedictine. But, with all her faults, Anne Askewe's later life was that of a brave and noble woman, for over and over again she refused to save herself by making the most simple recantation of her opinions.

Of her literary remains, the specimen most interesting to the modern reader will probably prove to be the following poem, which was first published by John Bale, afterwards Bishop of Ossory, at Marburg, in 1546. If it gives no evidence of the possession of poetical genius, it reveals, nevertheless, the same integrity of her Protestant principles which is manifested in the spirit of all her prose writings :—

Like as the armèd knight  
Appointed to the field,  
With this world will I fight,  
And faith shall be my shield.



Faith is that weapon strong  
Which will not fade at need ;  
My foes, therefore, among,  
There with will I proceed.

As it is had in strength  
And force of Christ his way,  
It will prevall at length  
Though all the dev'ls say nay.

Faith in the Fathers old  
Obtainèd righteousness,  
Which makes me very bold  
To fear no world's distress.

I now rejoyce in heart,  
And hope bid me do so,  
For Christ will take my part,  
And ease me of my woe.

Thou say'st, Lord, whoso knock  
To them wilt thou attend ;  
Undo, therefore, the lock,  
And thy strong power send.

More enemies now I have  
Than hairs upon my head,  
Let them not me deprave,  
But fight thou in my stead.

On thee my care I cast,  
For all their cruel spite,  
I set not by their haste,  
For thou art my delight.

I am not she that list  
My anchor to let fall,  
For every drizzling mist,  
My ship substantial.

Not oft used I to write  
In prose, nor yet in rhyme,  
Yet will I show one sight  
That I saw in my time.

I saw a rival throne,  
Where justice should have sit,  
But in her stead was one  
Of moody, cruel wit.

Absorbed was righteousness,  
As of the raging flood ;  
Satan, in his excess,  
Sucked up the guiltless blood.

Then thought I, Jesus Lord,  
When thou shalt judge us all,  
Hard is it to record  
On these men what shall fall.

Yet Lord, I thee desire,  
For that they do to me,  
Let them not taste the hire  
Of their iniquity.



PHILIP SIDNEY.

## *THE CENTENARY OF THE IMMORTAL SCOTTISH ITINERARY.*

"**W**ILLIAM and I parted with Mary on Sunday afternoon, August 14, 1803: and William, Coleridge, and I left Keswick on Monday morning, the 15th, at twenty minutes after eleven."

That is the first sentence of Dorothy Wordsworth's immortal "Recollections of a Tour made in Scotland (A.D. 1803)." I use the word "immortal" advisedly. The journals written by Dorothy Wordsworth, writes the most eminent of the "Wordsworthians," Professor Knight, "and her reminiscences of tours made with her brother, are more interesting to posterity than her Letters"; and in the "Recollections of the Table Talk of Samuel Rogers, Esquire. With a Memoir of His Life" (1856) the banker-poet is quoted as saying, "I do indeed regret that Wordsworth has printed only fragments of his sister's journal; it is most excellent, and ought to have been published entire." These charming journals are now printed entire, in vols. 11 and 12 of the "Eversley" edition of the works of Wordsworth, published by Macmillan & Co. (1896-7). They comprise the Alfoxden journal (1798), the Hamburg journal (1798), the Grasmere journals (1800, 1801, 1802, 1803), the "Recollections of a Tour made in Scotland (A.D. 1803)," the journal of "A Mountain Ramble by Dorothy and William Wordsworth" (1805), "Extracts from Dorothy Wordsworth's Journal of a Tour on the Continent" (1820), and "Extracts from Dorothy Wordsworth's Tour in the Isle of Man" (1828). In this article the extracts and explanatory notes are exclusively confined to the Scottish tour, which is barely second to the more popular Grasmere journals, not only as a revelation of the genius and personal charm of the great poet's sister, but from a literary, sociological, and even historical point of view. At the time this "tour" was made, "pro-di-gi-ous" progress had been effected in the industrial, social, and even literary condition of Scotland, described by Macaulay as existing at the Revolution. Even in 1803, however, "scarcely anything was known

about the Celtic part of Scotland " even to Lowland Scotsmen, and much less to Englishmen. As far as the Highlands were concerned, at least a great part of them, the real condition of the country in 1688 was the popular view of it among Englishmen at the close of the eighteenth century :

" Indeed, law and police, trade and industry, have done far more than people of romantic dispositions will readily admit to develop in our minds a sense of the wilder beauties of nature. A traveller must be free from an apprehension of being murdered or starved before he can be charmed by the bold outlines or rich tints of the hills. He is not likely to be thrown into ecstasies by the abruptness of a precipice from which he is in imminent danger of falling two thousand feet perpendicular ; by the boiling waves of a torrent which suddenly whirls away his baggage and forces him to run for his life ; by the gloomy grandeur of a pass where he finds a corpse which marauders have just stripped and mangled ; or by the screams of those eagles whose next meal may probably be his own eyes."

At the end of the eighteenth century and beginning of the nineteenth, travelling, even in the most remote parts of Scotland, was no longer perilous, but it was often risky, and at all times, and in all places, inconvenient, disagreeable, and expensive. The wand of "The Wizard of the North" had not yet conjured up and covered the wild heaths, the shaggy woods, the mountains and the floods with the halo of an imperishable romance, and even the great highways were often impassable by man and beast, notwithstanding the triumphs of the first great military roadmaker in the Highlands, so sublimely eulogised in the "poetic" couplet of an unknown Scottish bard :

Had you seen these roads before they were made,  
You'd have lifted your hands and blessed General Wade.

Previous to the Wordsworth-Coleridge tour four memorable ones had been made, and the narratives may still be read with pleasure and profit even in this age. First in point of time, and,

If not first, in the very first line

of such travels, was Dr. Johnson's tour with his biographer Boswell, carried out in 1773, and published in the same year. Thomas Pennant (correspondent of the celebrated naturalist, White of Selborne) made a tour in Scotland in 1769, and published his narrative in 1771. From a strictly natural-history point of view that is still a work of absorbing interest and real value. In or about 1787 a noted Yorkshire squire, Colonel Thornton, made a sporting tour in Scotland, and published the story of his fishing and shooting



exploits in 1804—a fascinating book, not devoid, however, of “long-bow” gasconading, his famous story of the capture of a 48-lb. pike being now taken *cum grano salis*. In the same year of the Wordsworth-Coleridge journey, 1803, a Rev. James Hall, M.A., made a very extended tour in the north and west of Scotland, and published his experiences in 1804. In many respects this is the most interesting of all these or any other narratives, but beyond the fact that the author was educated at St. Andrews University, and what of a biographical nature is revealed in his two volumes, I have been unable to discover anything about him.

#### THE WORDSWORTH-COLERIDGE ITINERARY.

This lasted six weeks, from August 14, 1803, to September 25, and did not reach farther north than Elginshire. The journey was made in “a one-hoss shay,” but it was not built on the lines of “The Deacon’s Masterpiece,” and much of the sightseeing was done on foot, especially by William and Dorothy Wordsworth, both very noted for their strenuous and long-distance pedestrian excursions, even in an age of “Shanks’s nag” feats, sometimes for hundreds of miles. In what follows no attempt is made to deal with Dorothy’s narrative in the regular sequence of experiences and extracts, and explanations will only be given about matters of human interest now and, probably, as long as the names of Wordsworth and Coleridge are remembered.

#### AT BURNS’S GRAVE AND HOUSE.

On August 18 the party arrived in Dumfries, and it is not strange that the first place they visited was the grave of Burns (died July 21, 1796). It was this visit that afterwards inspired Wordsworth’s fine admonitory poem, not published till 1845, beginning :

Mid crowded obelisks and urns  
I sought the untimely grave of Burns ;  
Sons of the Bard, my heart still mourns  
    With sorrow true ;  
And more would grieve, but that it turns  
    Trembling to you !

Through twilight shades of good and ill  
Ye now are panting up life’s hill,  
And more than common strength and skill  
    Must ye display,  
If ye would give the better will  
    Its lawful sway.

"Burns," writes Dorothy, "lies at a corner of the churchyard, and his second son, Francis, by him." (This, of course, was before the erection of the existing mausoleum.) "There is no stone to mark the spot, but a hundred guineas have been collected to be expended on some sort of monument. . . . The churchyard is full of grave-stones and expensive monuments in all sorts of fantastic shapes—obelisk-wise, pillar-wise, etc." And that is still a painful feature of the place :

"Time, which antiquates antiquities, and hath an art to make dust of all things, hath yet spared these minor (hideous) monuments."

Dorothy had a fine appreciation of the grim humour of the proud and ignorant parochial burgher. "There," said their guide, a local tradesman, pointing to a pompous monument, "'there lies such an one' (I have forgotten his name), 'a remarkably clever man; he was an attorney, and hardly ever lost a cause he undertook. Burns made many a lampoon upon him, and there they rest, as you see.' We looked at the grave (Burns's, not the smart attorney's) with melancholy and painful reflections."

They also visited the house where Burns last lived and died, and, afterwards, Ellisland. The former had "a mean appearance, and is in a bye-situation, whitewashed, dirty about the doors, as almost all Scotch houses are: but one redeeming feature, flowering plants in the windows." It is creditable to the known good housewifery of Jean Armour that Dorothy, as noted for her homely tidiness as Mrs. Battle herself, found the inside of the place a little more pleasing. "Mrs. Burns," writes Dorothy, "was gone to spend some time by the sea-shore with her children. We spoke to the servant-maid at the door, who invited us forward, and we sat down in the parlour. The walls were coloured with a blue wash; on one side of the fire was a mahogany desk, opposite to the window a clock, and over the desk a print from 'The Cottar's Saturday Night,' which Burns mentions in one of his letters having received as a present."

This passage probably refers to the picture by Allan, alluded to by Thomson, in his letter to Burns, dated Edinburgh, May 1795, in which he says: "The figure (of a boy) intended for your portrait, I think strikingly like you, as far as I can remember your phiz." In acknowledging the picture, Burns wrote to Thomson, "My phiz is *sae kenspeckle*" (recognisable) "that the very joiner's apprentice whom Mrs. Burns employed to break up the parcel . . . knew it at once."

Dorothy proceeds: "The house was cleanly and neat in the inside,

the stairs of stone, scoured white, the kitchen on the right side of the passage, the parlour on the left. In the room above the parlour the poet died, and his son after him in the same room. The servant told us she had lived five years with Mrs. Burns."

#### A REMARKABLE VILLAGE LIBRARY.

Proceeding north into Lanarkshire, they made a halt at the village of Wanlockhead, about eight miles from Sanquhar, high upon the wind-swept moors, almost as isolated from gregarious human communion to-day as it was a hundred years ago. It was then, as now, almost exclusively occupied by lead-miners and their families, a scene of strenuous daily labour, and, as Dorothy reveals in her journals, of even elevated intellectual and moral tastes and aspirations. The passages relating to Wanlockhead and its humble miners are well worth reproducing in these days of plethoric public libraries of febrile or nauseous fiction gormandising. Under date August 19 Dorothy writes :

"We passed a decent-looking inn, the 'Hopetoun Arms,' but the house of Mrs. Otto, a widow, had been recommended to us with high encomiums. We did not then understand Scotch inns, and were not quite satisfied at first with our accommodation, but all things were smoothed over by degrees ; we had a fire lighted in our dirty parlour ; tea came after a reasonable waiting ; and the fire, with the gentle aid of twilight, burnished up the room into cheerful comfort. Coleridge was weary ; but William and I walked out after tea. We talked with one of the miners, who informed us that the building which we had supposed to be a school was a library belonging to the village. He said that they had got a book into it a few weeks ago, which had cost thirty pounds, and that they had all sorts of books. 'What ! have you Shakespeare?' 'Yes, we have that,' and we found, on further inquiry, that they had a large library, of long standing, that Lord Hopetoun had subscribed liberally to it, and that gentlemen who came with him were in the habit of making larger or smaller donations. Each man who had the benefit of it paid a small sum monthly—I think about fourpence. The man we talked with spoke much of the comfort and quiet in which they lived, one among another ; he made use of a noticeable expression, saying, that they were 'very peaceable people, considering they lived so much underground' ; wages were about thirty pounds a year ; they had land for potatoes, warm houses, plenty of coals, and only six hours' work each day, so that they had leisure for reading if they chose. He said the place was healthy, that the inhabitants lived to a great age ; and indeed we saw no appearance of ill-health in their countenances ; but it is not common for people working in lead mines to be healthy, and I have since heard that it is *not* a healthy place. However this may be, they are unwilling to allow it,

for the landlady the next morning, when I said to her 'You have a cold climate,' replied 'Ay, but it is *varra halesome*.' We inquired of the man respecting the large mansion; he told us that it was built, as we might see, in the form of an 'H,' and belonged to the Hopetouns, and they took their title from thence, and that part of it was used as a chapel. We went close to it and were a good deal amused with the building itself, standing forth in bold contradiction of the story, which I daresay every man of Leadhills tells, and every man believes, that it is in the shape of an 'H'; it is but half an H, and one must be very accommodating to allow even *so* much, for the legs are far too short."

"A book that cost thirty pounds!" and that, too, in a mining village with a total population of about 500 all told, in one of the most elevated and lonely parts of the south of Scotland a hundred years ago! What could that book have been? In all probability the third edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," published (18 vols.) in 1797. Wanlockhead is not devoid of other literary associations. The father of Allan Ramsay was for many years foreman of the Hopetoun Mining Works, though he himself was not born there, but in the village of Crawford, in the neighbouring county of Lanark. In one of the songs of his "Gentle Shepherd" he makes reference to the place:

The lass o' Patie's Mill,  
Sae bonie, blithe, and gay,  
O, had I a' the wealth  
Hopetoun's big mountains fill,  
I'd promise, and fulfil, &c.

Burns, on his gauging rounds, must have been well acquainted with Wanlockhead, but in his works only one reference is found to it (Impromptu, "With Pegasus upon a day," &c.), strange to say; for, while Burns at Ellisland strenuously laboured to promote a village library in its neighbourhood, and even made great sacrifices in doing so, no allusion is made to this library, which must have been a flourishing one long before he became an exciseman.

#### CORA LINN: A COLERIDGE INCIDENT.

Madame de Staël declared that Coleridge "could talk, but *only* by monologue," and De Quincey, who knew him much better, said that he "could *not* talk unless he were uninterrupted," and there is the story of Coleridge so fascinating an innkeeper with his eloquence that he refused any payment for the poet's lodging and entertain-



ment. Coleridge appears in a pleasant light on the party's visit to Cora Linn (Falls of Clyde, near Lanark). He (Coleridge), writes Dorothy, "who is always good-natured enough to enter into conversation with anybody whom he meets on the way, began a talk with a gentleman, who observed that it" (Cora Linn) "was 'a majestic waterfall.' Coleridge was delighted with the accuracy of the epithet, particularly as he had been settling in his own mind the precise meaning of the words grand, majestic, sublime, &c., and had discussed the subject with William at some length the day before. 'Yes,' said Coleridge, 'it is a majestic waterfall.' 'Sublime and beautiful,' replied his friend. Poor Coleridge could make no answer, and, not very desirous to continue the conversation, came to us and related the story, laughing heartily"; and that is probably the first and last time ever S. T. C. had the words "taken out of his own mouth" in a talking bout, and that, too, by an unknown "unspeakable Scot!"

#### THE DRINK PROBLEM: A LEVIATHAN TOPER.

Dr. Johnson is credited with the statement that in his youth "all the *respectable* people in Lichfield got drunk every night," and Boswell, who was a famous toper, got one of the "butt-end-of-his-gun" knock-down blows for raising the drink question. "You know, sir," he said to the eminent lexicographer, "drinking drives away care, and makes us forget whatever is disagreeable. Would not you allow a man to drink for that reason?" Johnson: "Yes, sir, if he sat next *you*!" A hundred years ago Scotsmen drank a "pro-di-gi-ous" amount of whisky; and Hall, in his "Travels in Scotland" (*op. cit.*), declares that "children often, *the day they are born*, begin to be initiated in drinking this baleful liquor," and also that he found in the Highlands this common prayer, "God keep us from that disorder that whisky will not cure!" On the journey from Lanark to Hamilton, Dorothy got into conversation (she was dearly fond of a bit of harmless gossip) with a man who was walking at the rate of five miles an hour, and he told her that he had "lately walked from Lanark to Edinburgh (about 45 miles), done some errands, and returned to Lanark," and he added that "he had a very old father who could walk at the rate of four miles an hour for twenty-four miles any day, and had never had an hour's illness in his life." "Then," said I, "he has not drunk much strong liquor?" "Yes," was the emphatic reply, "enough to drown him!"

## LANARK AND ITS INNS IN 1803.

What the party experienced at Lanark (by the way, Dorothy always uses the old spelling, "Lanerk"), as far as inn accommodation was concerned, may be here quoted as fairly typical of what travellers in all parts of Scotland had to put up with a hundred years ago.

"When we came to the Black Bull we had no wish to enter the apartments; for it seemed the abode of dirt and poverty, yet it was a large building. The town showed a sort of French face, and would have done much more, had it not been for the true British tinge of coal-smoke; the doors and windows dirty, the shops dull, the women, too, seemed to be very dirty in their dress. The town itself is not ugly; the houses are of grey stone, the streets not very narrow, and the market-place decent. The New Inn is a handsome old stone building, formerly a gentleman's house. We were conducted into a parlour, where people had been drinking; the tables were unwiped, chairs in disorder, the floor dirty, and the smell of liquors was most offensive."

## OWEN'S INDUSTRIAL UTOPIA.

Dorothy sheds a little sidelight on Robert Owen's industrial Utopia—a large cotton mill, established at New Lanark, and worked (or rather designed) on a semi-Socialistic basis, with the object of "teaching his workpeople the advantages of thrift, cleanliness, and good order," and, at the same time, something more tangible and lasting, a system of infant education, the forerunner of that system of "half-timers" schooling in Scottish mills which, in its day, did much for the education of the children of the poorest classes of factory "hands." In some respects this scheme was the maddest ever born of the brain of man, and only paralleled in these times by the disastrous failure of a Socialistic "home colony" project in the beautiful Lake District. These two projects, however, differed in one important feature. Robert Owen paid for his Socialistic tune out of his own pocket; the Westmorland fiasco was paid for (about £8000) by the gullible British public. "We passed through a great part of the town," writes Dorothy, "then turned down a steep hill, and came in view of a long range of cotton mills" (Owen's) . . . "A party of boys, dressed all alike, in blue, very neat, were standing at the chaise-door; we conjectured they were charity scholars, but found on inquiry that they were apprentices to the cotton factory. We were told that they were well instructed in reading and writing. We had seen a flock of girls, dressed in grey, coming out of the factory, probably apprentices also."

BOTHWELL CASTLE A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

At the present day, the railway station for Bothwell Castle is called "Tillietudlem," the only instance on record of a place having been renamed from fiction (*vide* Scott's "Old Mortality"), surely a matter of encouragement to contemporary Kail-yarders. Dorothy, in many parts of her journals, displays an appreciative and artistic sense of scenic beauty, and her descriptive gifts, without laborious affectation, never tempt her into the "Capability Brown" afflatus of modern journalism. Those who are familiar with Bothwell Castle at the present day will read with interest how it appeared to our diarist a hundred years ago :

"The Castle stands nobly overlooking the Clyde. When we came up to it I was hurt to see that flower-borders had taken place of the natural overgrowings of the ruin, the scattered stones and wild plants. It is a large and grand pile of red freestone, harmonising perfectly with the rocks of the river, from which, no doubt, it has been hewn. When I was a little accustomed to the unnaturalness of a modern garden, I could not help admiring the excessive beauty and luxuriance of some of the plants, particularly the purple-flowered clematis, and a broad-leaved creeping plant without flowers, which scrambled up the castle wall along with the ivy, and spread its vine-like branches so lavishly that it seemed to be in its natural situation, and one could not help thinking that, though not self-planted among the ruins of this country, it must somewhere have its natural abode in such places. If Bothwell Castle had not been close to the Douglas mansion we should have been disgusted with the possessor's miserable conception of 'adorning' such a venerable ruin ; but it is so very near to the house that of necessity the pleasure-grounds must have extended beyond it, and perhaps the neatness of a shaven lawn and the complete desolation natural to a ruin might have made an unpleasing contrast, and besides, being within the precincts of the pleasure-grounds, and so very near to the modern mansion of a noble family, it has forfeited in some degree its independent majesty, and becomes a tributary to the mansion ; its solitude being interrupted, it has no longer the same command over the mind in sending it back into past times, or excluding the ordinary feelings which we bear about us in daily life. We had then only to regret that the castle and house were so near to each other ; and it was impossible *not* to regret it ; for the ruin presides in state over the river, far from city or town, as if it might have had a peculiar privilege to preserve its memorials of past ages and maintain its own character and independence for centuries to come."

A SCENE IN ARGYLESHIRE.

Here may appropriately be introduced another specimen of Dorothy Wordsworth's rare descriptive gifts, of a scene widely con-

trasted with that of Bothwell Castle. On September 2 William and Dorothy arrived in Appin, Argyleshire (Coleridge parted from them at Arrochar on August 29, and appears to have wandered by himself at his "own sweet will" over a good part of Perthshire), and the diary contains the following fine description of the scene viewed from the clachan of Portnacroish :

"A covering of clouds rested on the long range of the hills of Morven, mists floated very near to the water on their sides, and were slowly shifting about : yet the sky was clear, and the sea, from the reflection of the sky, of an ethereal or sapphire blue, which was intermingled in many places, and mostly by gentle gradations, and beds of bright dazzling sunshine ; green islands lay on the calm water, islands far greener, for so it seemed, than the grass of other places ; and from their excessive beauty, their unearthly softness, and the great distance of many of them, they made us think of the islands of the blessed in the 'Vision of Mirza' a resemblance more striking from the long tract of mist which rested on the top of the steeps of Morven. The view was endless, and though not so wide, had something of the intricacy of the islands and water of Loch Lomond as we saw them from Inch-ta-vannach ; and yet how different ! At Loch Lomond we could never forget that it was an inland lake of fresh water, nor here that it was the sea itself, though among multitudes of hills. Immediately below us, on an island a few yards from the shore, stood an old keep or fortress ; the vale of Appin opened to the waterside, with cultivated fields and cottages. If there were trees near the shore they contributed little to the delightful effect of the scene ; it was the immeasurable water, the lofty mist-covered steeps of Morven, to the right the emerald islands without a bush or tree, the celestial colour and brightness of the calm sea, and the innumerable creeks and bays, the communion of land and water as far as the eye could travel."

It was in the neighbourhood of beautiful Loch Lomond (which, by the way, Dr. Johnson just thirty years previously visited, and found the islets disgusting, for "instead of soft lawns and shady thickets, nothing more than uncultivated ruggedness" !) the Wordsworths encountered the girl, beautiful, graceful, of gentle manners and winning ways, who inspired the charming lyric :

Sweet Highland Girl, a very shower  
Of beauty is thy earthly dower.

They visited the grave of Rob Roy. "There were several tombstones, but the inscriptions were either worn-out or unintelligible to us, and the place choked up with nettles and brambles" ; but it was this spot that inspired the poem beginning :



A famous man is Robin Hood,  
The English ballad-singer's joy,  
And Scotland boasts of one as good,  
She has her own Rob Roy.

They visited Inveraray Castle, and Dorothy was charmed with the scenery, even with the "town" of that name, and, in these days of electric illumination of theatres, &c., she has an interesting comment on the view. "The town looked pretty when we drew near to it in connexion with its situation, different from any place I had ever seen, yet exceedingly like what I imagined to myself from representations of raree-shows, or pictures of foreign places—Venice, for example—painted on the scene of a play-house, which one is apt to fancy are as cleanly and gay as they look through the magnifying-glass of the raree-show or in the *candle-light dazzle* of a theatre." At Callander they were presented with "a pamphlet descriptive of the neighbourhood," and that is the first mention of a "guide-book," for such it appears to have been, to be found in English literature. It would be interesting to know if a copy of it survives. The interviews with Scott were deeply interesting, and the visit to Neidpath Castle, Peebles, and view of the deforestation wreck made by the notorious "Old Q." (Duke of Queensberry) inspired the indignant sonnet beginning :

Degenerate Douglas ! thou unworthy lord,

quite as vigorous as the lines penned by Burns over the deforestation of the Drumlanrig woods :

How shall I sing Drumlanrig's Grace—  
Discarded remnant of a race  
Once great in martial story ?  
His forebears' virtues all contrasted—  
The very name of Douglas blasted—  
His that inverted glory !

The banks and braes around Drumlanrig have long since been re-afforested. Neidpath remains now a

Mere tottering wreck,  
That shows what it has been.

For the other innumerable delightful passages in Dorothy's "Journal" of a hundred years ago, our readers must consult its pages.

G. W. MURDOCH.

*AN ELIZABETHAN PLAYHOUSE.**EXTRACT FROM A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN'S  
LETTER TO HIS WIFE.*

THOU knowest, Sweetheart, that I am no roysterer, and count the days till we do meet, but as it may be many years before I revisit London, I think well to acquaint myself with all the sights thereof. Thus only can I admonish our Miles when he is of age to ruffle it at Court and in the City, and our Gracious Queen hath made the Playhouses of such account that I e'en visited one but yesterday at noon.

I stood on the stairs opposite to Paul's at a quarter before three, but feared to be late at the "Swan" as there was a mighty bandying of words between the watermen. A young Swashbuckler had disputed his fare with a waterman, the man's fellows joined in, and the sport had like to have become serious. The gallant barely escaped a ducking, but faith, Moll, I was too eager to be off to be-moan myself, had he been nigh drowned. Human life is of poor account in this great city, and the heads on Traitor's Gate lose their terror by custom, nay, even the Court ladies delicate as thyself will count them and point them to their fellows. Truly I rejoice that my wife is no Court lady. Despite my haste to be in time at the "Swan" I would fain have lingered upon the river with its masts and shipping, its gay wherries, and its fleet of pleasure boats, though it would have frightened thee to have seen how my waterman pushed and strove through the traffic, and bandied strange oaths with the master of a large wherry which had well nigh sunk us. I stepped ashore at "Paris Garden Stairs," whence I could discern the wooden theatre where I was minded to spend the afternoon. It was gay with flags, and on it were boards with the name of the play in large red letters. 'Twas a play of Master Shakespeare's, and 'tis styled "Hamlet." I would that the play itself were as easy to understand as its name, which most men could spell. Nevertheless, for the due understanding of the rabble, there were men all round the theatre shouting the

name of the play, and how Hamlet was the "Prince of Denmark," which was well added, for the rabble dearly love a prince e'en upon the stage. Faith, Moll, thou needest not to fear for me through the follies of the play, for "Hamlet" is a most sad and sober piece, and the moralities of thy good father's time could not have been graver.

I was fain to enter the "Swan" that I might escape the noises that bewildered my country breeding. There were the criers of the play, of whom I told you, the hawkers, the shouts from the river, and the growling and lowing of the bears and the bulls who are baited hard by in Paris Gardens. I would as lief have seen the bull-baiting, but thou lov'st not to hear of such sport, though after all these dumb creatures be no Christians, so what would you have? I thought to find some quiet within the theatre, but 'twas well nigh worse than the street, what with the fellows with chairs to hire, or pipes, oranges and ale to sell, or the bill of the play, and the scuffling of the roysterers with their cards and dice. There were brave gallants in the best places on the stage where you may hire a stool for a shilling, but thou know'st, Sweetheart, that our neighbour Sir Anthony Hammond is now in town, and though thou canst not comprehend the enormous compass of this our London, I fear me that he also may seek this haunt of the players. Sir Anthony is a babbler, and we would not cause pain to your excellent father, who hath a touch o' the Puritan heresy. Therefore took I what men do style a "box" where all was in darkness but for the narrow aperture whence I surveyed the stage. 'Twas a gruesome hole in itself, Moll, no better than the pound at home, wherein as justice I have bestowed many a sorry idler, nay, 'twas dustier, for I gathered my City bravery about me, and I could have writ thy name on the floor with my new rapier. 'Tis a mercy that the "Swan" is not roofed like the new-fangled playhouse of "Blackfriars," so that the fresh air came through the narrow opening, and I soon forgot the dust of this poor cell as I sat me down on the stool which I had hired for sixpence, and looked out upon the stage.

The floor was thickly strewn with green rushes, and maids with posies of flowers and mugs of ale, and baskets of fruit, moved among the people below, while the gallants, and even the City prentices, were in their bravest attire. There was a young spark just below me, who was at cards, and I fear me his partner was a gambling swash-buckler, for the lad's face was falling, and I saw a rogue behind the lad who I dare swear was in league with the swashbuckler. Thou know'st I cannot abide foul play, and I was about to descend to the

pit to take the poor lad's part, when a grave and elderly citizen entered my box with a stool on which he seated himself close at my side, indeed there was but room for the two of us at the opening. I turned to him in haste with my tale, for he had a kindly face, but he answered in sorrow, "Fair sir, thou art plainly from the country, or thou wouldst know that it boots little, or worse than little, to interfere with the folks at the 'Swan,' and see, Sir, how many are turning towards those gamblers since I began speaking. They are well known, and there may be justice done by the people themselves. 'Tis foolhardy of such men to venture to the 'Swan.'"

Then I turned my eyes upon the other sights of the place, and this elderly citizen kindly discoursed to me of its customs. Pleasant as he was, I had liefer he had not come in, for he told me over much. I knew not that your excellent father had such reasons for his complaints against the playhouses, but I e'en tarried to sift the matter. This worthy citizen informed me how the green rushes concealed the greasy remains of feasts, bones, and decayed vegetables, which in truth I can believe, for the atmosphere was most unsavoury. He showed me likewise that there was no woman of repute present, only the humblest of the citizens' wives, buxom matrons who elbowed their way through the crowd, and that both stage and pit were besprinkled with noisy revellers. The shouts in the galleries were deafening, and some of the men now took the long clay pipes whereof you have heard, and lit that wondrous tobacco plant brought home by Sir Walter Raleigh, wherewith they had filled them. A noisome smoke presently ascended, at which I did choke and cough, but my elderly citizen hath, it seems, travelled, and loved this curious weed. He speedily procured a pipe for himself, and as I would ever taste of fresh marvels I begged to accompany him with another, to which he gravely assented, but I think he was over hasty, for he should have known that this art of smoking is not easily acquired. Sweet-heart, I will not distress thee, suffice it that I would Sir Walter Raleigh had brought us a less questionable boon, and I was right glad when a call for silence bespoke the opening of the play. Gladly did I gaze from the window, for my box was yet more noisome in a rolling cloud of smoke.

The finest gallants sat, as I have said, upon the stage, some with cards, and a few with notebooks. One man I did observe who eyed the actors as the play proceeded with an intentness which methought daunted them, while he wrote rapidly and sat mute amid the storm of applause, hisses, and chattering.

"That," quoth my revered citizen, "is a man to be feared by my



Lord Chamberlain's servants, for he taketh down the new plays, and stealeth the copyright. But I doubt Master Shakespeare is too shrewd for the scriveners." Ere the play opened a notice had been placed upon the stage, which was hung in black, and on it was writ in large letters, "Elsinore, a platform before the Castle." When the players had finished their first discourse, which ends what men do call the first "scene," a curtain was let down, and when it was raised again, another notice board was on the stage to let all men know that this was "A Room of State in the same." Thus, Moll, every man knoweth where the play is taking place, which is, methinks, well thought on. 'Twas a wondrous play, and I would not have lived in those times, for truly 'twas a piece to tear a cat in, nothing but plots and murders, and every one poisoned or murdered in the last act. 'Twas a quaint sight truly to see all these dead men get up at the end of the piece, and kneel upon the stage to cry like loyal subjects "God save Queen Elizabeth," and scarce a soul beside myself to cry "Amen," because all the people were fighting their way out to see the bull-baiting. I'm a sad rambler, for here I am at the end of the play when I should be telling thee of its beginning, but in truth Master Shakespeare's fine speeches were mostly more than I could understand, and I stayed because there was so much to divert me in the theatre itself as well as on the stage. I would wager the commonalty understood nought of the play, but Master Shakespeare with Master Ben Jonson have set the fashion at Blackfriars, and the people will have what's i' the fashion. Faith, the rabble gave me a headache, for there was one band of varlets who, as my reverend citizen informed me, had been hired to hiss, and there was another band which clapped these down, and the actors, poor knaves, looked grateful, though they had hard work to be heard 'twixt friends and foes. I marvel that Master Shakespeare, who is of kin some say to the Ardens of Warwickshire, can even act himself before such a rabble, as he sometimes doth, and I marvel not that he gives some shrewd blows to the saucy varlets, only I would they understood his lessons better. Even I, who am no mean scholar, wearied much of Prince Hamlet. His kinsfolk esteem him mad, which seems natural enough in a player, but then one looks for some sport, as with the Court Fool. But this mad player Prince is for ever asking questions which no honest gentleman i' this world can answer, let alone the commonalty, and ne'er a jest among them that I could mark. He was as sober as thy father's pet preacher, nay more so, for the preacher but talks of skulls, but Hamlet can handle a skull as though 'twere a toy, and then fling it from him with such a

horror as would make the boldest shrink from death. He was too much of a preacher for the playhouse methinks, where men play with such pitiful toys as the dicing, drinking, and the imbibing of Sir Walter's noxious weed. But Prince Hamlet is the fashion, Moll, only, mark me, 'tis a fashion which cannot last, and I shall not marvel if Master Shakespeare join the Conventicle, and rail at Playhouses, ere the year be out.

There be no women players, or, as thou know'st, dear wife, I should not frequent a playhouse. And indeed, what woman actor could brave the jests and hisses of the theatre? The very thought were monstrous and impossible. There were but two men dressed as women-folk, but they were in brave attire, for one was a Queen, and the other the beautiful Ophelia. They played wondrous well, though methought they were monstrous awkward in their farthingales and petticoats, and I feared when they approached the edge of the stage. I marvelled not when Ophelia presently stumbled into a river and was drowned, so 'twas said, and though the clothes held the poor soul up a space, yet 'twas but a cruel kindness.

That young ruffler, Ophelia's brother, was just bidding his father farewell ere he made the Grand Tour as it is called now-a-days, when he had to stay his speech while the people secured and roughly handled that parlous knave who had cheated the lad of whom I have written. He had been caught picking pockets, and they hauled him on to the stage, and tied him to a pillar, Ophelia's brother (I remember not his name) helping with a will. The old fellow, I mind me he was Polonius, was too lazy to bestir himself, and indeed he was but a windbag, and well out of the way when Prince Hamlet presently stabbed him. My gamester had been caught in the act of stealing a stout citizen's purse, and when he found himself tied to a pillar, I'll warrant you he wished himself honest. After this some tried for quiet, as Ophelia now talks with her father, but many in the boxes flung their pipes at the pickpocket, and one old citizen in a box above the stage would fain have thrown the remains of his gallon of ale at him, but he only succeeded in sprinkling Polonius, who was not best pleased methinks. These players' robes must be costly, and they cannot long retain their freshness. My own pipe, which I must e'en confess I was right glad to part with, broke over the head of a pert little varlet, no bigger than our Roger, who sat upon the stage, and seemed to be talking of the actors an' he had been any old grey-beard. I think old Polonius was not sorry neither when the boy rubbed his curly poll, and looked angrily at the boxes.

"He be one of Master Ben Jonson's boy players out for a holiday," said my old citizen, "and no doubt he thinketh himself as good an actor as Master Burbage, the best player in London. They say William Shakespeare and the other actors are not best pleased with these masques of children, and I am much of their way of thinking." There be no children in London now-a-days, Sweet-heart, what with these child-masques and the sports and shows of the City. Natheless the little varlet was to endure a shrewd set-down from Master Shakespeare, for some players who feigned that they were players (ask me not how or why, for 'tis too hard a question for a plain man who frequents not the theatre) had some sharp gibes ready for the "little eyases," as they called them who "berattle the common stages" and grow belike to "common players." You should have seen how the little lad flushed and pouted, and the pit and galleries laughed at him, for he had sat himself in the best part of the stage, and not a man but had marked his pert conceits, and his brave attire. Then up comes a stout orange woman, honest soul, and chucks him under the chin while she gives him the pick of her basket; but my lord is affronted, and the rabble laugh louder than before, so he quits his fine post in a fit of the sulks, and stalks down the stage steps, and towards the outer door. But 'twas a very child, Moll, for I marked him later lurking under the gallery, and gazing still upon the marvels of the play.

As I wrote before, ask me not the meaning of the play, but there was one pretty and ingenious scene which showed me the marvellous skill of this our age. There were two plays at once, or what my venerable citizen called a "a play within a play," and while Prince Hamlet and the Court were assembled in brave attire on the stage, though sadly cramped, poor souls, by the writers and the gallants who were crowded round them, they all gazed upwards upon a fine balcony at the back of the stage, and under the box whence the old citizen, now fallen asleep, had discharged his mug of ale. This balcony, which was handsomely hung with black, was soon filled by the set of players who *were* players—or I should say feigned to be players—Odds my life, Moll! I know not how to express it, but be that as it may, there was one fine Court on the stage, and again a King and Queen on the balcony, and all in crowns and cloth of gold. Never could I have imagined the like, and I well believe what the old citizen told me, that I have seen the best play of the age. Even your worthy father would sure approve it, for the most ignorant of the rabble cannot envy the great, seeing the terrible slaughter at the end of the play.

And now, Moll, I would seem to have no more to tell thee when I have said that I left the theatre, and was rowed back to the stairs opposite Paul's in company with the old citizen, who was he told me a merchant who had travelled much, and he took me to the "Swan" Inn where the merchants chiefly resort, and where we supped together. I would seem to have no more to tell, and yet, Sweetheart, I saw a wonderful thing, or rather a wonderful man, only I, who am but a poor penman, scarce know how to write down that which I shall never cease to remember.

In the bill o' the play 'twas notified that there would be a "Ghost" among the players. That I then misliked, for methinks 'tis too serious a subject for the playhouses, unless 'twere some Yuletide mummerly such as we can see i' the country. I said as much to Master Humphrey, as my companion styled himself, but he looked earnestly upon me, and replied to my amazement, "Faith, Sir, 'tis to see that very Ghost that I come to the 'Swan' theatre to-day, for the part is taken by William Shakespeare, in my humble opinion the greatest man of our age, though I know few be of my mind."

"Then why doth not so great a man take the part of the Prince Hamlet himself," quoth I. "Because methinks no part becomes him like that which he hath taken," replied Master Humphrey. "He who created the scatter-brained Hamlet, and honest Horatio, whom I love, is himself far above them, and like the Ghost he dwelleth in a world of his own which I cannot approach unto. 'Tis because I have travelled in many lands, and known many men that I can say this. 'Tis the vulgar, Sir, who are blinded, and measure not his marvellous genius."

I cannot give thee all his words, but never was man more earnest. Mayhap 'twas in part because of this his speech, that I shall always mind me of the Ghost, though I forget the rest of the play.

When the "majesty of buried Denmark," as they call the Ghost of the great king, trod the stage, and stood looking as it were towards me and beyond me, a great fear seemed to sweep across me, but not as thou wouldst expect. Here was no unholy phantom, nor no mummer's jest, but a pale and stately figure in ancient armour, and with its beaver up. 'Tis easy to look awesome in the flickering light of the Yule log, but this man's face and form stood out with true majesty in the sunshine, belittling all the other figures upon the stage, and a world removed from the shouting rabble. Master Shakespeare's forehead is high and dome-like, his features are well enough, and he hath a pointed beard, carefully trimmed; but his



eyes, thou knowest my own keen sight, are such as will haunt me ever. They be neither large nor small, but well open, and of a light hazel, so light that I could scarce at first discern their colour, for the wonderful brightness that seemed to flash from them as he faced the noonday sunlight, gazing as it were into some world beyond us. 'Twas a spirit yet cased in flesh, but a spirit which, gazing through those wondrous eyes, seemed as hopelessly above as though 'twere already in freedom. Maybe 'twas some witchcraft, but thou canst bear me out, Sweetheart, that I have an eye quick to judge the dispositions of men, and I could trust this man, aye, and serve him, as our big dog at home looks to me with his honest brown eyes, and would follow wheresoever I lead him. The commonalty below saw nought of this, jesting only at the terror of the stage sentries ; and when the spectre replied not to their questions, a man in the pit below flung his clay pipe at the Ghost, crying, "Nay, old churl, but thou shalt speak !" I saw the strong but shapely white hand which hung lightly at the Ghost's side clench itself for one brief moment, and that a new and scornful gleam shone in those haunting eyes, but I question if any man but myself noted these brief signs, and presently the player turned and left the stage with stately tread. The very hawkers cried shame, and the other actors looked at once angry and daunted, but such are the manners of the "Swan," and the play proceeded. The Ghost came again once, nay, twice, and while he was on the stage 'twas on him alone that I looked, for the man had cast a spell upon me, and that, Moll, is the truth on't. I am of Master Humphrey's mind now, that the part of the Ghost was the best fitted for him, for though he be a man of business and right pleasant to talk with, he lives in a world apart, and looks on thence at the lives of other men. To him, as they say he wrote in a play of his youth, our world is in itself but as a stage. Nay, I must unsay that which I wrote erewhile i' the jesting vein, forgetting that I can keep nought from thee, for our Shakespeare is not for the Conventicles. We need him here in this strange world of the theatre, and its clamours and its knaveries, to show how even there good may strive with evil.

Thou wilt forgive this long letter, sweet wife, and I think I hear thee marvelling how this player can have thus bewitched me, and crying that, being so high and great, thou hast naught in common with him. Nay, Moll, but the visitations of God come to all alike, and when thou know'st that he has lost his only son, a little lad the age of our Roger, and must toil here in London far from wife and home, thou wilt know that 'tis our pity he needs and not our fear.

Master Humphrey meets him often down by the river among the shipping. Here he questions the rough sailor men, who tell him their wondrous adventures by sea and land, for he is ever courteous and gentle, a true gentleman, though many scorn him for a player. Sure none can wonder if he scorns the common rabble, being what they are, and he hath a biting wit for the purse-proud, and for the idle young fellows of the Court, but he hath no scorn for the honest poor, or for loyal housewives such as thou art. We shall meet at home o' Monday, and I thank Heaven that I leave this motley crowd to greet a true wife, and a son who knoweth himself to be a child, and not a pert young City varlet. We must e'en study the plays of Master Shakespeare together, thou and I, and 'tis but three days to Monday. Till then, Sweetheart, farewell.

MAUDE PROWER.

## TABLE TALK.

### THE DOONES OF EXMOOR.

SO much glamour has been cast over Oare and the Badgworthy valley by the *Lorna Doone* of Blackmore that the places have become to some extent objects of pilgrimage. Much interest has attended the discussion whether any outlaw tribe ever infested what is known as the Doone country, or whether the Doones themselves are a legendary growth of obscure tradition. I commend the theme, which remains unsettled, to the attention of Mr. Andrew Lang, to whom it may easily appeal, since the Doones are stated to have been a branch of the historic Earls of Moray, and so come within his ken. A couple of years ago was published an opuscle entitled *A Short History of the Original Doones of Exmoor*, . . . by Ida M. Browne (Audrie Doon), who claims to be a direct descendant of Charles, presumably Carver Doone, the son of Sir Ensor Doone. This Sir Ensor is held to have been a twin brother of the second Earl of Moray and Lord of Doune, known as "the Bonnie Earl of Moray." He is supposed, with various members of his family, to have settled in the Oare valley on his exile from Scotland in 1620, and his descendants are said to have been much hated and feared by the countryside until their return to Perthshire in 1699. Here we seem to have exactly the information we seek, and if such persons ever existed the matter is transferred from the pages of fiction to those of legend or even of history.

### WERE THERE EVER ANY DOONES?

AT this point Mr. Edwin John Rawle, the author of *Annals of the Ancient Royal Forest of Exmoor*, enters with *The Doones of Exmoor*,<sup>1</sup> the purport of which is to demonstrate that the story is mythical, that no twin brother of the second Earl of Moray ever existed, and that with his disappearance the whole story of Audrie Doon falls to the ground. A theory that found some favour is that the founder and begetter of the Doone family was a fugitive from the fight of Sedgmoor. No documents relating to the Doones seem to have been discovered by the local historians, and

<sup>1</sup> Taunton : Barnicott & Pearce.

this fact, though it is improbable that people such as the Doones are depicted would have troubled registers with particulars of birth or demise, casts presumptive doubt on their existence. That Blackmore did not invent the Doones is abundantly evident, since before the appearance of his book references to them had been printed. The result of a perusal of Mr. Rawle's book is to leave the matter where it was. Mr. Rawle himself puts forward, not very boldly, a theory that the Doones might well be the Danes, who at one time ravaged Somersetshire and Devonshire. After this we might perhaps expect to find the Doones among the caitiff knights of Arthurian romance. Sir Ensor le Doune might conceivably figure in the *Morte Darthur*.

#### CHARLES READE AS DRAMATIST AND NOVELIST.

THERE seems to be some prospect of what our American cousins call "a boom" in the works of Charles Reade, and interest has been revived in that author's strange, wayward, and attractive personality. Of the more popular writers, excluding poets, of the middle of the last century Reade is the most attractive figure, and the position he holds in literature is in some respects unique. We know, for instance, no other English writer in any age equally renowned as a dramatist and a novelist. Fielding's novels subsist, but his plays are all but forgotten. The same holds true, in an even greater extent, of Smollett; and I myself, though as well versed as most in dramatic literature, could not without reference tell the name of either of his two dramas. In spite of the popularity of the *Vicar of Wakefield* and *Rasselas*, neither Goldsmith nor Johnson is to be regarded as a novelist. Thackeray and Dickens both aspired to be dramatists, but neither succeeded in producing unaided an actable play. Wilkie Collins went nearer success, and of Bulwer's half-dozen plays three retain possession of the stage. In France, of course, things are different, and Victor Hugo and the Dumas *père et fils*, and I might add George Sand, are equally distinguished in both branches of fiction. Reade's novels are, too, the most considerable portion of his literary baggage, and *The Cloister and the Hearth* is the best romance of its epoch. It is permissible, however, to put *Masks and Faces* by the side of *The Cloister and the Hearth*, and others of Reade's plays are worthy of revival. I would even call for a volume or perhaps two of his dramas to rank with his works, and see no great obstacle to their appearance in the fact that the story is in some instances the same as that of one or other of the novels.



## READE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL REVELATIONS.

A GENTLEMAN from the northern part of England, who has aspired on the strength of no overmastering equipment in erudition and judgment to become an arbiter and corrector of taste, has recently spoken patronisingly of Reade in a periodical of some importance. I amuse myself by thinking what Reade, if sublunary things trouble him in those Elysian fields where he wanders with Cervantes, Le Sage, Borrow, and Landor, will find to say concerning his latest critic, and whether his association with the immortals will have enriched his vituperative vocabulary. The most interesting revelation concerning Reade, the dramatist, is furnished, however, in the "Charles Reade as I knew him" of his former manager and associate, Mr. John Coleman.<sup>1</sup> To a certain extent this claims to be Reade's autobiography. It is not, however, wholly transcribed by Reade himself, portions being taken down by Mr. Coleman in the course of confidential conversations. In this respect the book resembles Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, though it seems at times less authoritative in consequence of the dramatic form adopted. It gives, however, a good account of Reade's early life and struggles, though the use of the latter word is perhaps unjustified, since of what is ordinarily implied by it he had none. By the time of his arrival at man's estate he had obtained a fellowship at Magdalen College, Oxford, which put him beyond the reach of want. Struggles enough there were, but they were with managers, actors, critics, and, in fact, almost everybody with whom he was thrown into contact; but his course, had he been less ambitious, boisterous, and thunderous, might have been calm to placidity.

## "READIANA."

READE'S character was well known to his contemporaries. So far was he from seeking to hide it, that he proclaimed his own idiosyncrasy, shouted it from the house-tops. Whenever—which was often—he found himself wronged, he rushed into print, and sent passionate and not always very temperate complaint to the newspapers. When he saw injustice to others, he was stirred to a generous and sometimes noble indignation, and his efforts to redress wrong were always high-spirited and quixotic, and sometimes successful. Those who wish to contemplate Reade in this the most attractive aspect of his personality have long had the opportunity of doing so in *Readiana*, a work published, as Reade says in the

<sup>1</sup> Treherne & Co.

preface to it, at the direct solicitation of Mr. Chatto. Herein the novelist truly strips himself for observation, and wears his "heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at." To these unconsciously autobiographical fragments Mr. Coleman adds little, but he supplies some pleasant glimpses of Reade's school and college life and domestic environment. We see clearly Reade's disgust with his academic surroundings. With characteristic vehemence and, let me add, indiscretion, he enters in his diary his dislike of his associates, "the fossils of the senior common room, with their sludgy port, their syrupy madeira, their whist, their stale jokes and salacious stories, their sordid squabbles," and vouches his preference for the life of men and women over "the living death, the petrification, and the putrefaction of the cloister."

#### READE'S DOMESTIC SURROUNDINGS.

READE never married, and seems to have kept his fellowship till his death. The domestic arrangements with Mr. and Mrs. Seymour, by which Reade, Augustus Braham (a son of the famous tenor), and Captain Curling shared with them a house in Jermyn Street, were curiously and pleasantly unconventional. It reminds me of a previous arrangement by which David Garrick, before his marriage, Macklin, and Peg Woffington kept house for a while together. After the departure of Braham, and the death of Seymour and Curling, Reade continued to reside in the same house with Mrs. Seymour, *en tout honneur* it is declared by the lady, who made a vain attempt to conciliate Mrs. Grundy and send away her agreeable but compromising fellow tenant. Reade's indignation and protest at length overpowered her. How indocile Reade was in the case of anyone who would not accept his views or ventured to disapprove of his work is proved by an extract from a letter from him to Mrs. Seymour containing what Mr. Coleman justly calls the amazing statement in the case of a law suit: "In this case I had to dismiss Jessel (afterwards Master of the Rolls) for incapacity." I have not space to quote Reade's comments on persons and things. I will, however, recommend my readers to peruse a book that has no dull page, and gives in the main a pleasing and trustworthy account of its hero—and then, if they have time to set to and re-read his novels—*experto crede*—the task will not be difficult. I say re-read, for I will not suppose that there is any of the public to which I appeal wholly unfamiliar with *The Cloister and the Hearth*, *Griffith Gaunt*, or *Foul Play*.

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*THE WINGED VICTORY.*

By BERNARD HOME.

I.

THE early dusk of a spring afternoon had put an end to work in the studio. The sculptor, still in his working-blouse, sat with his head between his hands and gazed with bitter feelings at a large unfinished statue of a woman. Dusk turned to dark as a lamp was lit in the street and threw pale flickerings among the rafters of the studio. To Anthony Dorn the statue seemed like some colossal ghost looming between him and the window, mocking him and defying his abortive efforts at realising his conceptions. He was in despair. Without money to pay for models, he was now thrown entirely upon the resources of his memory and imagination. And his memory, though good, had not proved equal to the strain put upon it. He had failed to make any headway, and, since he had to earn his living, failure would mean, perhaps, starvation.

Now, in Dorn's case the want of money at this moment was almost tragic in its consequences, because the statue represented his first commission, and, with the proper resources of the craft at his disposal, he was quite capable of acquitting himself well. As it was, the work would have to be abandoned in favour of mere drudgery. By devoting all his time and energies to modelling statuettes for electric lamps he had been able to earn a bare living before, and, now that there was no alternative, this was what he would have to go back to, while forgetting that he had once had the chance of doing better things. To clinch his resolve the figure would have to be destroyed there and then; otherwise he would

not trust himself. But here was the difficulty. Crude as it was, this statue had already taken something of the living human into its features. There was even in its rough and blurred expression that indefinable quality which, for lack of any better word, we call "personality." And, what mattered more to Anthony Dorn, the face was the face of Linda Vanrenen. Thanks to this likeness the statue escaped annihilation and the electric-lamp statuettes and the necessities of life seemed as far off as ever.

With less pride and more self-assurance Dorn might have been a successful sculptor by now. In the one case his pride had not allowed him to marry Linda Vanrenen ; and in the other his want of assurance had prevented him from accepting commissions that he thought were beyond his powers. It had been with the greatest difficulty that Linda had persuaded him to undertake this statue of Victory for a town in one of the Western States of America. Luckily, he did not know that the town belonged to her, and that the municipality had given the order to commemorate the Spanish war at her dictation. She could do no more than this to help him.

The failing light, so far from covering the imperfections of his work, made them obtrude, and in a sudden revulsion of feeling he realised that the presence of this misshapen mass of clay in his studio had become intolerable. At last his mind was made up. He jumped to his feet and threw a damp sheet over the doomed Victory, so that the fragments should not separate. Then he realised that his task was by no means a simple one. With mallet in hand he mounted the scaffold, and was about to demolish the head, when he heard the latch of the outer gate click, followed by the rustle of a skirt in the passage leading to the studio. He stopped and listened. Someone knocked at his door. The sound irritated him beyond endurance, and he climbed down to see who it was, inwardly raging at the interruption. He made no attempt at concealing the scowl with which he greeted his visitor as he opened the door.

"Anthony!" exclaimed a small person in a very aggrieved tone.

"Linda! I had no idea it was you."

"I hope not, considering the expression on your face when you opened the door. I wish you wouldn't look like that—ever. Well, I've come to see how the Victory is getting on, and—— Why, it's pitch-dark in here! Have you been to sleep?"

Dorn smiled in answer as he struck a match and lit a row of gas-jets on a movable bracket. For a moment the effect was dazzling



after the darkness, and Linda Vanrenen blinked very prettily. She wound her skirts round her ankles and stepped cautiously across the floor for fear of the clay and dust. As soon as the statue was freed from its damp shroud she scanned it minutely from the tips of its folded wings to the wreath it held in its outstretched hand. When Dorn looked for the verdict in her eyes, he found that she was gazing at him, and not at the statue. She was puzzled. She knew it ought to be better, and was at a loss to know the cause of this falling off. Dorn dragged a couple of chairs nearer the stove. While he was doing this, Linda, who had been looking at some familiar sketches nailed on the wall, chanced on a clue to what she was seeking. At the high desk which Anthony used for his slight correspondence she caught sight of a card with the inscription "No models wanted" written in large letters.

"Anthony, do you really think you are going to finish the 'Victory' without a model?" she asked, holding the card at arm's length.

"I certainly wrote the notice with that intention," was the reply.

Then the truth suddenly dawned upon her. She was overcome with pity at the thought of his struggle and the hardships he would have to face, and could find nothing to say. For some minutes they sat by the stove in silence. Linda's brain was already busy with the new problem, which looked like jeopardising their future and any chances of happiness, however remote. A crisis had arrived in Dorn's career that would need all her wits to deal with effectively.

"I've often thought," she remarked, gazing into the glowing coals, "that it must be very nice to be a model. I think I've said so several times." This was the first time the idea had entered her head. Anthony looked at her with consternation.

"Nice? No! It's very tiring unless you are used to it. It wants practice."

"Do you think, if I practised, I might some day——"

"Linda!" he exclaimed, in an aggrieved tone, "what do you mean?"

"What I meant was that it would be so kind and nice of you if you would let me practise—here. Just to see what it was like, you know," she added hurriedly on seeing the puzzled expression on his face.

"I *do* wish you would be serious, Linda."

"Serious? Of course I'm serious. I mean what I say, and" (getting desperate) "I am going to pose for the Victory to-morrow

whether you like it or not. Why shouldn't I if I wish to? Besides, you can't deny that it would help you, so it's no use arguing like that" (he had not said a word so far). "Say, what time in the morning? Ten?" Dorn by now was speechless with bewilderment. He had no argument ready, and his feeble reference to her mother only served to let loose another torrent of strenuous incoherencies.

"*Momma* object? I should like to see her object to anything I did. What an absurd *English* idea!" and so on.

The result of which was that Dorn, after she had left, realised that, whether he liked it or not, Linda Vanrenen was going to sit for him on the next day at ten o'clock.

A few hours' work from his new model convinced Anthony Dorn that the greatest obstacle to his success had been removed. He realised that hitherto his difficulties had mainly consisted of his efforts to reproduce Linda's characteristics while working from other models. Now, however, he found himself almost mechanically transcribing what he saw. It was she who displayed the artistic feeling—she who was the creative artist; while he was no more than the medium through which she was expressing her art.

One day Dorn thought he had discovered the keynote to the intense delight she took in the work. He was wrong; but that does not matter.

She had arrived with the news that her country had won another victory over the Spaniards. If he had been able to reproduce what he saw during the sitting, the world would have placed his work by the side of the "Nikê of Paionios the Mendæan." For the wave of patriotism that was surging through her native land had reached and had caught her up on its proud crest—an emblem of a nation's victory.

After a few weeks of such work Dorn pronounced the statue finished. In order to spare Linda's strength as much as possible he had been working at fever heat, with the result that the close of each day had found him worn out by the strain and less able to take the rest necessary for the task of the morrow. But the end came at last, and when Linda arrived one morning she found the men from the foundry busy taking measurements and making arrangements for its removal. A photographer was also there, commissioned by the municipality of that patriotic city "out West." Linda insisted that Anthony himself should be included in the photograph. He was to be taken "in the act," she said; and she ordered a copy for herself.

It was while this was being taken that she first noticed how worn and ill he was looking. When they were alone again she extracted a promise from him that he would come down with them to their house in Surrey as soon as he had superintended the moving of the statue.

That night Anthony began to pay the price for the weeks of exhausting toil. Now that there was nothing to keep him up to the mark the reaction set in and reduced him to a state of collapse. He was even too tired and worn out to muster the energy to go to bed, and a drowsiness overcame him which, however, was not the prelude to sleep.

The daylight faded until nothing but the dark outline of the Winged Victory against the faint square patch of window could be seen. One by one the stars took up their places on the luminous background, grouping themselves in powdered brilliance round the statue, like a setting of diamonds round some exquisite jewel. One star, more brilliant than the rest, glowed with a steady radiance immediately above the wreath in the outstretched hand of the figure, producing the effect of a lamp held high to lighten the dark places of the skies. And it seemed to Dorn at this moment that the Victory was receding from him and taking its place among the stars. He tried to rise, but his limbs refused to move, and for a time he could see nothing. But presently a new feeling of repose and freedom stole over his senses and the Victory (or was it Linda?) was close at hand again. He laughed at his mistake in thinking that she had gone to the stars. The stars had surely come to her, and were now all round her. He took her hand and told her that he would never let her go again. And as he did so the big star which she held as a lamp suddenly blazed up with a dazzling flash of blue light—and then darkness closed in upon everything.

. . . . .

Next morning the Vanrenens found themselves obliged to change their plans for going into the country. Disappointing as this was to Linda, her first thought was for Anthony and the best means for persuading him to take a rest out of town. And she insisted on her mother accompanying her to the studio before they started their morning's shopping.

The carriage arrived there soon after eleven. Linda went alone down the passage leading from the street to the studio door, leaving her mother in the carriage.

She knocked, but there was no answer. Again, with the same

result. As she was about to return to the carriage she heard the street gate swing open, and saw a woman, whom she recognised as the cleaner employed to look after the studio. The woman came down the passage and waited at a respectful distance, guessing that Linda had already knocked.

"Mebbe the gen'l'man 'asn't come yet, miss. 'E told me 'e'd be lytish, so I didn't trouble me yed to come before."

"Have you brought a key? I should like to leave a note for Mr. Dorn." The woman produced an enormous key from her pocket, unlocked the door, and stood aside for Linda to enter.

Meanwhile Mrs. Vanrenen, who from her position in the carriage could not see down the passage, glanced anxiously at the little clock over the seat in front of her. An appointment with her dentist was already ten minutes overdue, and she had counted on being able to stop and order some flowers for the house on her way there. It was so inconsiderate of dear Linda to—— A quick step, almost a run, sounded in the passage and cut short her grumble. Then the gate was thrown open with a crash, so that it banged against the palings at the side.

It revealed Linda, her face white with terror.

"Something has happened," she said, trying to steady her voice. "Come and help—quick!"

Mrs. Vanrenen scrambled out of the carriage. "Charles!" she spluttered to the footman standing at the door, "follow Miss Vanrenen—as fast as you can."

Meanwhile Linda had disappeared again through the studio door, which was standing half open. Mrs. Vanrenen, at no time a quick mover, managed to cover the distance from one end of the passage to the other in an incredibly short space of time. Irritated and breathless she reached the studio immediately behind the footman. Habit, however, was so strong with Charles that he stepped aside and held the inner curtains apart for his mistress to enter.

Instantly she saw that a shocking accident had taken place, the details of which were written only too plainly in the disorder everywhere apparent. It was a scene of ruin. Lumps of hard clay lay heaped in the middle of the floor, surrounded by a halo of smaller pieces, the whole almost buried in gritty dust, which had settled in a smothering layer of grey on everything in the studio capable of holding it.

Linda, the footman, and the charwoman were bending over the centre heap, and were moving the larger blocks away in feverish haste. Almost smothered in the *débris*, but with his face and head



visible, lay Anthony Dorn. Mrs. Vanrenen caught sight of a streak of blood across his forehead and turned away with a shudder. "Linda!" she cried, "you must come away. Charles will fetch the doctor at once." But Linda took no notice. There was a chance that he still lived, and before anything could be done the body would have to be freed from the blocks of clay.

Ten minutes later the carriage, with the unconscious Anthony, stopped to call for the doctor, and started off again for the Vanrenens' house at a pace which drew imprecations from the cabdrivers and threats from the police.

## II.

The level rays of the afternoon sun were streaming through the windows of a bedroom in the Vanrenens' house. A patch of copper light touched the head of Anthony Dorn and the pillow on which it was resting, tinged his pale cheeks with a counterfeit hue of health, and lent a picturesque effect to the bandage across his forehead. Dorn had not opened his eyes since they had brought him there from the studio in the morning, but his breathing was not so heavy now, and the doctor, after giving directions as to what should be done when he regained consciousness, left the house with little doubt that it was only a question of time for the patient's complete recovery.

Linda was alone in the sick-room, watching for the first sign of returning consciousness. She had watched the patch of sunlight creep from the floor up the side of the bed and rest on the sleeper's face, turning, in its journey, from gold to copper as the afternoon wore on to evening.

Question after question crowded into her mind as she sat there. Who had destroyed the Winged Victory? Anthony himself? But why? What could have made him do it? And if it had been an accident, did he know, would he remember what happened? If not, would she have to tell him? That would be the hardest part of their misfortune.

Anthony made a slight movement with his hand. Linda watched. The fingers seemed to tighten about some invisible object, and at the same time his lips parted and he sighed almost imperceptibly. "The big star," he whispered slowly. "Where is it? You—you held it—when I took your hand. Linda! it has gone out."

She shuddered. She had not expected delirium, and a sudden panic seized her—a fear of being left alone in the room with him.

"Nurse!" she called softly through the half-open door, "I think he is coming to. Hadn't we better send for the doctor now?"

The nurse looked at him. "No need yet. He'll be all right."

When Linda came back to the bedside she found his eyes wide open and staring at the ceiling with a vacant, glazed look, devoid of either expression or comprehension. The nurse measured out some medicine, while Linda smoothed the pillows. Dorn shut his eyes again and lifted his hand to the bandage on his forehead.

"Where am I?" he asked.

"In our house, dear. Try and go to sleep again," replied Linda.

"Is that you, Linda? I thought—ah! yes, I remember. When will it get light again?"

"Open your eyes and look," she said. A fear of something she could not name took sudden hold of her. "Open your eyes," she repeated almost angrily.

Dorn then opened his eyes and kept them fixed on the ceiling. A minute passed, during which the ticking of the clock on the mantel-piece was the only sound in the room.

"Well!" said Linda at last, bending down so that her face was near to his, "don't you recognise me?"

While she was waiting for the answer she heard the front door slammed downstairs and the cheery voice of the doctor speaking to Mrs. Vanrenen in the hall.

"Don't you recognise me, Anthony?" she repeated.

Dorn smiled faintly. "When it gets light of course I shall," and his tone was rather petulant.

Linda looked across the bed at the nurse, but the latter avoided her eyes and pretended to arrange the medicine-bottles.

"Nurse!" exclaimed Linda under her breath, "what is it? What is the matter? Why doesn't he——"

At this moment the doctor and Mrs. Vanrenen came into the room. On seeing Dorn with his eyes open the doctor began:

"Ah! awake! That's right. Now we'll have a look," and he walked towards the bed with a businesslike, cheering air of confidence that was worth a good deal of medicine. But the sight of Linda's face arrested his attention, and he looked from her to the patient.

"H'm! Been worrying? Eh?" He was standing close to the bed, holding Dorn's wrist and watching his face. Suddenly he dropped the wrist and, with his back turned to the three women, he made a rapid movement with his hand across the patient's face. Then, bending lower, he turned back the lid of each eye in turn, and as the result

of his examination straightened himself with a *brusque* movement—the only sign of emotion the old man ever allowed himself.

There were a few directions to give to the nurse and a prescription to write. This done he asked Mrs. Vanrenen if she would accompany him downstairs. “Fact is,” he said, as soon as they were outside the room, “I hadn’t the courage to tell her. Besides, it will come better from you, Mrs. Vanrenen. The young man will be out of bed again in three weeks—perhaps a fortnight, with his constitution. But—I’m very sorry to have to tell you that he’ll never see another thing in this world. If I’m not mistaken the optic nerve is injured in both eyes, and you know what that means.”

It was a thankless task for Mrs. Vanrenen to tell her daughter that Anthony Dorn would be a blind man all his life. Linda, for her part, had already guessed that something of the kind was possible, and when her mother came into the room she found her kneeling by the bedside with her face buried in her hands, for the moment completely broken by her grief.

But on the top of this blow came the discovery that Anthony himself knew nothing of the destruction of the Winged Victory.

How to tell him? He had said, in mitigation of the misfortune, that at any rate there remained the statue; that he could never do better, and might have done worse if he had continued to work. Both of which statements were true, as Linda knew. But with the statue now a heap of dust it mattered little to the world that such a thing had ever existed. The world could only judge by results, and the name of Anthony Dorn had never clamoured for its recognition.

Linda’s thoughts took a rebellious turn. And especially did she quarrel with her money. Of what use, she asked herself, were her dollars if they could not help her now? Hitherto she had got very little satisfaction out of them. They had even stood in the way of her becoming Anthony’s wife. And now they were useless unless—— She scrambled from her knees and stood upright. A sudden idea suggested by that idle money of hers had come to show the way out of the worst part of her misfortune.

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### III.

Commercially speaking, Mr. Gustav Hofmeyer stood among the first in the sculptor’s profession. That is to say, his prices were high, while his art (though that was a matter of taste) was otherwise.

Hofmeyer and Anthony Dorn represented the two poles of the London sculptor's world—the successful and the unsuccessful. It was said of Hofmeyer that he would put his hand to anything ; and a story to the effect that he had consented (for a consideration) to alter the outstretched arm of a bronze "Blind Slave," so that it might hold an electric lamp and stand on the staircase of a house in Park Lane, went the round of the studios at the time.

This was the man that Linda had selected for her purpose, knowing, as she did, that he carried on his profession with a strict view to business.

His studio, which stood in the garden of a large house in St. John's Wood, had more the appearance of a showroom than a workshop, and this in spite of the studied *négligé* of its fittings. Linda presented herself here, and was received by the great sculptor, a little fat man, with a low collar and an obtrusive neck that no longer pretended to be distinguishable from his receding chin.

She was not long in coming to the point. Her conception of Hofmeyer's susceptibilities caused her neither to mince matters nor to hide her daring proposal under a cloak of sentiment. It was her money that she was relying on, and she knew that with Hofmeyer this would prove all-powerful.

"Some of us Americans have had our heads turned by the victories in Cuba, I among others," she began. "And it is a fancy of mine to have myself modelled as a statue of Victory"—she laughed rather uneasily at her audacity—"something in the classical style—winged, for instance."

"Yes, yes," said Hofmeyer, trying to think whether an unsold angel from a cathedral memorial would do for the figure.

"But," she continued, "I have such an unusual condition to make that I expect you to add to the price." Hofmeyer made a deprecating gesture, as if to imply that money was beneath his artistic consideration.

"As for that, Miss Vanrenen, an artist's compensation lies rather in the satisfaction of his artistic cravings. If he can earn his bread and cheese——" But his eye rested on his expensive furniture and he became pensive. He felt he was, perhaps, getting out of his depth.

Linda continued. "I wish this statue to be impersonal—'anonymous,' if you like. It is to express my patriotism. There must be no great name" (she saw that the touch was telling)—"there must be no great name to stand between me and the public I wish to reach. And—I want to buy the whole concern as it stands—clay,



art, idea, copyright, or whatever you artists consider your claim in a work of art."

Hofmeyer, though he secretly rejoiced at this opportunity of raising his price, pointed out the difficulty of finishing it in time for the Academy—this being one of Linda's stipulations. So he based his price on the supposed loss of other commissions, and it was finally settled at a figure made up, to a great extent, of hush-money. The sculptor soothed any qualms of conscience he felt by arguments which, for him at least, were satisfactory. And it must be said in his favour that he had no idea of the real purpose of the plot. It was, no doubt, a fraud on the public, since the statue when completed was to be exhibited by Miss Vanrenen herself. But he solaced himself with the feeling that the public was not so easily deceived as to mistake the work of a great sculptor for that of an amateur.

A few days later he began to have misgivings, and to his surprise found himself completely under the orders of his determined young sitter. She arranged the pose and the details of the drapery and even made him alter what she did not approve of.

But even this was bearable—at the price.

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#### IV.

The sculpture-room of the Academy, usually almost deserted on a private-view day, was beginning to fill rapidly when Linda and Dorn arrived. The latter now depended entirely on her guidance. He was here against her wish, but it was impossible to forbid him the pleasure he asked of touching and realising his first and last Academy exhibit.

Linda saw with apprehension the crowd focussed about a statue in the middle of the room. The wings of this colossal figure were the first things that caught her eye as she reached the top of the stairs, and at the sight her courage began to fail her. Perhaps if it had not been for the touch of a trusting arm within hers she would have fled.

The two passed almost unknown in the crowd; and though Linda was on the alert to arrest and ward off any chance word that could rouse Anthony's suspicions, she had little to fear, so well had she laid her plans. Before they reached the group round the Winged Victory Hofmeyer, the last person she wanted to meet at this moment, came directly towards her. Something in his face betokened mischief. Incapable as he was of recklessness, his servile

spirit was now straining vigorously at its bonds, and Linda at a glance recognised a new difficulty in her path. She understood at once that he wished to speak to her alone, and, with no alternative, left Anthony on a seat so that she might be free.

Hofmeyer was obviously not himself to-day.

"I was not prepared for this," he said, pointing to the admiring group at the base of the Winged Victory. "Of course I knew it was good, but I was not prepared for this."

"It's a success, then? I knew it would be," replied Linda though without enthusiasm.

"Success? I should think it was! Look at the people round it. You don't see a crowd like that in the sculpture-room unless there's something that's being talked about. Now, what I wanted to say to you was this. When I agreed to your proposal to keep in the background it was, of course, purely a matter of business. If I had taken your cheque I should feel myself bound by the terms of the agreement, and the transaction would be completed. But, luckily for me, I have not received it, and it is not too late for me to refuse to accept it. You will understand, my dear Miss Vanrenen, that the success of this work of art is far dearer to me than mere money."

"In other words, you consider the price is not high enough," exclaimed Linda, without waiting to choose her words. Hofmeyer's eyes wavered for an instant, but as they rested on the admiring group round the statue he resisted the temptation to drive a better bargain. He was, in fact, bursting with the desire to claim the statue as his own.

"No," he replied quickly, "you misunderstood me; I will accept nothing—nothing. It is I who am the debtor, and I will make you a present of the statue. But, at the same time, all the world must know that I am the sculptor. Neither of us shall be bound by the original arrangement if I do not accept your cheque."

Linda meanwhile had been fidgeting with a cardboard tube which she held in her muff. It was her trump card that she had been holding back for the last extremity. The extremity had now arrived and the card had to be put down.

"If you are determined not to accept my cheque, Mr. Hofmeyer, I am sorry—for your sake, because I think you have earned it. But as for claiming the statue as your own work, I shall soon prove to you that that is impossible." She produced the cardboard tube and extracted therefrom an unmounted photograph. "In the first

place, you must confess that only the mechanical part of the work was yours. The idea, the pose, and the details of the drapery were wholly mine, if you remember." Hofmeyer, though he knew what she said was true, was not shaken in his determination.

"Secondly," Linda continued, "please remember that works are only accepted for exhibition here on the understanding that they are original." She unrolled the photograph. "Now, look at this, and tell me whether you are going to put your name to the Winged Victory."

He looked, but without comprehension. Soon, however, the truth, or rather half the truth, dawned upon him, and he flushed crimson. "It's—it's a trick!" he snarled; and some people standing near looked up with astonishment at the sound of his rasping voice. Again he stared at the photograph. What he saw was a faithful copy—or was it the original?—of his Winged Victory, and by its side the figure of a stranger who, in a sculptor's blouse, wore that unmistakable air of proprietorship that is seldom seen except under similar circumstances. But what puzzled Hofmeyer more than this was the fact that the studio was also a strange one. He looked closer, and discovered, what he had not seen at first—the statue was not his Winged Victory at all. "Then what on earth is it?" he demanded.

Linda smiled at his discomfiture. "My answer to that question may be unsatisfactory. That," she said, pointing to the photograph he held in his hand, "that is the original of which yours is a bad copy."

"But where is the original?"

"You are never likely to see it."

"And the sculptor? What will he say when he sees mine?"

"He is never likely to see it." And as she glanced in Anthony's direction, and saw his eyes by some curious instinct fixed on the Winged Victory, her mouth twitched at the truth of her statement. Hofmeyer was silent, too bewildered to ask more questions and considerably frightened at his complicity in the fraud, as well he might be considering what he stood to lose by its discovery.

"You will accept my cheque, I hope," said Linda, with as much of a smile as she could muster at the moment.

"I must, I suppose."

"Then good-bye, Mr. Hofmeyer. We—I leave for America this week."

She hastened to join Anthony, rejoicing in the luck which had

prompted her to procure a photograph of the real Winged Victory before it was too late.

. . . . .  
Sometimes on a sunny day a young couple may be seen resting for a few moments in the shade of a bronze statue which stands in the public square of a large town "out West." On these occasions a close observer may notice the man's fingers tracing the chiselled name of the sculptor on the granite base. The man, perhaps, is thinking of a dream he once had—a dream in which his Winged Victory spread its wings and flew away. And he likes to assure himself that it was, after all, only a dream.



## *THE ENGLAND OF THE PASTON LETTERS.*

THE contemporary sources of information that bear upon the social history of England during the Wars of the Roses are comparatively scanty in amount, but they are varied in range and valuable in quality. The social history of any period cannot indeed be absolutely severed from all consideration of purely political events, or from the story of the progress of legal and administrative reform, or even from the relations that existed between nation and nation. In these respects it must be admitted that our period of study is defective, as records are fragmentary and in many ways lacking in national importance. They are largely local and occasional, rarely capable of the widest interpretation, and, as a consequence, difficult to handle. So far the sidelights cast by such records may not enable us to see things much more clearly ; but fortunately, as regards documents relating to social life, the times of the Wars of the Roses are singularly happy.

The England that the Paston Letters describe for us cannot remain an unknown land. Its men and women are flesh and blood, for these letters are as graphic as Pepys. The merchant of the time, with all his hopes and fears, likes and dislikes, loving sport, well versed in law, keen in trade, in short a human being, greets us from the Cely Papers. Thomas Bekynton, Bishop of Bath and Wells, and secretary to Henry VI., tells us in his official correspondence of the foundation of Eton College, and passes before us, a capable business man, an important dignitary of the Church, and withal a good trencherman, with his complaints of "good ale non or litell." The Plumpton of Yorkshire give a glimpse of the unsettled condition of things, of rows at fairs, of disputes about tolls and the rights of forest tenants, of the readiness to appeal to force, of robbery "up the said towne and downe," and of their pious wish, "Would God there knaves and lads of the forest would come hider that we might have a faire day upon them."

And the men and women we meet are from all classes—"the

godde Byschop of Norwiche" who had two of his servants nearly killed "at the prestis bakke;" "My Laydy off Norfolk" whose heir Paston prays may be like her "in worship, wytt, and gentylnesse;" Sir John Paston, careful, shrewd, and ever sailing close to the wind, not above doing a little shopping for his good wife; Thomas Denys's wife as "she standyth in gret hevynes, God her helpe;" George Cely, who took with him to Caleys his English love for horse, hound, and hawk; and, not least among them in interest, worthy Mrs. Paston, capable housewife, able to look after affairs as well as her husband, and with her eyes always open for "a fayr plase to sell." The picture is as thronged with figures as the pilgrims' road to Canterbury.

Nor is there less variety in the incidents recorded. "Great riots, extortions, horrible wrongs and hurts" are the subject of comment at one moment; at another "the sekenesse ys sore yn London;" or again, Paston is fidgety over his sister's proposed marriage; or George Cely is comforted with the news that his good horse "Py ys whell mendyd." Norwich, from all accounts, does not seem to have been an enviable spot to be out in after dark, especially if one chanced upon that somewhat questionable worthy, Charles Nowell, or any of his friends. And worse things might befall one from higher quarters, as Paston informs us: "the said Lord (Moleyns) sent to the seid mansion a riotous people to the nombre of a thowsand persones . . . they broke up yates and dores and so came in to the seid mansion, the wiff of your besecher at that tyme beynge ther in and xij persones with her." No man could sit comfortably in the possession of his own "wythout the Shyreve myght be his tender frende," and even then matters might go crooked, as Richard Cely informs us: "Syr John ys in grehyt trobull, and God knowys full whrongefowly, and parte of them that whe gawhe gownys to labors moste agayne hym."

In short, there is but little room for complaint either in lack of incident or in scarcity of *dramatis personæ*. We meet and hear about all sorts and conditions of men, of king and hind, of unruly noble and unscrupulous merchant, of master and servant, priest and pander, of the generosity that founded a college, of the meanness that made a merchant a horse swindler or a changer of wool samples, and of the power of money in all matters from the purchase of, it might be justice or it might be a wife, down to the buying of a "sugor loif or a gyrdell for your dowghter."

The legacy of evils that the Hundred Years' War left for England had an abiding effect upon the period under consideration. That

long struggle had sent England home out of France to face demoralisation in her government, disorder in her finances, and anarchy within her walls. "When the wars were ended in forraine parts, civill dissentions beganne againe to renew within the Realme."<sup>1</sup> Parliamentary institutions were incomplete; there was no civil service; the nation's revenue was drained to more than a quarter of its amount by "pensions to great lords and others;" and purveyance paved the way for deep discontent amongst the people. The crown was in the hands of a weak king who had the misfortune to lose early the aid of Bedford, the ablest man in the England of his time after his brother Henry V. had died. The power of the Church was gradually weakening, the law was corrupt to an incredible degree, and local disorder and misrule were prevalent from end to end of the kingdom. The picture of England at the beginning of the great civil war, that tore her still further during the next thirty years, has not been painted by historians in the brightest of colours, nor can it well be. If ever there was a country too sick already for internal strife, it was the England of the latter half of the fifteenth century. Nations, like individuals, can burn the candle at both ends.

This fact colours all the social history of the times we are considering, and it explains a good deal, while it excuses more. Too much has been expected by those who have condemned the period as one of selfishness, of anarchy, and of unmitigated disaster.<sup>2</sup> If material causes—poverty, absence of justice in the workaday world, war, especially civil war—are present, they are bound to contaminate all the higher factors that go to make social life clean and wholesome. They handicapped England at the opening of this era, and they were a drag upon her all the way through. And moreover there were other causes, peculiar to the times, which also made for discontent and social danger. "The great change in the character of agriculture, the throwing together of the smaller holdings, the diminution of tillage, the increase of pasture lands, had tended largely to swell the numbers and turbulence of the floating labour class. And at this moment the break-up of the military households of the nobles, and the return of wounded and disabled soldiers from the wars, added a new element of violence and disorder to the seething mass."<sup>3</sup>

In strange contrast to this gloomy view stands the opinion of an authority like Professor Rogers, who maintains that the fifteenth century and the first quarter of the sixteenth form "the golden age

<sup>1</sup> Stow's *History of Britain*.

<sup>2</sup> Denton's *England in the Fifteenth Century*, p. 213.

<sup>3</sup> Green's *Short History of the English People*.

of the English labourer." Prothero, in "Pioneers and Progress of English Farming," p. 14, holds a similar outlook, and to him the "first half of the fifteenth century most nearly realised the peasant's dream of Arcadia." But even if it is admitted that the English yeoman did enjoy rough plenty, that in itself only placed him in Arcadia on a level with the sheep and the ox he tended. Besides, Arcadia ceases to be Arcadia when the shock of battle disturbs her groves. How far these widely different readings of this period are true seems the question this essay should endeavour to answer.

The two most important sources upon which we can draw for our information are the Paston Letters and the Cely Letters. A few words relating to their importance, as well as to their limitations, may not be out of place here, before any attempt is made to draw upon their contents for evidence of the statements that follow. Both books, if one may call them so, deal with the everyday life of a well-to-do family, not high enough to be exclusively concerned in affairs of state, nor low enough to be unworthy of any record whatever. Both series of letters were private and personal, but they dealt with facts of vital moment to the writers. In neither instance can we advance sufficient reason for not accepting the story they tell. They are artless, but they carry the conviction of sincerity, and within their limited range—the one deals with the life of a landed proprietor, the other with a family of wool merchants—they are to be regarded without reserve. The picture they paint is certainly not England at large, as they are extremely parochial in feeling, but the Norwich of the Paston Letters is on broad lines the microcosm of the England of that day, and there is no valid reason for refusing to admit George Cely's life in Calais as otherwise than typical of his contemporary in Bristol or Newcastle.

Stubbs, in his "Lectures on Mediæval and Modern History," regards the Paston Letters as forbidden ground for all but the professed student of history. "Their language," he says, "their localised details, their minutiae of family history and illustrations of manners are without any meaning to nine people out of ten." To a large extent this may be so; they make hard reading, no doubt, to those who care for none of these things, but the learned historian's opinion seems unnecessarily emphatic, unless his "innermost ring of historic students" has a fairly ample circumference. Nevertheless, his belief must have due weight and consideration, for it may be best expressed by saying that care has always to be exercised in using details so local and petty for the establishment of a panorama of the general social condition of things. These details give us at



most vivid glimpses of social life, but the haphazard way they present themselves to us forbids their having much value as a systematic record of social progress. And the same may be said of the Cely Letters.

Social history in its widest sense embraces more or less many forms of human activity. It views man in his contact with his neighbour, as friend and enemy, as citizen and as merchant; it has to consider his relations to church, and town, and household; it must not neglect his accomplishments in learning, nor the refinement of his manners, nor the attitude he adopts towards the Ten Commandments. In short, nothing that he strives after or fights against, nothing in his thoughts or his actions, but will leave its impress upon the society of which he is a member.

The beginning of the Wars of the Roses found England a country more suited for the training of the hardier virtues than for the development of the so-called finer graces that may adorn human life. A man, to hold his own, had more frequently than not to avail himself of rough and ready measures. He could not always afford to sit down and patiently wait until "the law's delay" was at an end, or until the "insolence of office" had condescended to consider him. Party spirit ran high, and turbulence was connived at by noblemen and county gentlemen. Innumerable passages in the Paston Letters confirm the existence of this lawlessness.

"For love of Good take good awayte to your person, for the word [world] is right wilde and have be sythyn Heydonz sauffe gard was proclamyd at Walsyngham, for yn good feyth I trow but if he be ponysshid the countre wille rise and doo moche harme." (P. L. 399.) In Letter 410 we find John Paston, the son, writing to his father as follows: "It is talkyd here how that ye and Howard schuld a' strevyn togueder on the scher daye and on of Howards men schuld a' strekyn yow twyess with a dagere and soo ye schuld a ben hurt but for a good dobelet that ye hadde on at that tyme." In 1452 Paston sends information to the Sheriff of Norfolk to this effect: "Plese yow to wete that Charlis Nowell with odir hath in this cuntre mad many riot and sautes; and among othir, he and V of his felachip set upon me and mo of my servants at the Chathedrall chirch of Norwich, he smyting at me, whilis on of his felawis held myn arnes at my bak." (P. L. 175.) References of a more general nature are likewise common enough. Thus we find Mrs. Paston's opinion of the times. "God for Hys holy mersy geve grace that ther may be set a good rewyll and a sad in this contre in hast, for I herd nevyr sey of so myche robry and manslawter in thys contre

as is now within a lytyll tyme." (P. L. 435.) Or again we read that "Here dare no man seyn a gode wurd for zu in this cuntre, Godde amend it." (P. L. 78.) On another occasion it is "Als for tydyngs, we have none gode in this contre, I pray God send us gode." (P. L. 163.) So also with good reason might the town of Swaffham have prayed, if we judge from the piteous nature of their petition for redress against Sir Thomas Tudenham of Oxburgh. This may be quoted at length, as it is valuable as showing not only the wholesale extent of such oppression, but also its open nature.

"To the ryght wise, noble, and discrete Comons of this present Parlement.

"Mekely besechyn, bewailyn, and shewyn the pouer and simple inhabitaunts in the toun of Swafham in the counte of Norfolk, that where Sir Thomas Tudenham of Oxburgh, knyght, this xvj yeeris last passid before the day of the Acte of Resumpcion in the last Parlement before this, hath ocupied and governed the lordship and maner of Swafham forsaied, with the appertenaunce, as styward and fermer of the same; in which ocupacion and governaunce the said Sir Thomas and othre his servauntz and adherentz in a rolle to this peticion annexed named han petously and synnefully don and comitted thet respasez, offencez, wronges, extorcyons, mayntenaunce, imbraceryes [*i.e.* attempts to corrupt juries], oppressions, and perjuryes in the seid rolle conteyned." (P. L. 151.)

It is significant to observe in passing that such outrages were not the work of outlaws whose hands were against every man's hand, for Nowell, already alluded to, was friendly with Thomas Daniel, whom the Duke of Somerset supported, as the letter dated December 18, 1451, shows. "And please it you to witte of oure newe tydinges here: as this day com writing both to my Lorde and to my Lady from London that there be certein lettres directed to my Lorde from my Lady his moder and diverse other Lordes for to have Danyell in his favour a geyne, and as it is supposed by the meanes of the Duc of Somersette, for he hath ben right conversaunte with hym all this quarter of this yere." (P. L. 172.) Or take the case of Lord Moleyns, whose retainer Partryche was at daggers drawn with Paston. In letter 67 we find Mrs. Paston writing to her husband and giving him good counsel apparently when the circumstances are considered. "Ryt wurchipful hwsbond, I recomawnd me to zu and prey zw to gete som crosse bowis and wyndacs to bynd them with and quarrels, for zour hwsis her ben so low that ther may non man schet owt with no long bowe thow we hadde never so moche nede. . . . Partryche

and his felaschep arn sor aferyd that ze wold entren azen up on them and they have made grete ordynawnce with inne the hwse as it is told me." Letter 66 refers to Moleyns countenancing such affairs and promising his support. "Also the Lord Moleyns wrott in his forseyd letter that he wold mytyly, with his body and with his godis, stand be all tho that had ben his frends and his wel willers in the mater touching Gressam."

A similar state of unrest is pictured in the Cely Papers. Several of their letters are full of protest against the great insecurity of the roads then. In 1482 Richard Cely writes to George, "I pwrpos to departe into Cottysowlde the ix day of thys monthe, and the xi day I wndyrstond ze pwrpose to Bregys whard: the holy Trenyte sped ws bothe." A letter to George Cely written to Caleys in 1478 contains another hint of the same nature. "Jhesu for ys grete mercy send a good passe in the Duke of Borgand landys, for ellys wyll be no good merchantys warde." Perhaps the fact that the Celys, members of the one great progressive class of their time, found it paid them to wear the livery of Sir John Weston, the Prior of the Hospitallers, is as convincing a proof as any that can be brought forward to show the lawlessness so characteristic of that day.

The Plumpton Correspondence, dating from 1441, gives another graphic glimpse of the unsettled state of affairs. Plumpton, who was Seneschal and Master Forester of Knaresborough, had a quarrel with John Kemp, Cardinal and Archbishop of York, about the rights of the forest tenants to pay tolls at fairs. In the declaration which Plumpton makes against the Cardinal, he complains that the latter "kept his towne of Ripon at fair tymes by night, like a towne of warr with souldiers hired for their wages." As a matter of fact it would seem that the Church then was not only powerless as a factor tending towards order, but that it was only too ready to use means upon which disorder was fostered. Its laxity in affording sanctuary to thieves is condemned in strong language by Stow. The passage will bear quotation: "As for thieves, of which these places be full and which never fall from the craft after they once fall thereto, it is pitty the Sanctuary serve them. . . . Now unthriftes riot and run in debt upon the boldnesse of these places, yea and rich men run thither with poore men's goods, there they builde, there they spend, and bid their creditors go whistle them. Men's wives run thither with their husbands' plate, and say, they dare not abide with their husbands for beating. Theeves bring thither their stolne goods and there live therein."

Another sample may be taken from the same correspondence

before we leave it. It consists of a somewhat lengthy complaint from Plumpton's tenants against Wil Rycroft yelder, Wil Rycroft yonger, with a goodly company of other rogues, who "are dwelling within your said lordship, they all not having any kow or kalves, or any other guds, whearby they might live, nor any other occupise, and fair they are beseen and wel they fair, and att all sports and gamies they are in our country for the most part, and silver to spend and to gameing, which they have more readie than any other within your said lordship." It is not difficult, one may presume, to guess how such worthies contrived to exist. In all likelihood many of them had been in the service of Mother Church, who certainly was not above using such means for the attainment of her ends.

London itself was in no wise behind in fostering riotous habits. Stow, in his "History of Britain," tells of a row in 1450, between an Italian servant and a merchant's servant, which was sufficient to bring the mercers' servants like a hornets' nest about the ears of the authorities. "And after the Court was finished, the Maior and Sheriffes walking homewarde through Cheape, were there met by such a number of mercers' servants and others that they might not passe for ought that they coulede speake or doe, till they hadde delivered the yong manne that before was by them sent to prison."

Norwich, Ripon, Swaffham, London in turn confirm the story of an unruly people, and yet not perhaps so much unruly as misruled. It was not ignorance of law, but contempt for legal methods, that largely brought this about, and the evil of it all was that this contempt was easily justifiable. Justice was to be bought for the gift of a gown or a pipe of wine. Richard Cely wrote to his brother George in 1481 about the slaying of a hart concerning which they were accused: "Thys day I have been wt master Mwngewmbre and gevyn hym the whalew of a pype whyn to have ws howt of the boke hevir hyt be schewyd the Kyng, and so he has promysyd me." Later on the same writer declared that "hyt [the trouble about the hart] have coste myche mony, byt and Sur Thomas Mongewmbre had not beyn howr goode master hyt wholld a coste myche mor." So evidently all parties were satisfied. *Magna est pecunia et prævalebit.* If men had to act so, there is little wonder that social life was vitiated to a considerable degree at its very fountain-head. If necessity dictated such a course of action to a man out of doors, then habit in the long run would often apply a similar standard within doors. A policy of grab is invariably deteriorating from the point of social welfare; it makes a home a fortress, and the head of a household an autocrat so far as lies within his power.



Much has been said of the want of real domestic feeling during this period, but can we wonder at it altogether? The attitude of the members of the family circle towards one another is well painted in the documents we have at hand. It is pre-eminently a business one. The mainspring of action is regulated, more frequently than not, by questions of pounds, shillings, and pence, and the outcome is naturally productive of only a niggardly and selfish sympathy. Gairdner remarked that domestic life was tainted by the system of "wardship" which put the marriage of heirs under age at the disposal of their superior lords. But the evil was wider in its operation than this. A superior lord might almost be excused, from a business standpoint at least, if he considered himself to some extent in such a contingency. At any rate in many cases he could not be reproached on the score of selling his own kith and kin. In the Paston Letters, however, we have witness over and over again that a father or brother might exercise his power over daughter or sister for similar ends. Marriage was regarded almost solely as serviceable in strengthening financially or otherwise the status of the family. The natural feelings of the individual were ignored in the careful calculation of the pros and cons of the case. Let us take a few quotations that bear this out. "And as for me, if ye can thynke that hys lond standyt cler, in as meche as I fele your sustyr well wylyd ther to, I hold me well content." (P. L. 197.)

"And my moder prayd hym for to gett for hyr on good mariage yf he knewe any. . . . Zyf ye thynk it be for to be spok of, my moder thynkyth that it shuld be get for lesse mony nowe in thys world than it shuld be her after." (P. L. 479.)

"Item as towchyng my sustre Anne, I undrestand she hethe bene passyng seek; but I wende that she had ben weddyd." This last touch in itself speaks volumes on brotherly love, as the tone of it suggests that Paston regretted the failure very much in the same light as he would have viewed a bad deal in cattle or hay. In the same letter he refers again to the matter: "As for Yelverton he seyde but late that he wold have hyr iff she had hyr mony, and ellis nott." This certainly does not picture the ardent lover, but at the same time it is typical of a state of things very prejudicial to the progress of the higher phases of social life. No doubt such motives could only be in active operation within certain classes, but the evil was widespread therein, and its very presence would contaminate the views of many, whom poverty or some other accidental cause kept out of contact with its actual working. Still let us hope that the exceptions to Yelverton as the Romeo of his day were numerous.

The same letter already quoted from concludes with a significant warning. "But among alle other thynges I praye yow be ware that the old love of Pampyng renewe nott," and the letter that follows contains a similar caveat. (P. L. 732, 733.) Paston evidently dwelt in a healthy dread of another *mésalliance*. History might repeat itself, and another sister marry a servant of the family. Such a consummation was not on his part one to be devoutly wished for, however creditable it might be to the parties more immediately concerned.

The Plumpton Correspondence gives details of a somewhat like nature. Godfray Grene wrote to Sir William Plumpton in 1464 about a young man, "a mercer in the Chepe," who "makes great labor to my lady and to Jeffrey Dawne for my sister Isabell to marry with her," but "lyvelode he hese none," unfortunately, and despite the fact that "my lady hath proffered him faire," the match was broken off.

Nor were the motives less mercenary from the man's point of view. Rychard Cely sends his brother George this rather startling announcement: "Syr, I hawhe bene spokyn to for a whyfe in 11 plassys syn ze departtyd." Doubtless the choice in such a case would ultimately be against "the penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree." The same writer on another occasion writes in thankful terms of a friend who was helping him in what, for want of a better term, may be called his love affairs. "Syr Hary Bryan, the bryngar of thys, laburs me soor too goo and se Rawson dorottyr. I am beheldyng to hym for hys labor, for I know whell that he howlde I dyd whell." Of another affair Cely writes in 1482: "Syr, aull thys matter abydyth the cwmyng of her father to London thet whe may wndyrstonde what some he wyll departe wt and how he lykys me."

In every case the same matter-of-fact tone prevails. There is not even an attempt at glozing over the sordidness of it all. "Wardship" and its attendant evils did all the mischief that has been put to their discredit, but society was permeated with the same opinion in all directions, and in cases that lay altogether outside of the relations existing between superior and ward. Pecuniary considerations ruled in the legal aspect of the question, but they were also rampant within the home itself. They were of primary importance to men and women alike, at least to the latter after they had entered the bonds of matrimony and had presumably acquiesced in the barter of themselves. Paston's wife and his mother were every whit as good judges of an eligible party, from the standard then in vogue, as was John Paston himself or even the much-experienced Richard Cely.

Home life in other respects seems to have been of a harsh enough nature, and physical force was resorted to in circumstances that would now bring upon such conduct the verdict of brutality. Elizabeth Clere wrote to John Paston about his mother's Spartan views of discipline in reference to his sister Elizabeth, who had come to a marriageable age, and had evidently a will of her own. "And sche hath sen Esterne the most part be betyn onys in the weke or twyes, and som tyme twyes on a day, and hir hed broken in to or thre places." (P. L. 71.) Old Mrs. Paston evidently was a firm believer in the doctrine of Solomon. She wrote of her son at Cambridge that she considered his last master the best he ever had, because his methods were based upon the primitive principle of the rod. Her counsel to Grenefeld, the lad's new master, is in a similar strain, and she asks him "to send feythfully word by wrytyn who Clement Paston hath do his dever in lernyng and if he hath nought do well nor wyll nought amend prey hym that he wyll trewly belassh hym, tyl he wyll amend." In the same letter Clement's sister Elizabeth is warned that "she must use hyr selfe to werke redyly as other jentylwomen done, and sumwhat to helpe hyr selfe ther with." (P. L. 311.)

Master and servant, as might be expected, were bound together by no less stringent measures. Paston, as landlord, seems occasionally to have got at loggerheads with his tenants, and, even if allowance is made for the pressure brought to bear upon the tenants by powerful neighbours—my Lord of Suffolk or my Lord of Norwich as the case might be—there is no reason to believe that Paston's attitude towards his inferiors was always one of a lenient nature. Richard Calle, his right-hand man of business, advocated drastic measures when trouble cropped up and the tenants had been forced into active resistance. In his letter to John Paston, junior, he writes of certain of these men: "they have enforced them as stronke as they kan and they have broken doune the brigge and have leide a planke over in cas that ye go theder ye may not come at Dale is howce in no waie." Sufficient evidence lurks between these lines to show that previous experience had given these men a knowledge of what would be forthcoming. Calle's letter finishes with the remark "but and ye wolde gete my Lords meane and pulle the knaves out be the heede it were weele done." (P. L. 420.)

But, to be fair, there was sometimes a better feeling displayed. Sympathy with the poverty of dependents did now and again stir even the bosom of careful Mrs. Paston. In 1465 (P. L. 499) we find her writing to her husband about the grievous plight of some of

their tenants, and urging him to allow certain measures for their relief. It is true that she is careful to explain that no great demands are to be made upon the husband's pocket, as "the wynfall wood at the maner," which she proposes to give them, is "of noo gret valewe." Still the kindly suggestion is there, and we can afford to ignore little details because of the pleasure there is in finding that a glint of charity is sometimes in evidence.

That there was need for such a feeling then can be little doubted. The poverty that was thankful for Mrs. Paston's "ruschis to repare with her howsys" was accentuated all too frequently by the visitations of sickness and plague. Ever since the Black Death of 1348-9 there had been a frequent recurrence of pestilence. "After six fierce attacks within 28 years, four months of plague in 1477 swept off three times the number of people who had perished in the civil wars during the previous fifteen years." In 1471 Sir John Paston wrote: "Item I praye yow sende me worde iff any off our ffrendys or wellwyllers be dede, ffor I feer that ther is grete dethe in Norwyche, ffor I ensur you it is the most unyversall dethe that evyr I wyst in Ingelonde." In 1479 George Cely at Calais is informed by his brother that "the sekenesse ys sore yn London, werefor meche pepyll of the sete ys yn to the contre for fere of the sekenesse." In 1486 Plumpton tells us, "Also they begyn to dye in London: there is but few pariches fre: at summer they die faster."

No evidence of any kind is forthcoming in any of these records of much help of a practical kind. Crowds of pilgrims went to and fro, actuated mainly by a desire to escape the infliction, or, it might be, grateful for renewed health if they had been lucky enough to recover. In 1471, the year which Paston mentions as the worst in his experience, he wrote to his younger brother about a pilgrimage of this nature which the King and Queen undertook to Canterbury: "As ffor tydyngs, the Kyng and the Qwyen and moche other pepell ar rydden and goon to Canterbury, nevr as moche peple seyn in Pylgrymage hertofor at ones, as men saye." (P. L. 676.) But the numbers that went did not go from altruistic motives. Their object was to secure personal immunity, and their means of attaining this did not by any means further peace or security throughout the country. In fact, such individuals gave a large amount of unconscious encouragement to the robbery so prevalent at this time. In the Cely Papers we have frequent reference to the insecurity of travellers, especially on the sea, and in the Paston Letters evidence exists to prove that the state of things on land was no better. In 1461 Robert Lethum informed Paston of his experience.



"I said to you that I hade been dyvers tymes spoled and robbed, as ye have herd." (P. L. 393.) Another case is mentioned in 1481. "I have delyvyrd Kay iii<sup>s</sup> accordyng to yowr whryttyng and vj<sup>d</sup> mor becaus he says he whos robberyd be the whey of iii<sup>s</sup>, byt the thevys gave him viii<sup>d</sup> ageyn."

In addition to fostering this lawlessness, pilgrimages had no small effect in upsetting material prosperity in many areas, by the withdrawal of large bodies of people, who would have been, to put it plainly, much better occupied at home. The entire question of pilgrims and pilgrimages throws a vivid sidelight upon that rampant selfishness which has been already alluded to.

With regard to the direct means for staying the onrush of the plague, it may be surmised that these were of little or no value. It was an age when sorcery could still be used as a charge in 1470 against the Duchess of Bedford, and when licenses, as late as 1477 at least, could be obtained for the purposes of alchemy. An educated and intelligent set of people like the Pastons could only fight disease with these weapons. "My moder be hestyd a nodyr ymmage of wax of the wette of yow to oyer Lady of Walsyngham . . . and I have be hestyd to gon on pylgreymmays to Walsyngham and to Sent Levenardys for yow." It cannot therefore be stretching a point very far if we believe that the medical skill of the age was not of a very advanced character, and, unfortunately for the case, a plague cannot be successfully stamped out by faith-cures or by Christian science treatment. Pest-houses were indeed found near most large towns, but the attempts at isolation could not have been in any way thorough, as there was no local authority to enforce even elementary precautions. Such plague-houses were attached to each of the leading Oxford Colleges, and the fellows evidently used them, not for the purpose of sending the sick there, but for their own habitation and retirement when "the sickness was hot under the shadow of St. Mary's spire."

In conclusion, the demoralising effects of all this upon the character of the people, when they were suffering under these visitations, must have been appalling. Paston's interest in the matter is confined, if we may judge him from his own words, to a fear for his friends and well-wishers. The pilgrimages were merely unadulterated proofs of individual selfishness and of childish terror. No evidence exists of co-operation to lessen the trouble. Evils were not faced, they were fled from. Social life almost ceased to exist whilst the plague stalked through the land; men grew more callous than even a callous age had made them, and six months of

the plague would undo the progress of as many years' social prosperity.

So far our evidence has tended to show the manifold burdens under which life was led. The unsettled state of the country at large, the vagaries in the administration of justice, the frequent appeal to force, the frequent recurrence of much sickness, all tended to dwarf, if not to destroy, any efforts toward the evolution of those higher social virtues that so readily decay in a tainted atmosphere.

But, on the other hand, material welfare was slowly progressing in spite of and alongside of these drawbacks. England in the fourteenth century had been mainly engaged in exporting raw material, but by the close of the period we are now considering she had become a manufacturing centre, and that at the expense of the Flemish cities. The din of 40,000 looms had resounded through Bruges during the thirteenth century; at the end of the fifteenth she was ready to bestow her privileges for next to nothing. The population of Ypres had decreased from between 80,000 and 100,000 in 1408 to about 5,000 or 6,000 in 1486, and Ghent and other towns told a similar story of decay. This startling change stands as an indirect proof of the altered condition of affairs in England. And with this change came also the awakening of the people to the possibilities of their new advance, and to the means by which they might be secured. "The Libel of English Policie," a treatise written about 1430, not only gives a picture of the commercial position of England, but advocates with rare foresight the vital necessity for English control over the narrow seas. This cardinal fact, as the author rather fancifully puts it, was expressed by the gold noble of the eighteenth year of the reign of Edward III.

For four things our Noble showeth unto me,  
King, ship, and sword, and Power of the Sea.

Fortescue, in his "Governaunce of England," draws a weighty contrast between the commons of England and France. Of the former he remarks: "They eat plentifully of all kinds of flesh and fish. They wear fine woollen cloth in all their apparel, they have abundance of bed coverings in their houses and of all other woollen stuff; they have a great store of all hustlements and implements of household; they are plentifully furnished with all instruments of husbandry and all other things that are requisite to the accomplishment of a quiet and wealthy life according to their estate and degrees." The "quiet and wealthy life" somehow seems to give one the idea that the view is too highly coloured, but it may be accepted

in its general outline with little modification. Philip de Comines, towards the end of the fifteenth century, maintains a similar opinion, and remarks that the Wars of the Roses were not of a kind to touch the domestic peace and prosperity of the nation. This again, as will be shown later, is somewhat at variance with the strict facts of the case, although not so much, perhaps, as may be usual in the blighting influence of a civil war.

Political proofs of a higher standard of comfort and of a more ambitious ideal in at least some of the external marks of social life are at hand in the Statutes of Apparel of 1463 and 1482, both of which were framed against an apparently universal extravagance in dress. Stow's *résumé* of the earlier of these Statutes may be permitted a place here in virtue of its illustration of this point. "1463. The 29 of Aprill began a Parliament at Westminster in the which was ordained . . . that no man or woman under the estate of a lord or lord's children weare any cloth of golde, apparell wrought with golde, furs of sables. That no yeoman or person under that degree weare in their array for their bodies any bouldsters of wool, cotton, or other stuffe, or in their dublet anything save lining equall to the outside. That no person weare gowne, iaquet, or cloake but of such length as, the same man standing upright, the same should cover his buttockes, nor any taylor to stuffe or bolster any garment or to make him shorter or otherwise then was limited. Also that no man weare shooes or bootes having pikes passing two inches in length, or shooemaker to make them above that size." In the Statutes of Labourers we find the rate of wages is generally on the increase. Take for example that of 1495, when the following statutory wages were agreed to in Parliament:—A bailiff was to receive 26s. 8d. instead of his previous 24s. 4d.; a common labourer, whose food was found, got 16s. 8d. and 4s. for clothes in lieu of 15s. and 3s. 4d. for clothes. Furthermore, the Acts of the fifteenth century, directed against the giving of liveries, testify partly to the love of display among the upper classes at least, although the evil lurking behind this question may have been more of a political one from the point of view of the government.

In the Paston Letters we get a glimpse now and again of Mrs. Paston's desire to appear well before the world. Even she, with her full share of troubles, can find time to give her husband detailed orders in small matters that show she was not always burdened down by the fact that "there is grete prese of pepill and fewe frendes." So on occasion Paston's instructions run: "That ze wyld bye a zerd of brode clothe of blac for an hode fore me of

xliij d. or iiij s. a zerd." She smooths away possible objections by letting her husband know that "for the child is gwnys, and I have them, I wel do hem maken."

In the question of diet there is a strong likelihood that a somewhat like condition of things existed. The Cely Papers contain enough information for us to conclude that their class at least knew something of the fleshpots of Egypt. A Bill of their Expenses during part of Lent does not certainly show much stint of provender, nor does the following account of the cost of a little trip to Bollen. There were ten of them in this merry carouse.

Summe x perswonys.

Forst to Bollen whord . . . . .	viiij d.
homewhord . . . . .	vij d.
Item at Bollen for te denar unto the koke . . . . .	v s. iiij d.
Item for the whyne at that dynar . . . . .	iiij s.
Item there as whe lay all nyght for whyne, bedys, and horsse . . . . .	iiij s. x d.
Item gavyn the mynstrell . . . . .	iiij d.
Item pd. be me for there cart . . . . .	ix s.
Summa totallis . . . . .	xxiiij s. viij d.

It would be hard to surpass this delightfully human little document even in the whole range of those eminently human records of the Celys or of the Pastons. One other little touch of a kindred nature occurs in Beckington's letter to Sir Edmund Hungerford. "And furthermore my saide lorde told me that on Moneday last passed my lorde of Salisbury, and he and my lorde Moleyns visited my lady youre wif at whom at your place, which is in good hele, and they soo tasted yor wyne at that tyme that I truste to God yf ye have many such visitacions youre wyne shall nother soure nor stande base for defaulte of drynkers." Sir Edmund's private opinion of this chance visit would no doubt have made excellent reading, but unfortunately we are left to imagine it for ourselves.

It was exactly this new class, of whom the Pastons and the Celys formed types, that had no legacy of tradition in the sphere of social life to fall back upon. They had to do more than combat evils adverse to their social advancement, for they were forced to create for themselves a standard of living. Trade had increased and was largely increasing the wealth of a large section of the community, and this class at least had begun to feel that they had claims upon an entrance into what was not only a position where a



higher standard of comfort held good, but a position where more refined social ideals were eventually necessary. Many were rising in the world to an affluence which previously it was impossible for their fathers to attain. The Church was no longer the only door through which one of the masses might reach to eminence, even although she was still to show that an Ipswich tradesman's son could aspire by her aid to fill St. Peter's chair. And this new society, independent of and largely antagonistic to the Church, could not very well draw inspiration from thence for the formation of a social code. Neither could the moribund baronage give it any lessons, for sympathy with trade was as foreign to them as it was to the clergy. As a matter of fact, new conditions had rendered many of the regulations of the Church, as well as of the nobility, ridiculous and incapable of acceptance on the part of a set of men whose very rise and existence were based on opposition to the old order of things. Nay, more, the new moneyed class had frequently the power of conferring favours upon instead of receiving them from the clergy and nobility alike. A nobleman might place in pawn to some merchant prince the heirlooms of his house, and the transaction placed the obligation at his door. The following is quoted from a letter from one of ducal rank respecting such a transaction. It implies that such a practice was of frequent occurrence, and it shows in addition the evil times upon which a once powerful aristocracy had fallen :

"Wherthorough we have greet nede to recovere oure Joiaulx and hire beyng yet in Bruges with and in the handes of Carles Giles and Johan Martyn marchaunts of lignes and dwelling in Bruges for the some of ii<sup>m</sup> ix<sup>c</sup> iiij of Flandres or the value of thayme, as thei be worth in London, we pray yow hartly that, fore the quityng oute of oure said Joialux, ye wol, in all goodely haste, doo all youre goode devoir and possible diligence, taking all oure said Joiaulx hooly into your handes and warde and keping theyme still unto the tyme that ye be fully paied and content by us agein of all youre goode, that ye shall paye for the said cause." ("Letters of Margaret of Anjou and others," *Camd. Soc.*, edited by Cecil Munro.) In a similar way the Church might have to show gratitude for the largess of a man whom in an earlier age it might have had to protect. On the whole, therefore, there was no necessity for any subservient feeling among the newcomers in their relations to either of these old-established but now decaying bodies, and as a consequence a certain independence and manliness of tone runs through all the early growth of the new social aims. Little more than the foundations

of these may be visible in the period with which we are dealing, as the superstructure could not well arise until fairer winds were blowing. But it is all important to remember that in the laying of these foundations the merchant class of England was forced, as it were, back upon itself. If they did seek for outside aid their tendency was to look further afield. Intercourse abroad was not confined to trade alone. Flanders could show them a people who had behind them a progress of centuries to give weight to their example. In the Cely Letters we have abundant proofs of this influence. From what we learn of the continental life of George Cely, he must have been a good deal of a society man. His interest in his horses and his hawks was at least as thorough as his attention to business, if not more so, and the whole question of sport as an important factor in social life is vividly put before us in his many letters upon such matters. It would be impossible within reasonable limits to deal with these in their entirety, as they embrace no small proportion of the whole series of letters. Now and again it is a casual reference or a hasty postscript that confronts us, but some of the letters are wholly devoted to the subject of horses. In 1481 Richard Cely wrote to his brother in the following lengthy terms: "I wndyrstonde that ze have sowlde yowr grehyt gray hors and I am ryught glade therof, for *xx* ys as good as *xx*. I wndyrstonde that ze have a fayre hawke; I am ryught glade of hyr, for I trwste to God sche schall make yow and mer yught grehyt sporte. Zefe I whor sewyr at what passayge ze wholde send her I whowlde fett hyr at Dowyr and kepe hyr tyll ze cwm. A grehyt inforttewin ys fawlyn on your beche, for sche had *xiii*. fayr whelpys, and aftyr that sche hade whelpyd sche whelde newyr hett mette, and so sche ys deyd and aull hyr whelpys." Perhaps the following is even more convincing as regards the importance these Celys held in matters relating to sport, as the writer on this occasion confines himself wholly to the discussion of one of his brother's purchases, and the whole question, indeed, is treated with far greater detail than we find in what would be considered the important business letters: "Ruight whell beloyvd brother George, I recomend me wnto you wt aull myne hartte, informeyng you thet I hawhe yowr zeunge horsse at London, and I hawhe spokyn wt the beste cossars and smythys in Smethe felde, and thay gewhe me cowncell to lette hym ron in a parke tyll Hallowtyd and then take hym and lette hym stand in the dede of whyntter and let ron the next somer and then he schawll be sawhe whell he ys hors. . . . I schawll seke the

sewreste plas in Essex for yowr zewnge hors, and I pray yow remembyr an hawke." (Cely Letters, No. 106.)

Paston's opinion of the Flemish is also worth noting. He writes of them as if he regarded Flemish manners as well worthy of consideration on the part of his own countrymen, since the merchants of that country "can best behave them and most like gentlemen." (P. L. 319.)

A curious outgrowth of these efforts towards the attainment of certain rules and conventions, bearing upon social conduct, remains to us in the Books of Courtesy of the period. Perhaps the best known of these is the "Book of Curtesye" which Caxton printed, and which forms a volume in the Extra Series of the Early English Text Society under the editorship of F. J. Furnivall. These rhymes are of an essentially practical nature, and the very minuteness of their directions adds increased value to the light they shed upon a host of social matters. Significant above all is the hint, contained in the following couplet, of the change that was slowly working :

Mennys werkis haue often enterchange ;  
That nowe is norture, somtyme had be strange.

Of the importance to be attached to the advice that is given there can be little doubt. Readers were impressed by the fact that their passport lay in "remembryng wel that manners make man." This cardinal fact is again driven home in these lines :

Thenne, lityl John, I counceyl you that ye  
Take hede to the norture that men use,  
Newe founde or auntyent whether it be ;  
So shal no man your curtoisye refuse ;  
The guyse and custom, my child, shal you excuse.

Many phases of daily life are touched upon. Directions abound as to dress, behaviour in church, at meals, and when serving at table. Every hint is staunch in support of worldly wisdom and shrewdness. Take for example the lines referring to conversation at table :

Whan ye sitte therfore at your repaste  
Annoye ye noman presente nor absente,  
But speke ye fewe, for yf ye make waste  
Of large langage for sothe ye must be spent ;  
And when ye speke, speke ye with good entent  
Of maters accordyng unto plesance,  
But nothing that may cause men greuance.

And the characteristic note follows :

And in especyal use ye attendaunce,  
Wherein ye shal your self best auaunce!

Later on the shrewdness comes out again :

To connyng persons regarde ye take,  
Where ye be sette right in ententyf wyse ;  
Connyng folk connyng men shal make,  
To their connyng ye shal make your surmise.

or,

Here and see ande be styll in euery prees,  
Passe forth your way in scilence and in pees.

Sometimes a higher note is struck. Thus in another of these books entitled, "How the Wise Man taught his Sonne," we see a higher ideal than the Paston or the Cely Letters display on the question of marriage :

And therfore leerne weel this lore :  
If thou wolt haue a wijf with eese,  
For ritchesse take hir neuere the more.

Again :

Sonne, sette not bi this worldis weele,  
For it farith but as a cheri faire.

Some of the lines that one comes across betray the coarseness of manners that these Books of Courtesy were written to protest against—a coarseness which, from this date, may be regarded as slowly disappearing. Lytill Johan in Caxton's "Book of Curtesye" is warned :

And yf I shal to you playnly saye,  
Ouer the table ye shal not spetel conueye.

The following, from "How the Good Wijf taughte hir Doughter," is weightier still :

For if you be ofte drunke it falle thee to schame,  
For tho that ben ofte drunke thrift is from hem sunke,  
Mi leue child.

Quotations might be multiplied, but the mere number of them would not make the condition of things more clear, nor would the feelings that were combating this state of matters be rendered more distinct. Facts were dealt with under what an easier and more refined condition of manners may persuade us to call a narrow and suspicious system. Caution is certainly the watchword throughout, but the remedy of existent social evils, even the pettiest, was futile otherwise, "for the state of thinges and the dispositions of men were then such that a man could not well tell whom he might trust or whom hee might feere."

The belief that money could stand by itself and was independent



of all other aid, was certainly not so prevalent in this period as might be expected. Education, and the power with which it equips a man, were beginning to be regarded with an importance which previously had been confined to the Church alone. No doubt it was regarded as a means to an end, and that end did not imply a high standard of culture. In Caxton's "Book of Curtesye" we find the outlines defined for us in a few of the rhymes :

It is to a godly chyld wel syttyng  
To use disports of myrthe and plesance,  
To harpe or lute, or lustely to synge,  
Or in the prees right manerly to daunce.  
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Excercise your self also in redyng  
Of bookes enornede with eloquence.

The aim was essentially one of a practical nature, and, despite the above lines, confined more or less to a knowledge of legal matters. Nothing is more striking in a way than the display of this fact in the Paston Letters, or, as a matter of fact, in other documents as well. Both the Paston and the Cely Letters give abundant illustration of the state of education among at least the middle and upper classes. None of the letters betray the writer as totally unaccustomed to the art of correspondence. On the other hand, they very frequently prove him able to express himself with that ease and point which only come with frequent practice. Many of the letters in their way are models of terse expression and businesslike brevity. It must be remembered as well that they are not the production of a few highly trained or exceptionally gifted individuals. They are far more widely spread in their origin, as the greater number of the Paston Letters were written by people who only had business or family relations with the Pastons : their superiors, it might be, in one case, their neighbours and equals in another, or frequently enough those merely in their employ. So with the Cely Letters, although not to the same extent. Rogers, in his "Agriculture and Prices" (vol. iv. p. 502), points to a similar ability in connection with the royal accounts. In these he remarks that "the principal artisans in each craft audit such parts of their accounts as deal with labour, and sign every page."

Within the Paston family circle there existed no undecided opinion as to the value of an educational training. Reference has already been made to Mrs. Paston's care for the upbringing of her son at Cambridge, and in 1460 she writes to her son Sir John : "Your fader, wham God assole, in hys trobyll seson set more by hys wrytyngs

and evydens than he did by any of hys moveabell godys." (P. L. 560.) Such an opinion leaves little doubt but that he would attach adequate importance to the cultivation of those faculties that would enable a man both to record and to use such "wrytyngs and evydens."

In the view held at that time regarding the purpose of education, the legal element continually intrudes. Gairdner, in his introduction to the Paston Letters, points out that a liberal education then invariably implied a good working knowledge of the law, and stern necessity no doubt compelled others to gain the same useful information by other and harder channels. The procedure of the courts and the technicalities of legal administration seem to have been well within the grasp not only of those who may have had a course of formal legal study, such as the universities could give, and such as we can imagine Sir John Paston or Sir John Fastolf to have had, but also of women like Mrs. Paston, or even, to some extent, of dependents. The contents of letter after letter bear out this statement. Agnes Paston writes thus to her son Edmund: "To myn well belovid sone, I grete you wel and avyse you to thynkk onis of the daie of your faders counseyle to lerne the lawe," and she continues, giving the very significant reason therefor, "for he sayde manie tymis that ho so ever schuld dwelle at Paston schulde have nede to conne defende hym selfe." I suppose this reason strikes at the root of that remarkably widespread acquaintanceship with the law that is so specially characteristic of these times. The legal officials who administered the law were evidently so seldom above suspicion—Paston is informed in 1451 "that the Sheriff is noght so hole as he was, for now he wille shewe but a part of his frendeschippe"—that the implicit trust which honourable dealing can sometimes foster would have spelt in such cases sheer madness. It was not always a wise course to imagine oneself thrice armed because of the justice of one's quarrel. At least from our evidence it would appear that some insight into ways and means, both honest and dishonest, was not at all a qualification to be despised or safely dispensed with. Of Paston's legal troubles his wife had apparently an intimate knowledge. The tone of her letters implies that she is well capable of handling such matters, and her husband's trust in her ability seems at least to confirm this. Thus (P.L. 406) she writes to him, "Plesyt you to wete that I am desyryd be Sir John Tatersale to wryte to yow for a comysion or a noyr in termynen for to be sent down in this cuntre;" and she tenders him advice, not always legal, on many other occasions.

The Plumpton Correspondence affords similar evidence of a

legal knowledge on the part of ordinary people, which was much more general and sound than could be claimed for us now. Godfrey Grene's letter to Sir William Plumpton may be quoted here as perhaps the best example of this : "Also Whele had sent out *exigi facias de novo* against Holden, Hanworth, and West, or I came here, and said they were returned *quarto exactus* : he had given them to short a day. Whearfore he said he wold write unto you for an excuse, and pray the *exigi* against West may be withdrawen : I promissed he should take no hurt by the proces. Also Whele sends you a *capias utlagat.* against Harldre by Rauf Annias, but he delivered it to the Sheriff. I shall send you another with a copie of your new suites and a *venire facias* against the ministre." This grasp of legal minutiae was no doubt largely the outcome of environment, but it showed none the less that these men and women faced facts and tried to make the most of them. It displayed indirectly in addition that self-reliance which was so strong a mark of a great part of their social life, and which has been noted already in their complete break away from the social traditions of the Baronage and in their refusal to accept what Hallam has well called "the unsocial theory of duties" which has been held by the Church.

Amidst all this, however, it is certain that the standard of attainment in the sphere of education was not pitched high—not higher at least than in any other phase of the social life then. But this is not surprising when we come to regard the narrow prejudices and the jealousy that polluted the fountain-heads of learning. In Bekynton's official correspondence there is a letter which points out this state of matters clearly enough. It is addressed to Henry, Archbishop of Canterbury, by the graduates and students of the faculty of laws, and the trouble was that the faculty of physic, then evidently growing in importance, was threatening the other faculties. The portion here quoted gives the mind of its writers in no uncertain way, and its vehemence approaches perilously near truculence on occasion.

*The University of Oxford to Archbishop Chicheley.*

"Vestri humiles et devoti filii, Legum Doctores bacallarai et scholares Universitatis vestrae Oxoniae, debita filialis obedientiae acceptare obsequia, et suspiriosa desolantis legum scientiae mederi lamenta. Dampnandae ambitionis improbitas animos quorundam praeoccupans et excoecans, eos in tantae temeritatis impellunt audaciam, ut quae sibi tam a jure quam consuetudine quam etiam naturalis dictamine rationis noviter interdicta, jam execrabili quadam novitate exquisitis conentur fraudibus usurpare. . . . Alienam

quoque præminentiam sibi diripiunt, prærogativas scientiarum evertunt, ordinata deordinant, et omnia dehonestant."

Such an attitude may help to account for the large decrease of students that had taken place at this time. Green mentions that Oxford could only muster one-fifth of the scholars, compared with the number that had attended its lectures a century earlier, and that despite the fact that the era of endowment had set in and the consequent erection of colleges was rapidly proceeding.

High ideals of education were not likely to be generally widespread amongst a people when their centres of learning were in this condition, but, as Green says, "the very character of the authorship of the time, its love of compendiums and abridgments of the scientific and historical knowledge of its day, its dramatic performances or mysteries, the commonplace morality of its poets, the popularity of its rimed chronicles, are additional proofs that literature was ceasing to be the possession of a purely intellectual class, and was beginning to appeal to the people at large."

A very notable evidence of this change exists in the foundation of Eton College. The earliest documents relating to this important step belong to a date anterior to the period under consideration—they date from September and October 1440—but for practical purposes the establishment of this institution comes within the scope of our survey. Its modest beginnings, which included the erection of a parish church into a collegiate church and the appointment of a grammar master for the twenty-five poor scholars and the twenty-five poor bedesmen, were enhanced by the fact that the instruction was to be free. Eton stands as the forerunner of that splendid series of endowed schools which did so much for England afterwards, and which would have accomplished still more had they been always kept more to the spirit and less to the letter of the law. A portion of Henry VI.'s letter, as quoted in the Bull of Eugenius IV., who granted the foundation of the College, may well have a place here as an important landmark in the social history of the time.

Peace hath her victories  
No less renowned than war.

Nay, more, it may have them amid the stress of war.

"Tandemque nobis intima meditatione talia cogitantibus, resedit in corde ut in honorem ac fulcimentum tantæ tamque sanctissimæ matris in ecclesia parochiali de Etona juxta Wyndesoram, quæ a nostræ nativitatæ loco non longe remota est, unum collegium fundarem . . . necnon unius Magistri sive Informatoris in grammatica, qui dictos indigentes scholares aliosque quoscunque et



undecunque de regno nostro Angliae confluentes ad dictum collegium in rudimentis grammaticae gratis, absque pecuniae aut alterius rei exactione, debeat informare."

Altogether a notable document, vital with the breath of a finer feeling than its time warranted—with the catholic breadth of its "aliosque quoscunque et undecunque," and the charity of its "gratis absque pecuniae aut alterius rei exactione." Alice Green, in her "Town Life in the Fifteenth Century," praises, as the outstanding feature of the mediæval borough, "the splendid tradition of civic patriotism and generosity which seems to have prevailed," and proof of this cannot more readily be found than in the efforts which were now beginning to be made in the domain of education, and which may be said to have been heralded by the establishment of Eton.

Our eyes must not, however, be shut to the evidence bearing upon the laxity of the moral standards then in vogue. Mention has already been made of the readiness with which men resorted to the use of force for the protection of their rights, and we have seen that the condition of the law to a certain extent framed an excuse for this, since force may well become almost a legitimate course of action, however much its employment may be deprecated. In the present instance, at least, its use cannot be very strongly condemned because it is practically certain that other means of redress were as a rule absent during these times.

The more questionable use of fraud, however, was prevalent enough as well, and its frequent occurrence lends far greater weight to the disapproval of the morals of that day than can ever be fairly given by the fact that men were more liable then than now to use the strong hand when an opportunity offered itself. Men of the standing of the Cely family were ready enough for a little sharp practice in business. Richard Cely writes in 1482 to his brother George: "Syr, I hawhe sowlde Py; I kon not get for hym byt V marke on my fathe, and zehyt he that has hym thynkeys hymselfe full begyllyd." Evidently horse-dealing was as full of pitfalls for the uninitiated of that day as it ever has been since. In their business as wool-traders they were equally ready to deviate from the paths of honesty. In 1487, September 12, their papers admit a case of their changing samples of wool, and no doubt the irksomeness of the subsidy upon wool led them when possible to avoid its payment.

Bitter complaints are continually to be found in the Cely Letters about the piracy that was so rampant upon the Narrow Seas. In March 1484 William Cely sends this note to his brothers: "Item, Syr, on Fryday last past on Richard Awray, that was master of my

lord Denman's schypp, zede forthe a warfare in a schypp of hys owne and toke in merchauntes etc." Or again in another letter : "Item, Syr, plese hit yow to wytt that on the xii day of Maye ther was 11 frensche men chasyd an englysch schypp afore Caley's." Such irregularities between these two nations were just what might be expected, and although peaceful traders no doubt had ground to complain of the insecurity of the sea passage to the Continent, yet they themselves appear to have done a little piracy on their own private account, if we are to judge from a letter from Thomas Dolton to Cely : "I loke yevery day for tydynges owte of Holland for my schypp and my prisoners."

"My prisoners" sounds rather significant of some transaction that cannot even charitably be termed anything but rank piracy. Of course it must be admitted that these are, after all, isolated cases. There is not a wealth of them sufficient to convert probability into certainty, but even the rarity of these notices must be allowed to carry some weight, and, if the Celys are regarded as typical of their class—if not, the historical value of their letters is comparatively worthless—then it may be assumed that such practices were common enough during that period.

The Paston Letters afford abundant evidence of a similar system of fraud, especially in legal matters. Bribery was regarded as a course almost necessary. It might be and it was objected to strongly enough by those whose pockets had to suffer, but the objection was not based upon ideas of right and wrong, but rather upon the fact that a gift had to be forthcoming. Paston on one occasion was unsuccessful in his suit for "an especiall assise," and the reason given to him shows that, even in the highest places, hands were not always clean. "It shuld not like my Lord Chauncellor to graunt assise for als moche as the Lord Moleyns hadde sore be laboured in his cuntre to pees and stille the people, there to restreyngne them from rysyng, and so he was dayly laboured there about in the Kyngg's grace, and that considered he trusted verlyly that there shuld non assise be graunted to your entent." Even if we grant that Moleyns did all that this credits him with—and such an admission would be a rather hazardous one, as Letter 66 gives a very different picture of this noble lord : "Also the Lord Moleyns wrott in his forseyd letter that he wold mytyly with his body and with his godis stand be all tho that had ben his frends and his wel willers in the matter touching Gressam"—still the amplest consideration of his services to the King cannot be accepted as a ground for refusing Paston fair treatment. Moleyns as the apostle of peace

cuts a sorry figure as "the seid Lord" who "sent to the seid mansion [Paston's house] a riotous people to the nombre of a thousand persones." My Lord may have "dayly laboured there about in the Kyngg's grace;" but what of Paston "not abille to sue the commone lawe in redressyng of this heynos wrong for the gret myght and alyaunce of the seid Lord"? Letter 155 contains another reference to him. "Also the Shereffe enformed us that he hath writyng from the King that he shall make such a panell to aquyte the Lord Moleynes." It would be impossible for even the most lenient to see the presence of a high moral ideal in a tangle like this. Scandals as serious are the property, no doubt, of every age, and an age cannot be condemned on the ground that such things have happened among its contemporaries. The evil lies more in the fact that these are not isolated cases, but in the present case of common occurrence. It will be remembered that, in the petition of the town of Swaffham against Sir Thomas Tudenham, "imbraceryes," or attempts to corrupt a jury, are specially mentioned as one of their main grievances.

Paston's disputes with his neighbours show us what means of retaliation were usually employed. Writing to the Sheriff of Norfolk in 1452, he says: "Plese yow to wete that Charles Nowell with odir hath in this cuntre mad many riot and sautes; and among othir, he and V of his felachip set upon me and mo of my servants at the Chathedrall chirch of Norwich, he smyting at me, whilis on of his felawis held myn armes at my bak." (P. L. 175.) On another occasion it is Mrs. Paston who writes: "At the reverens of God, be ware how ye goo and ryde, for that ys told me that ye thret of hem that be nowty felawys that hathe be inclynynge to them, that hathe be your hold adversarys." (P. L. 406.) Or again we have the son's letter to his father, "It is talkyd here how that ye and Howard schuld a' strevyn togueder on the scher daye and on of Howard's men schuld a strekyn yow twyess with a dagere." (P. L. 410.) Letter 490 contains a little tit-bit with a very Cæsar Borgia flavour about it. "Also for Goddys sake be war what medesyns ye take of any fysiassians of London." Such glimpses impel one to rate the moral standard of the latter half of the fifteenth century anything but highly. From this standpoint, indeed, its chief characteristics seem to have been little charity for your neighbour, small consideration for your relations, much selfishness, a liberal use of brute force, and bribery and fraud where force was futile.

In summing up, the first conclusion arrived at in our reading is that the times of the Wars of the Roses illustrate in a significant

way the principle that the social life of a people may not advance *pari passu* with their material welfare. That welfare has always, indeed, a strong bearing upon social advancement, but still it may, for short periods at least, exercise a comparatively small influence. Great difficulties and great temptations no doubt existed even in connection with purely material progress. Law gave little of that security which such advancement demands, and trade, though prospering, was still to a large extent something of a gamble, for great risk in trade as in other things fosters unscrupulousness. Change of tillage land to pasture land brought additional evils to the front. England was suffering from a time of transition, just such as she was again to endure when machinery ousted the labour of the hand. Partly from this also it was a period of extremes. As one writer has put it, "there were probably more paupers in proportion to the population, but there was certainly less poverty." It was, moreover, a time when monopoly began to take a firm hold over this country. The statutes regulating the policy of the crafts were invariably based on a system of protection. The evils of the truck system had become so glaring that even in the reign of Edward IV. an Act had been passed to check them. The Act provided: "Whereas before this time in the occupation of cloth making the labourers thereof have been driven to take a great part of their wages in pins, girdles, and other unprofitable wares under such price (as stretcheth not to the extent of their wages) and also have delivered to them wools to be wrought by excessive weight (whereby both men and women have been discouraged). . . . Therefore . . . every man and woman being clothmakers . . . shall pay to carders and spinsters &c. current coin and give due weight of wools." Within the boroughs themselves the general break-up and separation of the different trades was going on and the new "charters of incorporation" which the towns obtained during the reign of Henry VI. strengthened the power of the trade guilds both from a parliamentary and a municipal standpoint.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks, however, it cannot be said that the England of that day had deteriorated from a material point of view. The opinion, so frequently met with, that the Wars of the Roses produced no very serious effect upon national prosperity, must be taken with a very considerable amount of reservation. Hallam, in maintaining this view, says of the wars of York and Lancaster: "Some battles were doubtless sanguinary; but the loss of lives in battle is soon repaired by a flourishing nation; and the devastation occasioned by armies was both partial and transitory."



The facts of the case, however, appear in a very different light in the Paston and Cely Letters, which perpetually reiterate the protest of the people against the disorder arising from the war. As a matter of fact, the Wars of the Roses may not have been so national as the civil war of the time of Charles I., but that does not clear them from having had a deterrent effect upon social progress at least, if not so much upon material advancement. The period was certainly not, as some writers hold, one of peaceful development notwithstanding these wars. Development there undoubtedly was, but it was strenuously and not always scrupulously fought for. Philip de Comines's opinion, that these civil wars were not of a kind to touch the domestic peace and prosperity of the nation, is contradicted in numerous instances in the most trustworthy documents that refer to and show us only too well what that domestic peace very often was. As has been said already, it was a time of extremes, and it has perhaps not unnaturally given rise to opinions that verge on the extreme. Malden, in his introduction to the Cely Letters, refers to "the often-repeated fiction that the Wars of the Roses were hurtful only to the nobility and their retainers," and from a social point of view this is undoubtedly the truth. From the standpoint of material welfare their effects were perhaps of less consequence than might be expected from the general character of such wars. On the whole, the last half of the fifteenth century, as it appears in the light of original authorities, shows too unmistakably as a period of transition, of extremes, of monopoly, and of war. It was a time when the letter of the law was greater than the spirit, and when even the letter was too often misread; a time when many could well have said what Stow wrote of Henry VI., that they "enjoyed as greate prosperitie as favourable fortune coulde afford, and as great troubles on the other side as shee frowning coulde poure out."

From the social point of view it was also a period of transition and of tentative efforts towards the attainment of a sound practical, but narrow code of social conduct. The possibilities that lay in the hands of the people were wider and more powerful than they could fully or most advantageously make use of, as wealth and material prosperity had outstripped social ideals, since the former are often mushroomlike in growth compared with the far slower evolution of the latter. The "rough plenty" that Rogers claims as characteristic of the time fell into the lap of a people insufficiently advanced as a society to adapt that plenty to the refinement of their lives as members of society. To the idealist in social reform, England then may be an object of scorn, with the selfishness of its aims, the unscrupu-

lousness of its methods, and the poverty of their results. But grant this, and there is still left the fact that the men and women of that generation could show, in their life at home and in the street, a vigour that was the practical outcome of their hard surroundings, and exert a practical outlook upon all things that refused to be bounded by any utopianism. And in judging that life we must be careful not to read too many modern social ideas into it. For one thing, the claims of local life were far more exacting then than now, and so the home—the true test of the social life of a people—was to a great extent sacrificed. Living, not necessarily more immoral, was certainly coarser and more brutal, and the finer shades of social life were at most and only rarely found in individuals specially favoured by circumstance or exceptionally endowed by nature. No class, high or low, could as a class claim such a possession, for environment rendered such a condition of things wellnigh impossible.

Shrewdness paid better than brotherly love, and accordingly it was the common motive that dictated action in all matters—in law and marriage, in home and business life. Certain phases of our conduct, we flatter ourselves, have been raised into a higher plane and are governed by loftier and more disinterested motives now. Taken in a wide sense, this is no doubt true, but in one respect that period can hold its own, inasmuch as hypocrisy is largely absent from its social life. One of the most outstanding features both of the Paston and the Cely Letters is their naïve outspokenness, the frank recognition of their writers of themselves as they lived and moved among their fellows. There is no decadent note in their strenuous grip of life, albeit their grasp of circumstance was not elevated. Men's views of duty were narrow from the fact that they were more frequently, or at least more powerfully, brought into contact with the elemental forces underlying social life. They had to face more lawless times than ours. Should we wonder, then, if they fought more bitterly? They experienced greater hardships all round. Should we be surprised, then, if finer sentiments did not flourish apace? They were ignorant of many of our advantages and privileges. They might beg a favour where we might be strong enough to demand a right. Should we therefore condemn their contentment with a smaller share of the highest enjoyments in life? They were the explorers of the possibilities of modern social progress. Can we call them to account for not leaving us more than a rough outline?

And this period has been a pitfall for many a worker. It has bred pessimists and optimists in turn. It has had its vehement partisans and its scornful detractors. It is questionable if it has

ever been tenderly and temperately surveyed. Comparatively little is known of these years ; documents are scantier than some earlier ages can show, and "Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner." Perhaps no time in our history demands more fully the exercise of historic sympathy. Lack of this has led many into one or other of the opposing camps. The time may be at hand when the meliorist will have his turn, and when larger truth and keener insight will give those who care for such things a more kindly and judicious outlook upon times that could well be blamed for Mrs. Paston's bitter cry, "God for hys merci send us a good world," or that could drive Paston himself to moralise because "Fortune with hyr smylyng coutenens, strange of all our purpose, may mak a sodeyn change."

CHARLES MENMUIR.

## THE PLANET OF ROMANCE.

THERE is much of human interest, imaginative, inventive, credulous, spiced with a dash of regard for personal distinction, in the story of the apparition in the heavens which Sir Robert Ball has aptly termed the Planet of Romance. For, curiously enough, not only amateur astronomers, but men well versed in the science, became the champions of a village doctor who vowed he had discovered a new heavenly body whose brilliant attractions drew wily Mercury from his appointed path. And yet there was method in the medico's madness.

A simple narrative of the events which led to this warm overflow of feeling for the doctor who had introduced a new member into the Sun's family circle will bring to light the kind of romance which, at rare intervals it may be, flutters the pulse of even the sage astronomer.

For many years back astronomers had noted an irregularity in Mercury's movements—very small, indeed, but one which had never been satisfactorily accounted for. With the view of clearing up the matter, Leverrier, one of Europe's profoundest mathematicians, conducted an investigation into the theory of Mercury's movements, based upon a comparison of observations made during the planet's transit across the Sun's disc before the year 1848, with his motion, as determined from the theory of gravitation. The result of his labours indicated that the perihelion of Mercury moves more rapidly by forty seconds a century than it ought from the combined action of all the known planets of our system. Leverrier thought that this difference between observation and calculation might be harmonised by a compromise with Venus, who was perhaps exerting over Mercury a more powerful influence than was generally supposed—that her mass might be one-tenth greater than had hitherto been allowed for. There was, however, another way of explaining the discrepancy, and one which commended itself to Leverrier, namely, that an inter-Mercurial planet might possibly exist, moving in the same plane as Mercury. The result of his investigations into



Mercury's movements, with his conclusions deduced therefrom, was laid before the Paris Academy of Sciences on September 12, 1859. On December 22 of that year he received a letter from Orgères in the Department of the Eure-et-Loire, signed by one Lescarbault, a member of the healing art. The writer of the letter informed the Imperial astronomer that he had himself discovered on March 26, 1859, the disturber of Mercury's movements, whose existence Leverrier had suspected; that it was a dark round body, moving rapidly across the upper part of the Sun's disc, and that in one hour and seventeen minutes it had travelled over a chord equal in length to rather more than one-fourth of the Sun's diameter. Leverrier, full of curiosity and eager to obtain evidence likely to verify his computation, hastened to Orgères. It would seem that the good health and frugal habits of the dwellers in this peaceful village left their doctor leisure enough and to spare for the cultivation of his talents in the higher walks of science. Leverrier found him, not in an observatory, it is true, but in a workshop, which Lescarbault had fitted up for himself, where he could indulge in his favourite pursuits undisturbed by thoughts of suffering humanity. Among his treasured possessions were a small telescope of marvellous power, an old Nautical Almanac, and a plank whereon he marked with chalk certain cabalistic signs intelligible only to himself. When one set of figures was done with he planed it off, and so made room for others; possibly paper was scarce at Orgères. He had other treasures besides, which under pressure of the great astronomer's investigation were shyly brought to light.

Assuming a high tone and manner, the Imperial astronomer roundly denounced Lescarbault for keeping back his observations so long if he really had aught of value to reveal, and demanded particulars. The doctor did his best to appease the wrath of the great man, and to assure him that he had indeed seen the heavenly body with his own glass. Asked to produce his telescope, he brought it forward, and, doubtless to his surprise, it was pronounced satisfactory. But his chronometer—where was that? The doctor then drew from his fob a huge old watch which, he said, had been his faithful companion on his professional rounds for many a long year. But this fact of itself was not deemed sufficient to qualify it for the important office of assisting in mathematical work, and Leverrier exclaimed, "What, with that old watch showing only minute hands dare you talk of estimating seconds?" To this the doctor meekly replied that he had a pendulum by which he counted seconds, and produced an ivory ball attached to a silken thread; this, being hung

on a nail in the wall, was set swinging, and was shown by the watch to beat very nearly seconds. Puzzled to know how the number of seconds was ascertained, Leverrier inquired how this was done where there was nothing to mark them. But the doctor's inventive genius was equal to the occasion; with him there is no difficulty. As a careful attendant upon the sick he is accustomed to feel the pulse of each patient, and with his watch in hand to count the beats. "You see," he remarked, "how easily the thing can be done; I count the swings of the pendulum, and the number is retained in my memory." The great astronomer, growing more and more interested in the means of discovery, called for the original memorandum of the observation; and after some searching the doctor laid before him a piece of paper smeared with grease and drops of laudanum. Leverrier pounced with avidity upon this curious document, and soon discovered a discrepancy of four minutes between the time stated and that given in Lescarbault's letter, whereupon the savant declared the observation falsified. But here the doctor again drew forth his portly timekeeper, which he said had been corrected by sidereal time, and on examination it was found to be in error to the extent of the difference Leverrier had noticed; so this too was passed over as satisfactorily explained. The question naturally arose, How had the doctor managed to regulate his watch by sidereal time? His small telescope is again produced, and Lescarbault tells how he achieved the feat; and on being pressed for further evidence he very reluctantly brought out from their hiding-place his board and chalk, and explained how by means of some rough drafts drawn on the board he had contrived to fix the time of transit and to ascertain approximately his new planet's distance from the Sun. Though, as he must needs confess, he was not a mathematician, he had a Nautical Almanac, and by its aid he had been enabled to make his deductions.

The discoverer's instruments were certainly of a primitive kind, and his methods, judged of by modern analytical science, were doubtless crude. Yet these drawbacks did not necessarily invalidate the general result; indeed, leaving out of view personal satisfaction at having a pet theory verified, Leverrier recognised that an important event had occurred in the annals of astronomy, and in his announcement to the Academy of M. Lescarbault's discovery he gave unhesitating expression to his conviction that the observations, taken altogether, were of a genuine and substantial character, and pointed directly to an inter-Mercurial planet capable of influencing Mercury's movement to the extent theory had indicated. On this

assumption he computed an orbit for the new planet, and assigned to it a periodical revolution round the Sun completed in about twenty days. He inferred that it would have a volume equal to  $\frac{1}{17}$ th of Mercury, and, taking the mass to correspond, it would be quite equal to the task of disturbing the motion of Mercury to the extent which investigation had shown actually took place. From calculation on this basis it followed that there would always be transits between March 16 and April 21 and between September 18 and October 24. Thus, every year there would be no fewer than two transits, sometimes four, and every transit would be visible wholly or in part from more than half the Earth's surface.

Meanwhile Leverrier had been introduced to the village abbé Father Moigno, from whom the Imperial astronomer learned nothing but good of Lescarbault; indeed, the good Father poured blessings on the head of the physician whose profound labours had brought renown to his native village. In the fulness of his heart the worthy Abbé stood sponsor for the new member of the Sun's family; but—strange forgetfulness—he gave it a heathen name, calling it Vulcan! Naturally, it occurred to Leverrier on his return to Paris to find means of signalling the event, and he was so fortunate as to obtain for the discoverer of a new world the decoration of the Legion of Honour!

Secure in the possession of this ensign of high achievement, the village doctor could afford to smile complacently upon any reynard who might look up to him with sour face, and with twinkling eye he would rub up his spy-glass and chalk his board, in quiet contentment with this curious world and its ways. What was it to him that a conflict of opinion should rage round his discovery, that others less fortunately situated should profess not to have seen the object his glass of magic power had revealed to his longing eyes? He had been decorated, and there was an end of it. Prophetic words. Like true love, or the best-laid plans, things did not long run in the pleasant groove where a generous hand had placed them. There were other observers of the sun to be heard on the all-engrossing subject. M. Liáis, Director of the Brazilian Coast Survey, on hearing of the alleged discovery wrote to the Academy denying that anything of the character of a planet had crossed the Sun's disc at the time mentioned by Lescarbault. He himself was in the daily habit of observing the Sun's disc with a powerful instrument, and on referring to his diary he found for the very moment the new planet was said to be crossing the Sun's face the following entry: "*Très uniforme d'intensité.*" He continued his observation on the Sun for twelve

minutes after the supposed ingress recorded by Lescarbault, and as he saw nothing resembling a dark round body crossing the Sun's face he considered himself justified in asserting that the story was a fiction. He was led to ask, "Was the planet-seeking doctor a victim to illusion, or had eagerness for personal distinction helped him in the pursuit, suppressing something here, advancing something there, till at last he, like many another well-meaning man, believed in the creation of his imagination?" For it had been said that Lescarbault had since 1845, when he witnessed a transit of Mercury, cherished the idea that some day another planet might be caught voyaging in like manner over the Sun's face. Other astronomers pointed out that as the supposed planet's sidereal period is little over nineteen days, and its synodical period about twenty and a half days, visible transits would occur so frequently, with an average duration of an hour and a half, that they could not all escape observation. Moreover, at the time of the elongations Vulcan would be brighter than Mercury, because of his greater proximity to the Sun giving him greater illumination, and this would more than compensate for his smaller disc. With the telescope Mercury can be seen at a less distance than eight degrees from the Sun; and Vulcan at this distance, did it exist, would be quite readily detected with a telescope, if not with the naked eye. And yet for sixty years past the Sun had been constantly and systematically observed by such men as Schwabe, Carrington, Secchi, and Spörer, none of whom ever saw anything of the sort.

On the other hand were a number of ardent observers, animated by hopes of catching a glimpse of Vulcan, eagerly scanning the region where this new member of the solar system was expected to appear. Mr. Lummis, of Manchester, believed himself to be so fortunate as to have succeeded in this on the morning of March 20, 1862. Between 8 and 9 A.M., while glancing over the neighbourhood of the Sun, his attention was arrested by an apparition on the Sun's disc which seemed to him to be that of a dark, sharply defined, round body, rapidly crossing the Sun's face. His friend standing by was called to the telescope, and he too beheld the remarkable phenomenon. Here surely was ample evidence of the existence of round-shouldered Vulcan forging his way with vigorous sweep towards the opposite edge of the fiery disc. Cooler and more experienced heads, however, "ruled the planets" at Greenwich, where, under the watchful eyes of the Astronomer Royal, not only is a continuous systematic survey of the heavens maintained, but also a process of solar photography, and the plates showed that what Mr. Lummis and his friend had seen was one of those mysterious dark



spots, developed, apparently, in the Sun's photosphere, which at uncertain intervals are seen traversing his disc, sometimes of a round planet-like shape.

At a later date M. Lescarbault himself furnished amusing evidence showing that his observation of things astral was not altogether trustworthy. On January 11, 1891, he announced to the Paris Académie des Sciences that he had discovered "a strange object" in the constellation Leo. This time, however, there was no room for doubt or speculation; a casual glance towards the point indicated sufficed the practised astronomer to see that the new star, or strange object of M. Lescarbault's wonderful spy-glass, was none other than the planet Saturn!

Before closing this brief glimpse into the region of astronomical romance we may mention another amusing example of how mis-directed enthusiasm, warming in a favourite pursuit, may lead astray even experienced observers. For nearly twenty years the possible re-discovery of the Vulcan of Orgères had given a fillip to sanguine observers, and the occasion of a total eclipse of the Sun due on July 29, 1878, was regarded as a favourable opportunity for the realisation of their hopes. Two well-skilled observers—the late James C. Watson, at Rawlins, Wyoming Territory, and the veteran astronomer, Lewis Swift, at Denver, Colorado—each, independently, devoted himself to a search for Vulcan, or any inter-Mercurial planet, and each believed he had captured the little truant at some little distance south-west of the obscured Sun; it was of a ruddy hue and seemed to have a minute planetary disc. That two observers situated in different parts of the country should each have seen the same object lent an assurance to their accounts which all were ready to admit. But on closer examination of their published statements it was found impossible to harmonise them; if they were really valid they referred to two, if not to four, totally different bodies. Nor could any of the observations be identified with Lescarbault's Vulcan, for calculation showed that, if it existed, it should at the time of the eclipse have been on the opposite (east) side of the Sun, and therefore invisible to the observers. Eventually it was suggested that each discoverer should claim a pair of planets; but not even this liberal suggestion could move them from their original conviction that they had indeed gazed upon the long-lost Vulcan, swathed in the Sun's refulgent rays. Mr. R. A. Proctor, in "Old and New Astronomy," says that Professor Watson, in defiance of mathematical demonstration, held to his opinion to his dying day. And Miss Agnes Clerke, in her admirable "History of Astronomy," gives

expression to the opinion that the most feasible explanation of the puzzle seems to be that Watson and Swift each saw merely the same two stars in Cancer; haste and excitement did the rest. Poor human infirmity creeps out in strange places. No wonder, then, that the amateur, aglow with enthusiasm, sees with Butler an elephant in the Moon; or, like Ricco, at Palermo, who, armed with his favourite instrument, thought himself to be enjoying the rare good fortune of gazing on a symmetrically arranged stream of meteors winging their lofty flight round the Sun, when what he really did see was a flock of cranes, flying high up in the air, to be sure, but at no greater altitude than about five miles!

So at last it is admitted on all hands that the creation of the village doctor's spy-glass, tinted with a responsive imagination, has vanished from terrestrial gaze, and Vulcan is again lost in the mists of Olympus.

ED. VINCENT HEWARD.

## *A LITERARY HIGHWAY.*

OF all the great highways in the kingdom, the road which runs from London into Dover, and is commonly called the Dover Road, is perhaps the most historic. But other great highways have their place in history also, and so the Dover Road is but an historic road among a number, be its historic importance ever so great. It is the literary interest centred in its seventy odd miles that singles it out from all the other great roads of the country and causes it to stand alone as the great literary highway.

Let us view the Dover Road, our literary highway, as in a mirror, and see what it reflects. It reflects Chaucer and his "nyne and twenty in a compaignye" trudging its dust *en route* for Canterbury and à Becket's shrine ; it reflects those wonderful tales, told one to another, to beguile the tedium of a lengthy journey, which Chaucer, the father of English poetry, has bequeathed to us.

It reflects the father of English drama, Christopher Marlowe, a young man of but thirty years of age, trudging from his birthplace, Canterbury, to the metropolis. It reflects "Dr. Faustus," his truly great work ; it reflects a tavern brawl at Deptford, in which his young and brilliant career was suddenly brought to an end. At Deptford, too, "dismal Deptford" of to-day, it reflects the days of good Queen Bess : the luxuries of Sayes Court, and a vision of Lord Lytton's "Kenilworth." It reflects Byron and "Don Juan" on Shooter's Hill. It reflects Shakespeare and "King Lear" on the cliffs at Dover. It reflects Shakespeare and Gad's Hill, by Rochester, with the valiant Sir John Falstaff plotting to rob the coach. The scene changes : it is Gad's Hill still, and our mirror reflects a pale sickly lad, gazing with admiration at a great house standing back from the highway ; it reflects that same lad, now a man, in the full time of his glory, writing a literature that will never die : a literature that has fascinated, and will still fascinate, millions of readers wherever books are read ; it reflects an empty chair in the study—and our vision of Charles Dickens vanishes, and with it the literature of the literary highway.

So let us now in all reality take a literary pilgrimage along the

Dover Road. Let us picture ourselves *en route* for Rochester in the company of Mr. Pickwick, and his three friends, and the loquacious Alfred Jingle. Over London Bridge we rumble and down into the Borough. Where are the literary landmarks of this almost classic spot? Gone! Every one of them gone! Where is the Tabard of old, that hostelry of Chaucer's day?

In Southwerk, at the Tabard as I lay,  
 Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage  
 To Caunterbury, with ful devout corage,  
 At night was come into that hostelrie  
 Wel nyne and twenty in a compainye,

That toward Caunterbury wolden ryde.

Where is the "White Hart" of Dickens's days, the immortal spot where Sam Weller made his bow to a vast appreciative public? Where is the house in Lant Street where Bob Sawyer gave his memorable party? Where is the Marshalsea, with its tender recollections of Little Dorrit? Gone! all gone, in the great endeavour to make London a more healthy and more habitable spot! St. George's Church is left, and with it we have a few lingering recollections of the night of Little Dorrit's party, when she went to sleep in the vestry with one of the parish registers for a pillow, and of a happy day, years afterwards, when she descended the altar steps, the wife of Arthur Clennam.

London is not left behind until we have gained the country beyond Blackheath. We might search in vain for Salem House, or the haystack beneath which David Copperfield slept on the first night of his memorable tramp to his aunt's cottage on the cliffs at Dover; but these are not the only literary landmarks of the district.

Shooter's Hill has a lingering memory of Dickens, of the night when the Dover mail lumbered up it, bearing in it no less a person than Mr. Jarvis Lorry. This was in the days of the highwayman, when, so we are informed in chapter two of "*A Tale of Two Cities*," "the Dover mail was in its usual genial position that the guard suspected the passengers, the passengers suspected one another and the guard, they all suspected everybody else, and the coachman was sure of nothing but his horses; as to which cattle he could, with a clear conscience, have taken his oath on the two Testaments that they were not fit for the journey."

A fine picture of this literary highway in the days of the coach has Dickens drawn for us in that chapter, for none save him knew how to put life and vigour into its dust and stones.



And so, like the Dover mail, we "lumber up" the hill, listening the while to the loquacious stranger whose lively anecdotes soon find a place in Mr. Pickwick's notebook.

From Shooter's Hill Don Juan obtained his first glimpse of London :

A mighty mass of brick and smoke, and shipping,  
Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye  
Could reach, with here and there a sail just skipping  
In sight, then lost amid the forestry  
Of masts ; a wilderness of steeples peeping  
On tiptoe through their sea-coal canopy :  
A huge, dim cupola, like a foolscap crown  
On a fool's head—and there is London Town !

"This hill is dangerous." So runs the cyclists' notice at the top. Don Juan found it dangerous too—though in a different sense.

The poet Bloomfield, in his "Rural Tales," devotes one poem to this very hill, and mentions the curious Severndroog Castle, which is situated in the woods to the right, as

This far-seen monumental tower  
Records the achievements of the brave  
And Angria's subjugated power,  
Who plundered on the Eastern wave.

From this spot, until we reach Rochester, the road is chiefly associated with Dickens. Passing through Gravesend we soon reach the little village of Chalk, at the farther end of which we find a couple of pretty cottages standing at a corner where the road branches off to Shorne. Here Charles Dickens spent his honeymoon. When he lived at Gad's Hill in later years he would often pass this spot during his daily walk—for he was a prodigious walker and the Dover road knew him well. Mr. E. L. Blanchard, himself of no mean literary fame, and at that time living at Rosherville, often walked in this direction, and in so doing often met with Dickens at the same spot. "This was," he informs us, "on the outskirts of the village of Chalk, where a picturesque lane branches off towards Shorne and Cobham. Here the brisk walk of Charles Dickens was always slackened, and he never failed to gaze meditatively for a few moments at the windows of a corner house on the southern side of the road, advantageously situated for commanding views of the river and the far-stretching landscape beyond. It was in that house he had lived immediately after his marriage."

Chalk Church is a few yards farther on, and stands out romantically against the distant river. This would often be included in

his walk, says Dickens's biographer, John Forster. "He would . . . return by Chalk Church, and stop always to have greeting with a comical old monk who, for some incomprehensible reason, sits carved in stone, cross-legged, with a jovial pot, over the porch of that sacred edifice."

It is a most curious carving, and supposed to be symbolical of an ancient merrymaking known as "Church Ales."

This portion of the Dover Road between Gravesend and Rochester is a rare place for tramps, and Dickens thus describes it, in this respect, in one of his "Uncommercial Traveller" papers :

"I have my eye upon a piece of Kentish road, bordered on either side by a wood, and having on one hand, between the road dust and the trees, a skirting patch of grass. Wild flowers grow in abundance on this spot, and it lies high and airy, with a distant river stealing steadily away to the ocean like a man's life. To gain the milestone here, which the moss, primroses, violets, bluebells, and wild roses would soon render illegible but for peering travellers pushing them aside with their sticks, you must come up a steep hill, come which way you may. So all the tramps, with carts or caravans—the Gipsy-tramp, the Show-tramp, the Cheap Jack—find it impossible to resist the temptations of the place, and all turn the horse loose when they come to it, and boil the pot. Bless the place, I love the ashes of the vagabond fires that have scorched the grass!"

Bless the place! Of course he did, for the steep hill which leads to "the magic ground" is none other than Gad's Hill, and on top is Gad's Hill Place.

Dickens came to live at Gad's Hill Place in 1856, at the age of forty-four, but from his very earliest days he had conceived a wonderful attraction for the house. This receives authentication at the hands of Dickens himself, who, in a paper entitled "Travelling Abroad," in passing down the Dover Road *en route* for Calais overtakes a vision of his former self. The story is a pretty one, and worth repeating here :

"So smooth was the old high-road, and so fresh were the horses, and so fast went I, that it was midway between Gravesend and Rochester, and the widening river was bearing the ships, white-sailed or black-smoked, out to sea, when I noticed by the wayside a very queer small boy.

"'Halloa!' said I to the very queer small boy, 'where do you live?'

"'At Chatham,' says he.

"'What do you do there?' says I.

"‘I go to school,’ says he.

"I took him up in a moment, and we went on. Presently the very queer small boy says, ‘This is Gadshill we are coming to, where Falstaff went out to rob those travellers and ran away.’

"‘You know something about Falstaff, eh?’ said I.

"‘All about him,’ said the very queer small boy. ‘I am old—I am nine—and I read all sorts of books. But *do* let us stop at the top of the hill, and look at the house there, if you please!’

"‘You admire that house?’ said I.

"‘Bless you, sir,’ said the very queer small boy, ‘when I was not more than half as old as nine it used to be a treat for me to be brought to look at it; and now I am nine I come by myself to look at it. And ever since I can recollect, my father, seeing me so fond of it, has often said to me, if you were to be very persevering and were to work hard, you might some day come to live in it. Though that’s impossible!’ said the very queer small boy, drawing a low breath, and now staring at the house out of the window with all his might.

"I was rather amazed to be told this by the very queer small boy, for that house happens to be my house, and I have reason to believe that what he said was true."

Was ever man so attracted by a house as Dickens was by Gad’s Hill Place? Dickens loved his Kent, his Dover Road, and Rochester in particular. In almost all his novels this city of Rochester figures in one way or another; even before he came to Gad’s Hill Place he had written the immortal "*Pickwick*" and described the city more or less minutely in sundry other works. His thoughts always turned to the towns on the literary highway, and after he had taken up his abode at Gad’s Hill Place he gave us that charming picture of the district in "*Great Expectations*," and in his last work the fascination of Rochester held him still.

Our first impressions of Rochester are thus admirably expressed by our friends on the coach:

"‘Magnificent ruin!’ said Mr. Augustus Snodgrass, with all the poetic fervour that distinguished him, when they came in sight of the fine old castle.

"‘Ah! fine place,’ said the stranger, ‘glorious pile, frowning walls, tottering arches, dark nooks, crumbling staircases; old cathedral too, earthy smell, pilgrims’ feet worn away the old steps, little Saxon doors; . . . fine place, old legends too, strange stories.’"

The "*Bull Inn*" is in the main thoroughfare, on the right-hand side. It is much the same as when the *Pickwickians* stayed there,

and when Dickens himself slept there on various occasions. There is the ballroom still, with the little minstrels' gallery, and a recollection about it of Alfred Jingle masquerading in Mr. Winkle's dress-suit.

"Wright's, next house," which, according to Mr. Jingle, was "dear—very dear—half-a-crown in the bill if you look at the waiter—charge you more if you dine at a friend's than they would if you had dined in the coffee-room," is the "Crown," at the foot of the bridge, which in Dickens's days was kept by one named Wright, and in its old form was the "Inn at Rochester," forming the scene with the flea-bitten travellers in Shakespeare's "Henry IV."

Our connection with Rochester does not take us from the High Street which forms a part of the Dover Road. Page upon page could be written of the literary interest of Rochester, but I must refrain from making more than brief mention of a few of the most important items.

Rochester Bridge, upon which Mr. Pickwick ruminated one morning until he was interrupted by the dismal man, is not the same bridge as that which now spans the Medway. The old bridge was swept away by a storm some nine or ten years after Mr. Pickwick's visit. Dickens gave many names to Rochester. In "Edwin Drood" it is "Cloisterham;" in "Great Expectations" we find it simply as "the market town." In one short story it is "Great Winglebury," in another sketch "Dullborough." The projecting clock at the Corn Exchange is a notable feature of the High Street, and is several times mentioned in the above-mentioned works.

"The silent High Street of Rochester," he writes in "The Seven Poor Travellers," "is full of gables, with old beams and timbers carved into strange faces. It is oddly garnished with a queer old clock that projects over the pavement out of a grave red-brick building, as if Time carried on business there and hung out his sign."

Opposite the clock is the "Bull Inn," already referred to, and a little farther up the street towards Chatham is a white house of three gables, known as Watt's Charity, or, in Dickens parlance, "The house of the seven poor travellers," as this charity, which provides accommodation for "six poor travellers not being rogues or proctors," formed the basis of one of Dickens's well-known Christmas stories. On the same side of the road is Eastgate House, lately restored, which as the Nuns' House figured as the school of Miss Twinkleton in "Edwin Drood." Opposite is a large gabled house—Mr. Sapsea's house; whilst near at hand is the Gate House, opening into the Cathedral Close. At this house Jasper lodged with the verger Tope, as all readers of "Edwin Drood" know full well.



Of no town, save London, did Dickens write so much ; no town did he love more. Before we leave Dickens and Rochester behind us let us quote the last description he penned of the cathedral city ; it was almost the last paragraph he ever wrote :

"A brilliant morning shines on the old city. Its antiquities and ruins are surpassingly beautiful, with the lusty ivy gleaming in the sun and the rich trees waving in the balmy air. Changes of glorious light from moving boughs, songs of birds, scents from gardens, woods, and fields—or rather from the one great garden of the whole cultivated island in its yielding time—penetrate into the cathedral, subdue its earthy odour, and preach the Resurrection and the Life."

We have left Mr. Pickwick and his friends at the "Bull;" the coach has gone on without us, and we needs must follow on foot in the wake of David Copperfield.

We pass through Chatham. It would indeed be hard to locate the spot where David pawned his "little weskit" to the man who, with his frightful "Goroo! Goroo!" bid him "go for fourpence," and so we walk straight through the town, up the long hill, to Sittingbourne and Canterbury.

There is not much left along the roadside to remind us of the days when countless pilgrims, weary and footsore, must have tramped this highway. For a greater part of the way the road is uninteresting, until we reach Ospringe and Faversham, and begin the ascent of Boughton Hill.

The village of Boughton-under-Blee must be familiar to readers of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," for it was here that the Canon and the Yeomen overtook the pilgrims in such mad haste :

When that tolde was the lif of seinte Cecile  
Er we had ridden fully five mile  
At Boughton under Blee us gan atake  
A man, that clothed was in clothes blake,  
And undernethe he wered a white surplis.

Boughton Hill is a long hill, and by the time we reach the top we, like many of the pilgrims of old, must take a rest, and enjoy the delightful views spread out on either hand. As yet Canterbury, though not many miles distant, is not visible ; but as we descend to Harbledown—Bob-up-and-down Chaucer called it, and a very "little town" it is !

Wist ye not where standeth a little town  
Which that ycleped is Bob-up-and-down  
Under the Blee in Caunterbury way ?

—we obtain a fine view of the pinnacles of the Cathedral away in

the distance. It was here that the pilgrims first caught sight of the "Angel Steeple" (replaced in 1495 by the present central tower) and fell on their knees, their pilgrimage being all but at an end.

We enter the city of Canterbury, not so tired as young David, we hope, into its "sunny street . . . dozing as it were in the hot light; and with the sight of its old houses and gateways, and the stately grey cathedral, with the rooks sailing round the towers."

Mr. Wickfield lived somewhere in the High Street at "a very old house bulging out over the road—a house with long low lattice windows bulging out still farther, and beams with carved heads on the ends, bulging out too," but it would be idle to assign any special house as being the one occupied by Agnes's father.

The Chequers of Hope, where Chaucer's pilgrims stopped, was situated at the corner of Mercery Lane. Not much of the original building is left; indeed, the stone vaults beneath the present building are supposed to be all that remains of the "Chequers" of Chaucer's days.

The literary history of the Dover Road at Canterbury does not end with Chaucer and Dickens. The Rev. Richard Harris Barham, the author of the immortal "Ingoldsby Legends," was born here in 1788, and his ancestral home was the village of Barham, from which the family took their name, only a few miles south of Canterbury, and near to "Tappington Everard," which figures so often in the Legends.

Canterbury is to Barham what Rochester is to Dickens. Thus does Barham speak of his birthplace in "The Ghost :—"

There stands a City—neither large nor small,—  
 Its air and situation sweet and pretty ;  
 It matters very little—if at all—  
 Whether its denizens are dull or witty ;  
 Whether the ladies there are short or tall,  
 Brunettes or blondes, only, there stands a city !  
 Perhaps 'tis also requisite to minute  
 That there's a Castle and a Cobbler in it.

A Fair Cathedral, too, the story goes,  
 And kings and heroes lie entombed within her :  
 There pious Saints in marble pomp repose,  
 Whose shrines are worn by knees of many a sinner ;  
 There, too, full many an Aldermanic nose  
 Roll'd its loud diapason after dinner ;  
 And there stood high the holy sconce of Becket,  
 Till four assassins came from France to crack it.

The "dark entry" of the Cathedral has been made famous in the

humorous legend of "Nell Cook," who "bought some nasty doctor's stuff and put it in a pie," and so poisoned the canon and his niece, of whom she was jealous.

Leaving Canterbury for Dover, sixteen miles distant, the literary interest lies off the Dover Road proper. In fact it lies on either side, and we may well call this portion of the road the Ingoldsby road. To the right is the village of Barham, and the farmhouse known as Tappington, a picturesque little old house nestling in the valley, a house which hardly comes up to the expectations we had of it after reading the preface to the *Legends* and looking at the engraving of the house accompanying it.

To the left we have the road running to Margate—a road that savours of Smuggler Bill and Exciseman Gill ("The Smuggler's Leap"), of "The Brothers of Birchington," "Misadventures at Margate," and other well-known pieces.

But we have no time to search out Tappington Everard, to visit the Reculvers, to look down into the Chalk Pit, or to visit "merry Margate;" our road is David Copperfield's road, and with him we cross "the bare wide downs" and come at last to Dover.

Where Miss Betsy Trotwood lived is not to be stated with exactitude, but from Dickens's description given of the little cottage on the heights it is said to be one of the houses now known as "Athol Terrace," overlooking the bay.

Dickens gave a reading of his works at Dover, and afterwards said that "the audience with the greatest sense of humour is Dover," and Dickens was not the least humorous of the writers of this great literary highway which ends at Dover.

WALTER DEXTER.

*ABOUT CUCKOOS.**MRS. VICKERY'S RECORD AGED CUCKOO.*

MY interest in cuckoos has led me to many inquiries about them, as well as observations, and the volume entitled "Our Common Cuckoos and other Parasitical Birds," published in 1899, has brought me many letters, with reports of tame cuckoos and so on, and inquiries about treatment. In this article I propose to give some of these letters as a kind of preface to a statement of facts which I have received from Mr. William Shelley, of Swymbridge, North Devon, concerning a male cuckoo which Mrs. William Vickery of that place has kept in confinement for the long period now of four years. It is therefore the record tame cuckoo; for I can find no reliable account of any other case exceeding that of Mr. Cochrane, of Edinburgh, whose cuckoo lived with him nearly three years, as I have told fully in the last chapter of the volume named above. I there also referred to the tame cuckoo kept by Lord Lilford, which lived for over one year and nine months. I shall choose out of the mass of material which I have before me such facts as will be most interesting to the general reader, and which will most appropriately and naturally lead up to the last and most striking of the contributions to my budget—Mr. Shelley's notes about Mrs. Vickery's record cuckoo.

## I.

Mrs. Blackburn, the famous bird artist, wrote to me from Roshven, Fortwilliam, N.B., on February 2, 1900:

"We have bought your book on the cuckoo, and I have read it with the greatest interest. When we came here first there were a great many cuckoos—more, I think, than now, and one saw more of them when there were fewer trees. They would sit on the wire fence and cock up their tails and sing, and also did so when on the



wing. They used sometimes to make a curious sound, a sort of kurr-a-wurr or kwah-kwar-ak—a very guttural sound, such as people make to a baby to set it a-laughing. The little birds used to pursue them, as they do hawks and owls, to drive them away. I have heard a lot of cuckoos singing at the same time, and it made a sound like bells. I was much puzzled with it one Sunday, as there is no church near. I had a young cuckoo given me in its first plumage. It became quite tame at once, and I fed it with green spotted caterpillars from the gooseberry bushes. I did not care to keep it, but let it go after I had done its picture. Cuckoos used often to come into the garden and eat those gooseberry caterpillars which spoil the bushes so much. I have not seen any other bird eat them."

It is now indeed quite certain that scarcely another bird is so great a gardener's friend as the cuckoo. Professor Beal carried on a long series of investigations on the food of the cuckoos in America, and the results were published as a bulletin by the Department of Agriculture in the United States. Professor Beal declares that the food of cuckoos consists almost wholly of insects, of which he has found sixty-five species in their stomachs, and he concludes that from an economical point of view they rank amongst our most useful birds; and, in view of the number of caterpillars they destroy, it seems hardly possible to overestimate the value of their work.

The next is an interesting letter from my many years' friend and correspondent, Mrs. Brotherton, The Elms, Freshwater, who raises a very significant point, the possibility of cuckoos—mostly probably young cuckoos—staying in this country in mild and protected parts through the whole winter, instead of migrating, as had been suggested by certain facts vouched for by the Rev. Mr. Freer. It may be that *some* of the reports of early calls of the cuckoo having been heard long before the normal time of the bird's return may be accounted for in this way. Mrs. Brotherton wrote:

"My dear Dr. Japp,—Mr. Ffytche sent me your cuckoo book, which I have already been reading with deep pleasure and interest. If I were young again I should certainly study Natural History as nearly the most interesting of subjects. Several of the narratives I have, up to this, read in your book suggest some recollections of my own—unscientific as they are. I recollect so well sitting in a garden a good many years ago, and hearing a sudden violent commotion and noisy bird clamour in a laurel hedge within a few yards of me. I think the noise was of hedge-sparrows; it came from the

interior of the laurel bushes. I *saw* nothing at first ; then a cuckoo dashed out, pursued by violently scolding sparrows (I think, but I am very near-sighted), who had evidently succeeding in ejecting an intruder. I have no doubt the nest-owners had come upon that vile cuckoo in the act of depositing her egg, and attacked her with claws, beaks and wings, and tongues.

"But a passage in Mr. Freer's letter to you on p. 74 confirms my strong conviction that I really did, a few years ago, *hear a cuckoo in a mild January night* (about 3 or 4 o'clock A.M.). I was lying awake, and it being a very still (and, for the season, mild) night, I *distinctly* heard at a distance (there is a large meadow immediately below my bed-room window), '*Cuckoo ! cuckoo !*' I did not believe my own ears. I thought I had mistaken some other sound for it, when, closer, as if in neighbouring gardens, it came again unmistakably ; and while I lay wondering there came, loud and clear, *in a poplar whose boughs touch my window*, '*Cuckoo ! cuckoo !*' Several times more, but never so near again, I heard the same unmistakable notes. I spoke of it next day, but no one believed me. I had dreamed it, had mistaken some other sound for it, &c., &c. Next night I heard it again and again ; and in the morning, about 8 o'clock, as I sat up to drink my early cup of tea, and certainly little expecting such a vernal voice, '*Cuckoo ! cuckoo !*' came from hedgerow elms in that meadow. That very day the weather changed from softest and mildest to a sudden frost and cold winds. I never heard my winter cuckoo again, and no one has ever believed my story. You will, and Mr. Freer would. People tried to account for it by suggestions much more incredible than itself. One wiseacre triumphantly discovered that in a neighbouring cottage they 'once had a cuckoo clock—very likely still had.' But they hadn't ; nor could one verily believe I should hear it first in the dead of those two January nights and never again. I am a little comforted to think I may trust my own senses. What a rascal the creature is !

"Yet how we listen for that first vernal voice ! and *when* we hear it, '*Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean, come from the depths of some divine despair (or hope?), rise in the heart and gather in the eyes, in looking on the happy April fields, and thinking of the days that are no more.*' Ah, that is the *mot d'énigme*, '*thinking of the days that are no more !*' . . . The cuckoo's notes have that sweet bitter magic of suggestion that is the very secret of Spring, and its hope or despair—*which ?*"

The next has a very curious interest regarding the quality of the

cuckoo's common note. It is written by Mr. Charles Lunn, a well-known musician and trainer of the voice.

24 Avonmore Road, W.  
December 4, 1899.

Dear Sir,—I read with great interest the review of your work on the cuckoo, and was much struck with the statements about the one in captivity.

In 1894 I got one out of a hedge-sparrow's nest, and I kept it through the very severe winter of 1894—this was in Edgbaston, Birmingham—then through the winter of 1895-6, and it died November 11, 1896. I wanted to find out if its first note is *inspiring*, but it never made but a croak. I wish I had known of your Edinburgh one, to have asked the question.

You will find a notice of my bird in the *Musical Courier*, April 20, 1899, and I regret I have not a copy to send you.

I am informed by a very close observer that the first note is inspiring, the second expiring—like, in fact, a cat's purr; but this is continuous, while the other is successive.

Can you get the information? did the bird swell out at the first note, or did the throat draw in?

Believe me faithfully yours,

CHARLES LUNN.

Alexander H. Japp, Esq., LL.D., &c.

That question has not yet been answered with the decision and fulness it deserves; and even now there is an opening for observation, record, and careful study.

It was formerly pretty generally accepted, as the result of observation often verified, that the egg of the cuckoo was laid on the bare ground and then transported in the bird's beak to the nest in which it was to be placed and hatched; but a friend wrote to me, directing my attention to a certain number of the "*Zoologist*," in which Mr. A. H. Micklejohn had asserted that he had on one occasion seen a cuckoo convey an egg in the throat to deposit it in a robin's nest. She had, however, a tussle with the owners of the nest, and in the course of this she opened her mouth frequently; and the egg, after having been deposited, was found to be sticky, while the bird's throat was observed to be somewhat distended. It is quite possible that this method may be alternative with the other, or that it may be practised by certain exceptional cuckoos; but, anyway, there is room for further observation here.

It is a well-known fact now that the cuckoo's egg weighs more





It was then about a month old. This was at the end of June 1899. It was not able to feed itself when Mrs. Vickery got it, and she had rather a trying task to find food for it and to feed it. It is a male bird ; but though it gave many calls of one kind or another during the past years—frequently something like the call of a green woodpecker when flying—it called distinctly “Cuckoo !” for the first time this spring, and has so called several times. It shows the greatest attachment to its mistress, will play with the hand when put inside the cage, and will sometimes pretend to shake hands, exhibiting the utmost pleasure when being so played with. It is, however, very timid with strangers, so much so that in some cases it has been found necessary to cover the cage with a cloth when they were present.

It does not moult freely, though it does not appear to suffer much during the moulting period. But, just as in the case of Mr. Cochrane’s bird, the feathers are very brittle—“always brittle,” as Mr. Shelley in his notes says, adding “and certainly they are so now.” The plumage, however, is at present bright and normal in appearance. It has feathered much more freely this year since the “arrival of the cuckoo.”

It has been kept always caged, in this unlike Mr. Cochrane’s bird, which was allowed at certain times the free run of the house, and used to delight in the corners with most warmth, often perching on the fender in front of the fire and staying there still for considerable spells of time. Its food has been mealworms, ants’ eggs, and earthworms—the mixtures and pastes which Mr. Cochrane found, as he thought, beneficial never having been tried. It has not been exposed to gas, the light used, when necessary, or when it was restless, being a small oil-lamp.

And now a very peculiar fact has to be noted, due to Mrs. Vickery’s very close attention to and exact observation of this bird. It becomes very restless about every two months, and is not more restless at the proper migration time than it is then. This fact leads Mr. Shelley to make the following note :

“Mrs. Vickery has a very interesting argument, deduced from this fact. She thinks that the cuckoo is a *frequent* migrant, and does not stay in one place very long. Her bird undoubtedly exhibits the same restlessness regularly at intervals of about two months (and certainly Mrs. V. is a very intelligent woman and a careful, accurate observer). Another point noted is that this bird never sleeps with its head under its wing. Unfortunately, owing mainly to the residence of Mrs. Vickery being very out of the way, no photograph of the bird has yet been taken.”

The following letter I received from Mr. Shelley after the above summary was made from the notes with which he had kindly favoured me some weeks before :

Swymbridge, North Devon.

June 2, 1903.

My dear Sir,—The following further points *re* cuckoo may be of interest to you :

(1) Mrs. Vickery keeps a small mirror hanging *inside cage*, and cuckoo is more contented when the mirror is there than when it is removed.

(2) The cuckoo continually makes the "noise" attributed by most writers to the female, viz. "like water bubbling out of a bottle." It calls "Cuckoo," too, as mentioned in former notes.

(3) Mrs. V. has tried to rear a cuckoo many times. She thinks she has had nearly twenty altogether. The first one lived five weeks—female—she has it (stuffed) now.

The second lived two months, and the third till end of December. With varying success she kept trying till she got one to survive two and a half years. Then she got the present one in July 1899. It came from a hedge-sparrow's nest. This fact I ascertained yesterday. She found a letter from the person she got it from stating so.

Mrs. V. has seen a young cuckoo eject the young wagtails from nest. And this it did after *she* placed them back again. It was just getting its "pen feathers" when this occurred. This was years ago. I got half-a-dozen snapshots at it (*i.e. the cuckoo*) yesterday, and hope at least *one* will turn out a good one. It allowed *me* to put my hand in cage and stroke its feathers, but we had to photo it in cage. It was too wild if removed. Hoping the real summer weather suits you, and that you are better, believe me

Yours very faithfully,

W. SHELLEY.

In a yet later memorandum Mr. Shelley says :

"Mrs. V. also gives the cuckoo *any* kind of caterpillar, and especially the caterpillar of the Tiger Moth when procurable.

"Since my last letter Mrs. V. has been away from home on a visit, *and she took the cuckoo with her in a basket*. It is apparently no worse for its novel experience. I regret to say that photos were *all* most egregious failures, owing, I think, to the fact that the cage is in a dark corner."

## III.

A few remarks may now follow here, on new points opened and on questions suggested by Mrs. Vickery's facts. First, in no case have we had the same observation about the recurring or periodic restlessness, every two months or so, as marked as at the true migrating time. Mr. Cochrane, Lord Lilford, and others refer only to restlessness at the proper migrating time. Mrs. Vickery's facts here distinctly point to much more decisive movement from spot to spot than any other statement we have seen on the matter.

Lord Lilford distinctly said of his cuckoo that he would sit stolidly on the perch, except at migration time, when he dashed about and injured his plumage, continually *chirping*. Mr. Campbell remarks of Mr. Cochrane's cuckoo that "about the end of July it began to exhibit a restlessness such as it had not previously shown. That it felt warning of its migratory instinct impelling it to fly to a more congenial climate was very evident." Here Lord Lilford's cuckoo and Mr. Cochrane's both behaved quite differently from Mrs. Vickery's, which showed restlessness about every two months, and as decisively at each time as in July and August.

Secondly, about the calls. Lord Lilford distinctly says that before those chirpings there was no call. "We once only heard him attempt to say 'Cuckoo,' but the attempt was a grievous failure." Now Lord Lilford, we understand, wrote the above as a record of a fact observed, and without any thought of the inference—the important inference—that might be drawn from it. Is contact with the old birds, or the hearing of their call, essential to the development of the proper cuckoo note in the young bird? In Lord Lilford's young cuckoo this call or note was clearly never developed; and a most interesting question, to be solved only by comparison of observations of those who may hereafter find and keep young cuckoos, is whether the 'chirping' is like that of any other bird, and like, or not particularly like, to that of the bird out of whose nest the unfledged bird has been taken; and of this very careful note should be made and preserved. Mr. Cochrane's bird was taken from a meadow-pipit's nest in Wigtonshire, in 1896, and was hand-reared.

Mr. Campbell, of Dalmeny, who wrote an account of this bird in "The Scotsman," and to whom I applied for more detailed facts on some points, said: "I had not consulted Lord Lilford's book, to which you refer; but there is no doubt that this bird gives the true cuckoo call. *There is no chirping about it.*" It was very noticeable that this bird called its true note more distinctly and clearly the

penultimate winter than it did the last one, whereas Mrs. Vickery's bird did not call at all till the fourth winter, and then very clearly and decidedly.

Mr. Cochrane wrote to me about the death of his bird on December 12, 1898 :

"I regret to say that poor Cuckoo is dead. He died about two months ago. He seemed to become gradually paralysed on one side, and was found dead one morning. I may say that his eye was bright and his voracious appetite unimpaired up till the last. . . . I regret very much that I did not have his photo taken when he was in good condition and feather. At the time his photo was taken (sitting on my hand) he was in wretched feather. His plumage was perfect up to his first moult and until the migrating season came round, when he became, for a week or two, very restless, and kept continually jumping on to the wires of his cage, thereby spoiling all his flight and tail feathers. I may here say that I never came across such brittle feathers in a bird. There was no pliability in them ; they snapped like dry twigs. . . . During 1897 his call was an ideal one—just the same as if he had been at liberty in the woods ; while in 1898 the call was entirely different and disappointing, and not at all pleasant to hear ; neither did he call so often. Mealworms were his principal food. He took them all from the hand. He also had made up for him, daily, minced hard-boiled egg, minced lettuce, grated carrot, grated boiled liver, and ants' eggs, all mixed together. He was also very fond of pieces of raw meat. I have heard people say that cuckoos eat other birds' eggs. Well, I put small birds' eggs into his cage repeatedly, and he would never touch them. He was a very intelligent bird, and made friends with everybody. He would fight playfully with your finger, putting out his wings and pecking vigorously, and uttering all the while a sort of guttural sound from the back of his throat.

"He had never been in a position to hear the note of his wild companions, but had been reared among the shrieks of parrots, the piping of bullfinches, and the trilling of German canaries. On one occasion, when the parrots were screaming in chorus, the cuckoo commenced calling vigorously, and, to the astonishment of his owner, he soon had the field to himself, for the parrots by common consent seemed to stop and listen."

This experience, though like that of Mrs. Vickery, is opposed to that of Lord Lilford ; and Mr. Lunn seems to confirm this sentence of Father Gerard :

"One argument to the contrary Nature has exhibited in the cuckoo, which, reared in the society of strangers, and with their



notes in its ear, yet sticks unfalteringly to the tune which only by instinct can he recognise for his own." <sup>1</sup>

Birds hatched out of eggs deposited, as many eggs are, in the nests of birds in later June, and even in later July, cannot possibly hear the notes of the older cuckoos, as the old birds have by that time become silent, if they have not disappeared.

In Mr. Cochrane's experience and Mrs. Vickery's, then, we have a complete reversal of Lord Lilford's all along the line, as we may say.

We have record from another authority of a cuckoo kept in confinement which lived for fully a year ; and in this case, though there were decided efforts to make the cry "Cuckoo," the bird never really got beyond the first syllable "Cuc," and sometimes even failed to render that with any degree of distinctness.

From this case and that of Lord Lilford's cuckoo it might seem that the young cuckoo makes efforts at the true cry or call, but is not able completely to manage without having heard the calls of its older congeners and received aid from them ; while, on the other hand, the cases of Mr. Cochrane's cuckoo and Mrs. Vickery's would lead to the very opposite conclusion.

Till I received Mr. Shelley's notes on Mrs. Vickery's cuckoo, I was inclined to think that the crisp brittleness in the feathers might be due to the bird having been kept in a gas atmosphere, as I have frequently had canaries and other small cage-birds brought to me (and indeed have one with me for treatment at this moment) with broken and but partially grown and twisted brittle feathers (more especially wing, tail, and back feathers), owing to their having been kept in an atmosphere suffused with gas. There can be no doubt that this exposure acts in this manner on many caged birds, particularly where, through lack of knowledge, the cage all through the night is allowed to hang at the same height as it is hung through the day. Where gas is burned, the bird's cage should be taken down and put on a lower level at night than through the day when the gas is not being burned. I fancied that the brittleness of the feathers in Mr. Cochrane's cuckoo might be due to this ; but clearly other causes must be at work to effect this result, as Mrs. Vickery's bird suggests, since it has never been exposed to gas. Probably, as Mr. Cochrane suggested, it is due to something lacking in the food given in confinement as compared with what the bird finds for itself in freedom.

ALEXANDER H. JAPP.

<sup>1</sup> *Scenes and Romance*, p. 23.

*GOUT THE NEMESIS.*

THOSE whose profession it is to remedy, where possible, the ailments and diseases to which humanity is subject must often wonder whether more people dig their graves with their teeth than with their lips. Unhappily, some do with both, and in this case the grave is early dug, and the epitaph of the victim should run, "He lived to eat and drink," instead of, as it should be, "He ate and drank to live." Personally I have to deal more particularly with diseases induced by one or the other of these causes, and I should unhesitatingly say that more people shorten their lives, directly or indirectly, by excessive eating than by excessive drinking. That excess in either induces numberless diseases which shorten life goes without saying. The consequences of excess in drinking are more apparent in some ways than excess in eating. The individual who takes too much stimulant shows plainly that he is doing so. He gets manifestations that are palpable even to the most unobservant of his friends. Indeed, one often hears the remark that so-and-so is shortening his life by excess. On the other hand, the individual who eats himself to death does not seem to attract any attention at all. In fact, the more a person eats the more pleased his friends are. They say, "He has a healthy appetite, enjoys his food," and so on. He is tempted in every way with the refined cuisine of the present day and the repetition of dishes to eat beyond repletion. The result is that if the food he is fond of is not the kind of food he should eat, he becomes either so gouty or rheumatic that he cannot walk or so corpulent that he gets to be an object of pity and amusement to all his friends, and, whether male or female, becomes to a great extent a nuisance to all around. Any one travelling by train, cab, carriage, or in an omnibus or by any other mode by which he can come in contact with the very corpulent will quite appreciate my remarks. The victim himself or herself is blind to this fact, which illustrates the truth of the maxim that we never see ourselves as others see us and that if we did it would be better for us. But to return to gout, the subject, more particularly, of this article. It is certain that of late years a

large amount of attention has been paid to this ailment. In fact, "uric acid" and its evils have been so prominently brought before the public and exploited by quacks on the one hand, and by enterprising chemists of all descriptions on the other, that one would almost imagine that the uric acid diathesis had been created for their benefit. There is not a paper that does not point out in its advertisements the dangers of "uric acid," and that the most certain remedy is some particular medicine or other, some preparation of lithia or some salt or drug or compound, so that it becomes a matter of wonder that any one suffers from such an ailment at all. Why otherwise intelligent people will trust the quack or the advertising chemist with their lives, when they would not entrust him with the loan of a sixpence, passes my comprehension. Of course the advertising chemist or quack takes care to point out that the remedy for goutiness and the uric acid diathesis depends upon taking drugs or salts of different kinds that *profit him*; but what are the facts of the case? The uric acid or gouty diathesis is partly inherited and partly acquired. It is a great deal more acquired than it is inherited, and where it is acquired those who have a tendency to convert certain foods and fluids taken in excess into uric acid and induce this particular ailment are persistent in living on the food and drink that foster the idiosyncrasy. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, to my certain knowledge, this is the case. More unfortunately still for the gouty they often eat to excess, from habit or from ignorance, foods they do not care for, and so unwittingly increase the mischief. It is rare in this case that the authority, medical or otherwise, puts them right.

What then are the commonest causes of gout? Rich living and free drinking of unsuitable wines, such as port, sherry, beer, stout, &c., and liquids containing sugar or sugar combined with starch and bad spirits; these make the poison, and by inducing congestion of the different organs that eliminate uric acid, and upsetting the digestion, induce the attack, and how seldom does the ordinary doctor consulted go as fully into the matter of his patient's diet as he should do. The late Sir Andrew Clarke was most particular in this respect. But, unfortunately, diet in the present day, or perhaps I ought to say fifteen or twenty years ago, was looked upon by the orthodox physician as almost a form of quackery. He knew nothing about it, and trusted entirely to drugs to remedy the ailments of malnutrition. But this obtains with regard to any new system of treating disease. Jenner has still his enemies among the ignorant. Pasteur is looked at askance by many, and even Lister,

who has done so much for the prevention of disease and death, was honoured in Germany when he was treated with contempt and ignored in England. At least, this is what a great English surgeon told me not many days ago. But let us be thankful that medical science has progressed a little during the last two hundred years, and that the knowledge of how to prevent disease has progressed in greater proportion than the knowledge of how to cure disease.

But, to return to the subject, there is no doubt that gout has afflicted humanity from the earliest times, and certainly for many hundreds of years it has been known and described by different writers. The word 'gout' really dates back to the thirteenth century and takes its name from the French word *goutte*, a drop, because it was supposed in those times that it arose from a humour that fell drop by drop into the joints. Of course one would have to write a book to go into all the troubles and discomforts that a gouty state of the system means, but the ordinary individual knows gout more particularly by one of its manifestations, viz. an inflammatory affection of the great toe or other joint. This is the gout that as a rule attacks the hard-living and hard-drinking and plethoric individual, and which seldom attacks him before the age of thirty to thirty-five. To a certain extent, as pointed out before, it is hereditary and more particularly common among the luxurious and the classes who over-eat and over-drink. Gout is much more prevalent among males than among females.

It is more prevalent in cold climates than in hot ones, and in those predisposed by heredity a very small excess in eating or drinking will precipitate the attack. Undue physical work or exertion, excessive mental work or worry, exposure to cold or wet, sudden suppression of perspiration, emotional causes such as sudden joy, a fit of rage, loss of blood, injury to a joint or sudden wrench, will do the same. Indeed, the gouty individual is like the atmosphere when overcharged with electricity. He has in his system a bottled thunderstorm always ready to burst out.

After a first attack of gout there may be a long interval between succeeding attacks, but as each attack comes on it is followed by another at a shorter interval, the system becoming more impregnated with the poison and the ability to throw out the uric acid lessening. A fit of the gout deranges the health for some time, but at first the acute attack passes off quickly and leaves very little to remember until the next comes on. The different indications of gout are so varied that it would be impossible to go exhaustively into them here, but it causes all sorts of unpleasant manifestations, such as rashes on



the skin (gouty eczema), gouty sore throat, gouty dyspepsia, gouty sciatica, gouty deposits in the joints (urate of soda), gouty synovitis (fluid in the joints), persistent flatulency, extreme irritability of temper, twitchings of the limbs, muscular cramps, headache, giddiness, noises in the ears, irregular action of the heart, skin diseases, gouty asthma, throat, ear, and bronchial troubles, and indeed a great many more than I can enumerate here. All these are greatly aggravated if the sufferer is of corpulent habit, and in this case an attack of apoplexy is by no means uncommon as a sequence of the suppressed form of the disease. But, indeed, corpulency and gout are twin brothers. They help each other as brothers should, and, when they run well together, make life a burden and, happily for the sufferer, shorten it materially. Chronic gout does not differ much from the acute. It really means that the first form has been allowed to go on by attempting to remedy it by medicine and a long-continued improper diet and mode of life, until the diathesis has become well established. In chronic gout the attacks are not so painful and the swellings develop more slowly. Chronic gout is commonly known as poor man's gout, but this is a misnomer, as in the poor man it is usually induced by drinking large quantities of beer, while at the same time not taking sufficient of proper nourishing food. The victim of chronic gout always suffers from debility and want of tone, and is liable to all descriptions of ailments, nervous and otherwise. In no case are there so many warnings given as in gout that mischief is brewing, but the commonest of all, and one that should at once attract attention, is that the water contains a large deposit of brickdustlike sediment. This is the "uric acid" that people read so much about in the present day, and this is the danger signal that should warn any sensible man what he may expect if he goes on trusting to advertising quacks, of whom there are so many, or eating rich food and drinking rich liquids in the form of wines that are unsuitable, or malt liquors. On the other hand, if he is at this stage warned, and he will diet properly for a few weeks, and thus open the floodgates of the system, viz. the skin, the liver, and the kidneys, and excite them to action by a proper and restricted diet, by copious harmless fluids, and by exercise, trouble may be avoided; but curiously enough, the common notion seems to be that an attack of gout should develop, and that if it does not develop, the poison is retained in the system, causing depression, debility, headache, and all the troubles incidental to the gouty state. There is no greater fallacy in the world than the supposition that the attack of gout is necessary. The proper treatment, as I have over and over again pointed out, is the restricting and

regulating of the diet so as to clear off the accumulation of waste products and thus prevent any attack at all.

There is an adage which says a man is either a fool or a physician at forty. There is no greater fallacy in the world. A man or a woman may be a fool at forty—many are—but he certainly is not a physician, and competent either to diet or physic himself. He is a fool if he tries to, as he has only one life to spare, and that will soon be gone. It would be impossible in a short article to go fully into such a matter, but at all events the permanent cure of gout is possible enough; only, it means a proper diet combined with suitable liquids. The danger of flying to drugs or advertised palliatives for gout is that so doing temporarily relieves an attack and induces the victim persistently to fly to their assistance, instead of altering the mode of life that is at the root of the disease. In the one case—that is, the altering of the mode of life—the cure is made permanent; in the other, the constant attacks of lithuria develop disease of the kidney and of other organs that becomes irremediable, and a form of chronic gout is the result, because the kidneys have lost the power of throwing out the poison.

Naturally the treatment of gout depends a great deal upon the state of the system and the idiosyncrasies of the individual, and it would be impossible to lay down any hard and fast rule or rules that would apply to any particular person. The main point, in ordinary cases, is to avoid rich food, sweets, alcohol, and sweet beverages. Sweet ports, sherries, and champagnes should be strictly forbidden; pastry, farinaceous puddings, and more particularly foods dished up with sugar and fats, should be cut off, and where necessary the whole of the dietary should be properly apportioned and restricted. The lighter kinds of wine, hocks and moselles, may be taken, and also whisky well diluted with water or Cambrunnen table water, which is a useful solvent of uric acid.<sup>1</sup>

The gouty individual in these days unfortunately seems to think that it is an ailment that he ought to or must have, that it is a legacy left him by his father or by his grandfather that he must put up

<sup>1</sup> Germany seems to abound in anti-acid waters, some of which are not only harmless and pleasant, but even very beneficial as solvents of uric acid. Many years ago during a stay at Homburg, when I was advising in dietetic matters a very illustrious personage for the reduction of weight, in my leisure time I made excursions in the Taunus Mountains, as I was anxious to find a pleasant sparkling table water that would answer my purposes for the gouty and the obese, and I fixed upon this water as being not only absolutely harmless and pleasant, but an excellent solvent of uric acid. This sparkling table water may be procured from the Cambrunnen Water Company, 104 Great Portland Street, London, W.

with, and though he does try to remedy the mischief by swallowing from time to time quantities of medicines and purgative waters, noxious and otherwise, he does not appreciate the fact that it is a matter that he can control himself by proper care in eating and drinking.

When he is taught what to do, and has enough intelligence and mental power to see the necessity of doing it, the prevention of recurrent attacks of gout is an easy matter. It simply means proper food, proper drink—and plenty of it—and proper exercise. Unless there is a strong inherited tendency, and even then, these should mean absolute immunity for life, without a dose of any medicine beyond an occasional aperient when necessary—if ever necessary.

Personally, I have the highest appreciation of medicines in their proper sphere and in proper hands, but I have no opinion of drugs used to remedy errors in diet or excess in eating or drinking. In this case they are only palliative, and lull the sufferer into a state of false security. It is true that the action of medicines, even the commonest, is not accurately known even in these days (take the case of colchicum, a dangerous drug, the basis of most gout remedies); but by experience it is from time to time shown that certain drugs are beneficial and in certain conditions even absolutely essential; but this does not apply to diseased states of the system brought on by improper food, excess of food, or excess of alcohol in its different forms. To remedy these morbid conditions medicine is absolutely useless. The only remedy is proper restriction in respect to alcohol and modification in diet as before mentioned. Gout is really an accumulation of waste products in the system, due to the malassimilation of certain foods taken in excess, and these, after being used by the system to the extent the system requires for the operations of life and the maintenance of the heat of the body, are left behind as deleterious waste to be converted into uric acid, leading to attacks of gout and rheumatism, or into fat, leading to obesity, with all the dangers and discomforts that such a condition entails. I might illustrate it in this way. Certain kinds of coal will foul a chimney very rapidly; another kind of coal may be burnt for years without any such result. The sensible householder will choose the coal that burns brightly, leaves but little waste, and does not foul the chimney. The careless one will burn anything that comes. His chimney soon becomes clogged, and the result of it is a dirty, smoky room. This may be a homely way of putting it, but it represents the state of the gouty individual if you apply the food that he takes into the body in contradistinction

to the coal consumed in the grate. The gouty individual does not believe or take the trouble to learn that, if he inherits gout, or if he does not inherit it, certain foods and fluids that he is in the habit of eating or drinking, taken in excess, and without sufficient exercise to work them off, are productive of gout. If the gouty individual takes more food than the system requires for the operations of life, there are plenty of troubles in store for him, in addition to gout, which will prevent his enjoying life in the way of such pleasures as shooting, hunting, fishing, tennis, &c. When the ability to enjoy these is gone, there is little left to the sybarite but the pleasures of the table, which have caused the trouble and will go on causing it until the end.

The sensible individual will see that the proper way to remedy the gouty diathesis is to restrict those foods that cause it. Of course the amateur can never compete with the professional, and therefore one would not urge such an individual to attempt to diet himself, or, worse still, to take any of the thousand and one quack remedies that are advertised as a certain cure. The proper course for the sufferer from gout is to consult a physician who will go fully into the matter of diet and drink, and the mode of life that causes the ailment, and correct the errors.

It is a well-known fact that alcohol combined with sugar, as in wine and malt liquors, will induce gout in those who have been previously perfectly free from it. The Laplanders were free from gout until wine was introduced into their country. Irish labourers in country districts were entirely free from gout until they came to London, and were employed in the docks, where they drank large quantities of porter. According to the late Sir Andrew Clarke (a great authority on these matters), a few years' indulgence in port and sherry will induce gout even when there is no hereditary disposition to the disease. Gout is rare in the spirit-drinking countries, but in countries where luxurious habits prevail, such as in England among the upper and middle classes, it exists extensively. In our grandfathers' time it was looked upon as an aristocratic ailment, but like much that was aristocratic in those days, it has become very plebeian now.

Naturally, climate has much to do with gout, and in cold climates, where spirits are mostly consumed, gout is rare. Of course it is very comforting when we suffer from gout to be able to blame our ancestors, indeed it is very comforting to blame our ancestors for any faults that we may have ; but still there is no question but that the port-wine drinking habits of our grandfathers left us a legacy of



gout which will take many years to eradicate, if it is ever eradicated at all. Possibly many who read this article have been left by their ancestors heavily mortgaged estates, and what have they to do? They have to economise for some years, live very carefully, deny themselves luxuries, and then perhaps, as a result of all this scrupulous economy, after a few years start unencumbered. This applies to the gouty individual. If his ancestor has left him an estate in gout, he must live carefully and not over-eat or over-drink, live to a certain extent by rule so as to keep his system clear of the poison and to enable the different organs of the body to acquire better habits, and in this case the diathesis will die out.

As I have previously mentioned, the gouty diathesis, or perhaps it will be better to say "the uric acid diathesis," in its various forms with its punishments and often its dangerous consequences, invariably shows a system loaded with refuse like a furnace over-charged with fuel, and choked for want of proper stoking and current of air. It is of no use appealing to the common sense of those who consider the pleasures of the table of more importance than health and long life, and there are plenty of such people, and will be so long as they are misled by the more ignorant of the medical profession, who dose them with drugs and never advise proper diet, because such men will not take the trouble to study the subject of diet, and because the medical schools do not teach it. Or, worse still, it is when they listen to the wiles of the quack and the advertising chemist with his "infallible" remedies, who tell the sufferers that so long as they take these medicines they may go on eating and drinking as they like and not do themselves any harm or shorten life. This is the greatest fallacy in the world. Gout does shorten life, as it leads to so many diseases. The gourmand to satisfy his appetite must do so at the loss of ability to enjoy any of the other blessings of life, if I may so express it.

I think I may claim to know something of the mode of life of the luxurious classes, and my experience is that those who live to eat or drink live for very little else, and that they will admit of no restraint upon appetite, or upon the pleasures of the table. But the curious fact is this, that many who live to eat are very hard upon those who live to drink. I could tell tales on this subject, but I will refrain. However, the fact remains, and in the words of Hudibras, many

"Compound for sins they are inclined to  
By damning those they have no mind to."

Alas ! human nature has not altered in three hundred years, nor

will it in a thousand more. Thousands will probably read these lines. Some will promise themselves to profit by the advice given, and then break the promise ; the majority will throw it to the winds --no doubt saying : " Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die."

The wealthy, luxurious indolent class, loaded with gout poison, choked with fat, with enlarged livers, with hearts restricted in their action, and encumbered by adipose tissue, with dropsical legs and breathlessness on exertion, prefer to try to obviate the evils of gorging and guzzling by an annual visit (if they can afford it) to that Mecca of the gourmand, Marienbad, where a system that they would not tolerate in England, of early hours and copious drinking of aperient waters and restrictions in food, for a time bring relief ; but how transient and at what a cost ! A few years of the enervating effects of the Marienbad waters (purgative waters), with a restricted dietary, and excessive exercise, before the heart is toned to bear it, will tell of a dilated heart and other evils that mean the shortening of life. One thing is very certain, and that is, that there is no such thing as rapidly curing the gouty diathesis when it is once firmly established, and certain it is that no amount of Marienbad waters or drugs will do this. They may clear the system for a time, just as flushing a drain will clear it, but when the individual returns to the same food and way of living as before there is soon a re-accumulation of the poison, and manifestations of goutiness in one form or another appear.

Do not let the reader suppose that I condemn all health resorts as a means of restoring health when excess of food is consumed. There are plenty of such resorts in England, and if the individual will not limit his food and take the proper food for his system and to suit his work and mode of life, he must go either to one of these health resorts such as Buxton, Harrogate, Cheltenham, or if abroad Aix-les-Bains, Vichy, Homburg, or Carlsbad. The restriction in diet, the exercise, and the *régime* there will clear the system for a time, and it is very certain that if some did not do this worse results even possibly than gout and obesity would follow. However, let it be distinctly understood that no food or even drink can do much harm if it is taken in proper moderation. Many are taught to believe that meat is bad for gout. It is nothing of the kind unless it is taken to excess, and the same applies to almost everything else in the way of food and drink—unless the latter is pure water, or such table water as I have previously mentioned.

It is a curious anomaly that under the laws of England, while frauds of certain kinds are considered crimes and the perpetrators of them are open to vigorous prosecution and to imprisonment, frauds of other kinds are allowed to go on with absolute impunity. The fraudulent person who procures money from another by false cheques, or cheques that are not honoured, or goods from a tradesman by misrepresentation, is punished as he deserves to be, but the most pestilent of all, the fraudulent quack, may make as many false statements about his remedy for gout, or for obesity, or for nervous disease, or for a hundred other ailments, as he pleases, and may not only do it with impunity, but may defraud thousands of people of their hard-earned money by the issue of lying testimonials, which unfortunately a gullible—yes, and even educated and cultured—public will read and believe. They may even vend nostrums that are highly injurious and do incalculable mischief, and still they are allowed to go on with absolute impunity, misleading the public with statements that are mendacious from beginning to end. There is one particularly obnoxious and pestilent quack who advertises remedies for the reduction of obesity, and who states, as do all the obesity quacks, that the remedies are not only harmless but even beneficial, and still there is scarcely a day that I do not find people come to me who say that they have been made ill by taking these remedies. In some cases it takes many months to remedy the mischief done, even if, indeed, it is ever entirely remedied. Quack remedies, drugs, and purgatives are simply poison if taken to cure gout or to reduce the corpulent in weight. It is an extraordinary fact that, although there are a public prosecutor and laws against fraud in England, nevertheless daily papers give column after column to these advertisements, and yet never a prosecution follows, although they are the most palpable frauds on the very face of them. For barefaced lying the American quack, whose advertisements appear in most of the daily papers and weekly journals, “takes the cake.”

In these days happily the *sensible* “man in the street” is able to distinguish the intelligent physician from the quack, and he naturally seeks the one who he knows applies his professional experience to the particular ailments or disease he suffers from, and however reluctant the ordinary practitioner may be to indicate the best authority on the subject, he is bound to do so. If he does not he is not acting fairly to his patient or wisely to himself. Specialism seems to be in fashion in these days. This is evidenced by the fact that there are two or three hundred physicians who are mostly specialists in the street that I live in (Harley Street), many of whom

have world-wide reputation. Many of them, to enable them to be of service to a "world-wide" *clientèle*, must advise when necessary by correspondence as well as by personal visit, and this in my experience, as far as dietetic advice is concerned, certainly in the case of gout and obesity, can easily be done.

It is a curious fact that has come under my observation that fat persons are far more subject to gout than thin ones, and no permanent good can be done in their case until they are reduced to normal weight.

This is so easy and so safe to do, by proper diet for a time, that it always surprises me that medical men do not recommend their gouty fat patients to undergo reduction. The accumulation of fat around the heart seems to hamper and weaken its action and prevents the taking of proper exercise, and this prevents all those organs that deal with the elimination of waste products in the form of uric acid, bile, &c., performing their functions properly. It is simply astonishing how enormous an amount of benefit a corpulent individual who suffers from gout gets if he be put upon a proper dietary and his weight reduced from one to two stone or even, in extreme cases of obesity, six to eight stone in weight.

I have previously pointed out many of the evils of gout, and, I may add, of corpulency. The military man who has to ride on horseback, if he becomes too heavy, has to pay dearly for it. I have often been told that an extra stone in weight means an extra hundred pounds in money to buy a charger, and no doubt this is the case. The same applies to the hunting man if he becomes obese. His horses cost a great deal more to carry him, and he is of very little use when he is mounted. He may potter about as I have known many do, cutting corners to see the hounds from place to place (such men used to be called road-hunters and laughed at by the orthodox sportsman), but he certainly cannot go over the fences and follow the hounds as he should, if he is either gouty or three or four stone too heavy. It amazes me, when so small an alteration in the mode of dieting would obviate all this, that men or women allow themselves to become so. If the hunting man would only for a little time forswear foods that deprive him of every pleasure in life except the pleasure of eating and drinking, he would be well rewarded for his trouble. I have known many sensible ones who have done this, and they have been rewarded by improved health and ability to enjoy every pleasure that the world gives, and I have known on the other hand the reverse occur where they have been punished for it. Indeed,



I now know many young men among the luxurious classes who in a few years will be so gouty and corpulent that no pleasure but the pleasure of the table will be open to them.

A dietary that reduces fat seems at the same time to prevent the accumulation of uric acid. This is due to the fact that it stimulates the different organs into increased activity and enables the fat individual to take more exercise, and thus at the same time lose weight, improve in condition, and clear the system of the waste of tissue that hampers the free action of the heart and the eliminatory organs, the action of which is essential to robust health.

Of course there are many countries in which more gouty food is taken than in others, and the inhabitants of warm climates are less subject to this ailment than those of cold ones, as the free action of the skin is so essential to health.

My knowledge of the effects of diet in different parts of the world is very extensive, because often through advising by correspondence in distant countries, in many cases thousands of miles away from here, one becomes conversant with the foods used in that particular country. English people living in Belgium, France, Italy, Ceylon, and India, from the large amount of the different kinds of farinaceous foods that obtain and from the fat and greasy cooking and lack of sufficient exercise, are very prone to suffer from obesity complicated with gout.

It is a curious fact, but one that is well known, that in the districts covering the great field for hock and moselle wines in the neighbourhood of the Taunus Mountains gout is almost unknown. Celebrated physicians who reside in those parts tell me that the reason for this is that the Rhine and Moselle wines are a most harmless stimulant pure and free from sugar, and do not tend in any way to the formation of uric acid. I hold this opinion myself, that the most suitable wines for the gouty and rheumatic are hock and moselles, and among French wines chablis. I have gone largely into this matter for professional purposes, and tested almost every conceivable class of hock and moselle.

It has always surprised me that sparkling wines should be so expensive in contradistinction to still wines. Many people will pay ten or twelve shillings a bottle for champagne or for sparkling moselle or hock, whereas the same wine as a still wine would be far better for them at less than half price. Still hock or moselle fit for the most fastidious palate can be procured for 2s. 6d. or 3s. a bottle. The same quality of sparkling hock or moselle or champagne with

the addition of sugar to it would cost as much again, or a great deal more.<sup>1</sup>

With regard to the prevention of recurrent attacks of gout I may repeat once more that the gouty person cannot drink too much harmless fluid, either with meals or between them. Harmless fluid helps the kidneys to eliminate uric acid, just as fresh air does the lungs to eliminate carbonic acid.<sup>2</sup>

When the blood is saturated with gout poison, it will not dissolve it, unless plenty of fluid is taken, and the waters of the Taunus are pleasant, harmless, and beneficial, so that the gouty, instead of going to Homburg, can have Homburg brought to them. But they must for a time do as they do at Homburg—namely, take plenty of exercise in the open air, drink abundantly of fluid, and have an adjusted dietary. This may be a consolation to those who cannot go to the expense of a stay at Homburg or who for other reasons cannot go there. There is no reason why a gouty person should not be allowed to drink a bottle a day of a light moselle such as Eisenberg, or a hock such as Rosenberg, and plenty of absolutely harmless fluid is highly beneficial.

I often marvel where those who draw up the dietary for the use of the soldiers or sailors get their information from, for of all the ridiculous dietaries the present one drawn up for the sailor is the most absurd. He is allowed on an average nearly sixty ounces of moist food per day, and this he eats at five different meals. I have no doubt that whoever they were who drew this out thought that it would make an active strong man, but it will do exactly the reverse. It will make a fat man, and a lazy man, and a gouty man, and everything but what a sailor should be. It contains about three times as much farinaceous food as it should, and a little above half the amount of animal food necessary for a fighting man. During many years past I have been in the habit of treating very many thousands of people, and giving the amount in *weight* of food that should be taken daily under different circumstances. It is very rare indeed to find any one who can consume thirty ounces of moist food per day, and that

<sup>1</sup> Those who are interested in the matter may be glad to know that they can procure wines of this class which I approve from the Dry Wine Company, 104 Great Portland Street, London, W.

<sup>2</sup> I was amused this week reading in a very entertaining, amusing, up-to-date, and very clever society weekly journal, the opinion of the editor as to fluid at meals and between them. I sincerely hope none of his readers will take his advice. He certainly knows how to conduct a great and deservedly successful society journal, but he does not know how to advise his readers to retain their health. The shoemaker should stick to his last.

is barely half of what is allowed the sailor under the present ridiculous diet system of the navy.

Perhaps it would be well here to give a few hints as to the best diet for the gouty, but of course it would be impossible to apply this to any particular individual, and really every individual might require some modifications applicable to his particular case; and this can only be done by those who are conversant with the idiosyncrasies of the sufferer. The gouty diathesis is a very peculiar one, and no two sufferers seem to be able to assimilate the same food—what agrees with one will not with another. In the first place, it is necessary to put restrictions on those of the gouty diathesis and to allow a diet with but a sufficient amount of proper nourishment to be consumed. The meals should be taken regularly, at proper intervals, and plenty of time allowed. Very late dinners or suppers should not be taken, though of course a dinner at 7 P.M. or 7.30 P.M. would be permissible. The nature of the food is naturally very important, and it should combine vegetables and animal food in proper proportion, due regard being paid to the proper nutrition and strength of the body. As far as animal foods are concerned the most suitable for the gouty are white fish of all kinds, game, chicken, fowl, mutton, lamb, and occasionally tender beef may be indulged in. Gouty subjects should abstain from or take only a very limited amount of sugar or sweets, pastry, sweet puddings, &c. Fruits of all kinds may be eaten, with the exception of very sweet ones. Grapes, oranges, lemons, and green foods of all kinds are allowable. Green salads, either cooked or uncooked, may be taken to almost any extent compatible with appetite. The smaller the number of courses taken at each meal the better, as the gouty subject is then not tempted to take more food than he requires. Of course, as I pointed out before, the question of drink is an important one, and harmless fluid in any quantity is admissible, and even wine, sparkling or still, if free from sugar, may be taken in moderation with impunity. In these days it is possible to get absolutely dry sherry and even absolutely dry champagne that the gouty subject may drink with perfect safety, but the best wine of all for those of this diathesis is hock or moselle. Gout is very rare on the Rhine or the Moselle, as I previously mentioned. A little absolutely dry sherry will suit some gouty patients well, and even port, if it has matured in cask for forty or fifty years, may be taken in strict moderation; a little spirit in others, such as hollands or gin: and what stimulant is taken should be taken at meals, and not between. It is highly important that people of a gouty nature should drink wine of good quality.

If the valetudinarian will be guided by the rules I have laid down, they will go far to prevent the development of gout, and even possibly avert the occurrence of an attack. But, as every one who has to prescribe for those who suffer from excess in eating and drinking knows, such people are seldom amenable to restraint or willing to take advice or to use common sense, if it means curtailing the pleasures of the table a little. The prevention of disease is more rational than its cure. The cure of any ailment implies that experience has often been bought at the cost of health and pain. But among the generality of people a repetition of the same ailment arises from an ignorance of its cause, and therefore to learn how to avoid in the future what has been a source of trouble in the past should be the aim of every sensible being. I believe that there are thousands who crave for this knowledge, as there are thousands whom no amount of experience teaches to be wise. These may be found among every class.

N. E. YORKE-DAVIES.



## *JANE AUSTEN'S NOVELS.*

MUCH has been written and is being written on that most interesting of writers, Jane Austen. It can hardly be said, however, that her writings have been dealt with scientifically, as it were. There is plenty of praise and admiration, but no one has formulated accurately wherein lies the charm. What is the secret of the spell with which she holds, and has made, so many friends? It is often amusing to see the trivial ones following in the track of the sensible, and trying to "make-believe" that they like and understand Jane, the incomparable. In their hearts they really find her desperately hard reading and her stories somewhat stupid. They invariably skip or read with dull, unappreciative interest the most *Austenique* passages. For such Jane should be read aloud, and the points "well rubbed in"—the humour literally explained; *then* they begin to appreciate. I should like nothing better than to hear a lecture on Jane Austen—nay, a whole series.

How many times have we read through this delightful woman's stories! And yet there is one oddity about them—that with every perusal we seem to be making fresh acquaintance with them. We seem to have but partially forgotten them. This is explained by the fact of the stories being so slight and the characters so strong and varied. Character is always new, and is always suggesting something fresh, "between the lines" as it were. We read and re-read our Scott, but there there is so much story that we cannot forget. Still, his characters and dialogues are ever fresh and suggestive. Again, the shades of difference between Miss Austen's characters are so delicate, especially in the case of her young girls, that it is often difficult to distinguish between them when away from the book. Few could pass an examination with credit in the Austen books, though many might, with honours, in their Dickens and Scott.

What wonderful sketches of manners and society and of the rural mind does she give us! In the circle of the country town, such as Dorking, a comparative molehill of an event swelled to the dimensions of a mountain; and our authoress, who could rarely bring

herself to deal with solemn, tragic events, could reach to no greater state of excitement than would arise from a young man of fortune secretly engaging himself to a girl of unequal station—a governess or companion—while to mystify the community he paid his devotion to another. This was the utmost *villainy* our Jane could reach to. It was in this fashion that young Churchill behaved to Jane Fairfax and young Ferrars to Elinor.

But here is a curious speculation. How could so quiet and unsophisticated a girl—a parson's daughter—contrive to know so many things outside the narrow enclosure—how, for instance, a coarse fellow like Thorpe should talk? "But what do you think we have been talking of?" he said to Catherine Morland. "You—you, by heavens! and the General thinks you the finest girl in Bath." "Oh, nonsense; how can you say so?" "And what do you think I said?" (lowering his voice). "'Well done, General!' said I; '*I am quite of your opinion.*'" Now this was exactly what any living Thorpe *must* have said, and it must have been the result of that extraordinary "hallucination," as Lewes called it in the case of Dickens, which only inspired novelists feel. They do not write or compose these things—they are suggested, whispered to them. It is an inspiration.

Those who are not familiar with their Jane Austen, and who have not lived half their life with her characters, suffer seriously by the loss of many agreeable amenities. They are, as it were, without the company of a large number of interesting acquaintances whom we have known for years, and whom we get to know better as time runs on. When we are away from them we think a good deal of these young women and their admirers, of what they are doing at the moment, and also what they *might* do in other situations. As we walk about their images sometimes recur to us. Often something reminds us of them. Not long since a rather foolish person was eagerly telling us of the discomfiture of some project, laughing, or giggling rather, all the time. "Not one of them answered my letters," he went on, still giggling, as if it were the best joke in the world. I have seen this before, I thought, and instantly Mrs. Palmer and her husband rose before me. "He never answers me—*Mr. Palmer is so droll.*" There is constant novelty. At every new situation there is a fresh display of character; and Miss Austen herself offers an admirable illustration of this truth. She creates the situation, and the situation causes her characters to behave in a new fashion. She praises "intricate characters;" by which she may mean those that are not always consistent. This somewhat contrasts with those of Dickens,

who always behave according to the rules he had laid down at the beginning. "No, sir," said Johnson of Garrick, "he does not play the part well, for a gentleman does not break out through the footman." That is, the part was a gentleman disguised as a footman, and Garrick made it *all* footman. It should have been an intricate or composite character.

Some, indeed, of Miss Austen's capricious young men offer us the most unexpected surprises. We seem at times to be living in a sort of utopian realm, where flirtation has become quite a fine art, only, unlike a fine art, it has no rule or limits. Thus Captain Wentworth, the lively naval officer, attaches himself to the sisters Henrietta and Louisa, who exhibit no jealousy, and seem content to "let the best woman win." Henrietta has a lover of her own, to whom she is virtually engaged, but whom she puts aside without scruple. Then comes Louisa's perilous accident at the Cobb, which we might have expected to have brought a crisis. Snatched from death, we would on her recovery have expected the glad lover to have been made happy. Instead we suddenly learn that Louisa is to marry a melancholy and inconsolable captain, who had visited her during her illness, while the first Captain Wentworth, quite content, turns his attentions to another lady. All which seems but lax morality in the flirtation world, to us at least, though not to the authoress, who considers these things as the harmless, very natural impulses of young men and young women roving from flower to flower.

There is a remarkable dialogue in the ninth chapter of "*Pride and Prejudice*," in which the authoress lets us into the secret of her system. It is an admirable, highly acute analysis of what she thinks to be the true methods of observing and dealing with character, and may be well commended to those who write stories. Elizabeth and her admirer, Bingley, are talking. "Whatever I do," he said, "is done in a hurry, and therefore . . . I should probably be off in five minutes." "That is exactly what I should have supposed of you," said Elizabeth. "You begin to comprehend me, do you?" cried he. "Oh, yes! I understand you perfectly." "I wish I might take this for a compliment, but to be so easily seen through, I am afraid, is pitiful." "That is as it happens. It does not necessarily follow that a deep, intricate character is more or less estimable than such a one as yours." "I did not know before," said Bingley, immediately, "that you were a studier of character. It must be an amusing study." "Yes, but intricate characters are the most amusing." "The country," said Darcy, "can in general supply but few subjects for such a study. You move in a very confined and un-

varying society." "But people *themselves alter so much that there is something new to be observed in them for ever.*" Perfectly just, in the case of a distinctly marked character, in the absence of acting or affectation.

Miss Austen's hero or desirable young man, established in the country town, and followed by the eyes of the young maidens, might very well be spoiled by the general competition for his attentions. The model young girls played their parts, ~~and~~ the best was to win. This is accountable for that uncertainty of purpose that we find in her heroes—*i.e.* the engaged young fellow carrying on a flirtation with some one else. Nothing, for instance, could be more treacherous than the conduct of Edward Ferrars to Elinor, who was looked on almost as his betrothed, while he had all the time been secretly engaged to Lucy Steele. Frank Churchill carried on the same "game" with poor Jane Fairfax, Willoughby with Marianne. In fairness to the young fellows it should be said that the affair was all indistinct; they had never formally—*i.e.* in phrases—pledged or engaged themselves. They only behaved as *though* they were engaged, and the poor girls, when cross-examined by their relatives after the usual desertion, had to admit that the dear fellow had never asked them. But as I said, it was the flatteries and adulation of the place that led to this.

It is often said that her stories are tame; but her plots all seem to me exciting enough—they arouse our interest. We always are eager to know what becomes of Jane or Elizabeth, and whether she married the grave colonel or the clergyman. Emma's destiny at the close is quite a surprise, and a most agreeable one. For here was Mr. Knightley, constantly looking displeased, lecturing her for this and that, even having high words with her—all for her good, though—until we can see she thinks him an elderly prig. When, lo! her *protégée*, Harriet, confides to her that Knightley is the man—her man. That "upset the apple-cart." Nothing is more amusing or more natural than this discovery, which presently helps her to find out that she has been liking this gentleman all the time. Our authoress, by the way, always breaks down as soon as she makes her lovers happy. When the "declaration" is made they begin to talk to each other in a most stilted, unnatural strain, and seem no longer the same people.

In these little *coteries* in the country all the young ladies seem to have been brought up with a very lofty ideal of marriage. It was high and deliberate. There was no sudden falling in love, no equally sudden proposal. There was long probation—the young



men seemed to go through a sort of knightly service ; there were endless difficulties, misunderstandings, and delicacies in the way. There were, moreover, little mercenary views. Every one looked on, applauding or encouraging. A really good and clever girl, with "character" and without fortune, was considered a prize in herself.

A passage of true emotion and all pathos—almost tragedy—is the agony of the poor girl Marianne, who was deserted by Willoughby. It comes very near to the poignant woes of Clarissa Harlowe. The stages are admirably described : the sufferings of the poor thing, her restlessness and perpetual feverish motion, her passionate longing to get to London, convinced that if *he* once saw her all would be well. Who will forget the piteous scene at the party, when he pretended not to see her, and the poor deserted creature called out to him distractedly, "Willoughby ! Willoughby ! don't you know me" ? And who will forget that stirring, inspiring scene when at midnight, the poor child lying tossing in fever, her sister anxiously watching, the sound of wheels was heard, and a carriage-and-four with blazing lights dashed up ? It was the faithless Willoughby *lui-même*. True, he had thrown over his mistress and married another—a lady with money ; but his repentance was so genuine, the story, as he told it to the sisters, so captivating, that he wins everybody, reader included, who begins to think that he was more sinned against than sinning. The chaise-and-four with the blazing lamps was dramatic enough, and I fancy "did the trick."

"Emma" is likely enough to be the general favourite of readers. Emma herself fills the whole stage through the various acts, and her personality causes and develops the incidents and really *produces* the characters. Her match-making proclivity is the motive power of Harriet Smith, Mr. Elton, Knightley, her father, young Churchill, Mrs. Weston, and others ; all these are inspired by Emma herself. Her match-making is done in a really masterly way ; and one of the best touches is, that after her failures and the disastrous consequences to Harriet she could not see that she had been wrong. She was mainly grieved for the failure.

One of the most original touches in that very original character, Miss Bates, is her amusing way of asking people "how they were," and instantly answering : "Thank you so much ; I am quite well." In the hurry of ideas she assumed that the question had been put to her. This is inconsequence itself. Mr. Woodhouse had sent Miss Bates a loin of pork. "Full of thanks and full of news, Miss Bates knew not which to give quickest. 'Oh, my dear sir, how are you this morning?—such a beautiful hind-quarter of pork ! You are too

bountiful. Have you heard the news? Mr. Elton is going to be married. But where could you possibly hear it, Mr. Knightley? for it is not five minutes since I received Mrs. Cole's note. I was only just gone down to speak to Patty again about the loin of pork. Jane was standing in the passage—were you not, Jane?—for my mother was so afraid that we had not any salting-pan large enough. So I said I would go down and see, and Jane said, "Shall I go down instead?" . . . Well, that is *quite*—I suppose there never was a piece of news more generally interesting. My dear sir, you are really too bountiful."

When Fanny Price was asked to dinner at the Rectory, Lady Bertram could only say, feebly: "I cannot imagine why Mrs. Grant should think of asking her—she never did before." "Suppose you ask my father, ma'am," her son suggests. "That's well thought of—so I will. *I will ask Sir Thomas whether I can do without her.* . . . I do not know—we will ask him. But he will be very much surprised that Mrs. Grant *should ask Fanny at all.*" Could there be a better specimen of the foolishness of a foolish lady? Miss Austen excelled in such touches. "If I could be sure of the rooms being thoroughly aired," said Mr. Woodhouse when they were planning the ball; "but is Mrs. Stokes to be trusted? I doubt it. *I do not know her even by sight.*" In this connection we are told of Miss Bates that "as a counsellor she was not wanted, *but as an approver—a much safer character*—she was truly welcome." What true observation in this remark! It has been often repeated that Mrs. Nickleby was suggested by Miss Bates. Nothing could be more unlikely. They are really distinct characters, and had each a different temperament. Miss Bates was not so foolish a woman as Mrs. Nickleby—she only talked too much and too fast; hence her ideas grew mixed up and confused with each other. Mrs. Nickleby was a slow and deliberate talker, and was radically foolish, and was more akin to Lady Bertram and Mrs. Palmer.

"Boz" may have had some indistinct recollection of the horsey Thorpe when he drew Lord Muntford, at the Bath assembly, describing his new mail-cart. "'What do you think of my gig, Miss Morland? And, Thorpe,' said he, 'do you happen to want such a little thing as this? I am cursed tired of it.' . . . 'Oh, d——!' said I; 'I am your man.' . . . seat, trunk, sword-case, splashing-board, lamps, silver moulding, all, you see—the ironwork as good as new, or better.'"

Mrs. Elton is another general favourite; vulgar and rattling as she is, the character is yet touched in with refinement. There is

nothing repulsive. How good her speaking of Mr. Knightley after one visit as "Knightley"!—"Knightley says." And there is the standard of "Maple Grove," so perpetually introduced, with the landau.

"Mansfield Park" is certainly the most artistic and workmanlike of the series. It has more the air of a regular story with a genuine plot. It might be called the history of a poor relation or dependent. The progress of the amiable Fanny Price, making her way steadily—gaining her patronising relatives by sheer force of character—and becoming gradually the principal personage in the society, was a happy one, and eminently suited to Miss Austen's methods. Round this central figure she could group all sorts of characters. An original note was struck in making her quite indifferent to getting forward in life—a contrast to the general type of such heroines, who, like Becky Sharp and others, openly profess that their one aim is to get on and—win.

The incident of the "getting up" of the private theatricals, with the debates on the choice of the plays, the actors, &c., is one of the most perfect pieces of work Miss Austen has done. It is a micro-cosm—a view of all the small passions, jealousies, meannesses of human nature, set before 'us in the most humorous way. Every one seems to be scheming "for his own hand," and the whole is so seriously portrayed and with such genuine sincerity that we come to think that the greatest issues are involved. One of the happiest turns is the unexpected behaviour of the model Edmund, who had set his face as a flint against the whole, and had vehemently denounced the play and impropriety of acting in the absence of his father. He would have nothing to do with the business. But when he was offered a part with the lady of his affections, Miss Crawford, all his scruples began to vanish slowly, but in the most ludicrous way. Nothing can be better or more natural than the authoress's treatment of this sudden change.

Lady Bertram, wrapped up in herself and "pug," is really delightful for the perfect unconscious selfishness and tranquillity with which she views everything about her. Nothing seems to affect her. As in the scene when the party was debating the choice of a play for the theatricals, and it was urged that "Lovers' Vows" was not exactly a "correct" piece for young people, Lady Bertram said to her daughter, "Do not act anything improper, my dear. Sir Thomas would not like it. Fanny, ring the bell. I must have my dinner. To be sure Julia is dressed by this time." "I am convinced," said Edmund, "that Sir Thomas would not like it." "There, my dear, you hear what Edmund says."

Equally good is her belief that all Fanny's success was owing to having sent up her maid to help her to dress—though Fanny was already dressed. Excellent also, and most dramatic, is the unexpected arrival of Sir Thomas—to find his own rooms and his house all “upside down”—with the awkwardness of telling him, and of who was to tell him, all treated in the spirit of light comedy. Most amusing is his unconsciousness as he sits in the enjoyment of the fireside and the pleasure of seeing his family, while the guilty party literally don't know what to do or how to begin.

One of the most dramatic scenes in “Sense and Sensibility” is the well-known opening, where Mr. Dashwood announces to his wife that he intends giving his sisters a thousand pounds apiece, thus taking care of them as he had promised. The process by which the wife gradually brings him down first to 500*l.*, then to an annuity, and then to “a present of 50*l.* now and then,” finally to nothing at all, is admirably described. The ingenious lady contrives by artful suggestions to make the proposal of reduction come from him. The “clincher,” however, was her suggestion of the ample fortune the Dashwoods already possessed. “Five hundred a year ! I am sure I cannot imagine how they will spend half of it ; and as to your giving them more, it is quite absurd to think of it. *They will be much more able to give you something.*” When he says, finally, that some little present of furniture would be acceptable, the lady artfully puts it aside : “Certainly ; but, however, *one* thing must be considered . . . all the china and plate is left to your mother. Her house will therefore be almost entirely fitted up as soon as she arrives.” This went home. “A valuable legacy, indeed !” he says, “and yet some of the plate would have been a pleasant addition to our stock here.”

For a really good comedy scene, that might be compared with those of the best masters, commend us to the one in “Sense and Sensibility” in which the artful Lucy Steele takes Elinor into her confidence as to her (Lucy's) engagement to young Ferrars. Ferrars, as we know, was supposed by all concerned to be Elinor's lover. Every speech of Lucy's is characteristic ; the little spite, the enjoyment of her triumph, the pleasure of annoying her listener, her affected humility and alarm—all is admirable ; while not less good is the picture of Elinor's doubt, her certainty of its being a falsehood, awkward embarrassment what to say or do—as the truth dawned on her.

“Pride and Prejudice” is, of course, the pride of Darcy conflicting with the prejudice of Elizabeth. The struggle of these two forces, with the victory of the former, is shown in pleasing and



interesting fashion, and is, indeed, quite legitimate drama. Some years ago one of our bright actresses fashioned the story into a very good comedy, and it was something of a surprise, as well as a novelty, to see how effective Jane's dialogue and characters became when shown upon the boards. Miss Austen is fond of presenting us with pairs of sisters, one of whom is usually impulsive, the other sensible and thoughtful, as well as affectionate ; each balancing the other ; the second always ready to put things straight and repair the mistakes made owing to too much eagerness.

An amusing incident is that of Lady Catherine's intimidating visit to Elizabeth, to warn her off matrimonial designs on Mr. Darcy. Here she seemed scarcely to take the fitting tone. Instead of treating it as a matter not to be debated—for Darcy had not yet made his second proposal—she carried on a sort of legal argument as to her right to accept him if she chose, and the no-right of Lady Catherine to interfere. One would have expected a simple repudiation of any authority over her, and a sort of generality of treatment, as though the matter was not ripe. This would seem more dignified.

The clergyman, Mr. Collins, has always received great praise as a most amusing character. So he is in the conception, but his speeches and letters seem a little artificial, as though our authoress was determined to make him a thoroughly comic personage. This I merely say when comparing him with some of her other natural and more genuinely humorous characters. His transfer of his affections to another is rather too sudden and meaningless. We should expect such a creature to look for rank and money, and to have taken time.

Yet, strange to say, events containing real tragedy she glosses over as trivial. Such was the elopement, in "Pride and Prejudice," of the young and giddy Miss Bennet with Mr. Wickham. We always rub our eyes as we find the placid writer recording that he stayed in London with his *innamorata* without going through any form of marriage. Her friends in the country began to be anxious, but a worthy uncle found the cash and they were married regularly. Jane seems to think it was a bagatelle once the girl was made an honest woman of ; and not one of the party seemed to doubt the propriety of admitting her to the household on a visit, though there was another young girl there. This hopeful young person was only sixteen.

Another surprising thing is the curious toleration of "our Jane" of illegitimacy. Scattered through her stories are various unfortunates, whom she treats as though they were the result of some unavoidable accident, for which no one was specially accountable.

She is delicate enough, and, I believe, perfectly sincere, in treating this matter as something in the ordinary course of things which was common enough in those times. Harriet Smith, Emma's *protégée*, was one of these unlucky beings. In a small place like Dorking it seems strange that any one of condition should have selected a *filia nullius* to be her friend, pal, and confidant.

"Northanger Abbey" does not appear to be one of Miss Austen's best stories. It was an early work, before she had attained perfect freedom and self-confidence. In the first portion the humour is rather laboured. Neither is Catherine Morland very interesting. She is somewhat too eager to make her way, and lacks the charming simplicity and unselfishness of the other heroines. Mrs. Allen, her chaperon, is one of the Austen foolish ladies, but her folly is not shown off with the masterly skill displayed in Mrs. Palmer. Mrs. Allen had a sort of *truc*, or catchword, which is used over and over again without variety. At the Bath ball she would say to Catherine: "I wish we had a large acquaintance here. . . . The Skinners were here last year. *I wish they were here now.*" And when Mr. Allen came up: "I wish we could have got a partner for her. I have been saying how glad I should be if the Skinners were here this winter instead of the last."

Sometimes her little touches lack point; as: Her father was "a very respectable man, though his name was Richard"—wherein is not much humour. "Their joy in this meeting was very great, as well it might (be), since they had been contented to know nothing of each other for the last fifteen years."

The title "Persuasion" illustrates the authoress's happy device of making the names of some of her stories suggestive of dramatic interest. There is something original in the use of the word; for here "persuasion" means, not the verbal arguments of one striving to bring round another to his own opinion, but the conversion, as it were, through the agency of personality, behaviour, or conduct. It was the reserved and quiet bearing of Anne that "persuaded" her old lover, Captain Wentworth, to return to his allegiance, and that revived his old devotion. "Mansfield Park" and "Northanger Abbey," it is true, are merely names of places, and have no significance. "Emma" is a girl's name, but "Sense and Sensibility" and "Pride and Prejudice" have their significance. "Sense" stands for Elinor, the thoughtful guardian sister; while "Sensibility" denotes the impulsive and romantic Marianne. "Pride" stands for the disdainful reserve of Darcy, and "Prejudice" for the natural feeling which that pride excited in others. Yet the pride was not genuine pride—only

a sort of haughty shyness ; and the "Prejudice" was equally unfounded.

The *locale* of Louisa's accident "on the Cobb" at Lyme Regis has become rather famous. It is pointed out by the natives, and tourists visit it. A rather dramatic business it is ; though it must be said the *mechanism* of the account is not very clear. The impulsive girl oddly insisted that she must be "jumped down the steps" to the Lower Cobb by her admirer. She had the same fancy in the case of stiles. So soon as she was safely down the Cobb steps she must run up again, to be "jumped down" once more ! On this occasion she was too eager : "He put out his hands, but she was too precipitate by half a second, and she fell on the pavement of the Lower Cobb." There must have been about five or six steps, and it seems unaccountable that she should have attempted such a jump without actual hold of both his hands. It was odd, too, that he could not have caught her, as he was below and facing her. She fell on her head and became insensible.

We often meet, in stories, jests on stout people, whose sufferings, as in the case of Jos Sedley, excite no sympathy. With what pleasant wit and airy touch does she deal with this topic ! "Mrs. Musgrove was of a comfortable, substantial size, infinitely more fitted by nature to express good cheer and good humour than tenderness and sentiment ; while the agitations of Anne's slender form and pensive face may be considered as very *completely screened*. Personal size and mental sorrow have certainly no necessary proportions. *A large bulky figure has as good a right to be in deep affliction as the most graceful set of limbs in the world.*"

The primitive simplicity of manners in the place is shown in the eagerness for a peculiar game—the box of letters with the alphabets. "We had great amusement with those letters," Emma said. "The box contained alphabets. They were rapidly forming words for each other, or for anybody else who could be prevailed on." A word was placed before some one, I suppose in disturbed shape, and he had to guess what it was. "Blunder," or "Dixon," caused great perturbation among those amiable young folk, while the grave Knightley, looking on severely, fancied that "disingenuousness and double-dealing seemed to meet him at every turn. These letters were but the vehicle for gallantry and trick." Sapient Knightley !

The fair Jane, correct as she always is, has yet one jest which seems scarcely to show her usual refinement. In "Mansfield Park" Edmund is asking Miss Crawford about the navy and her cousin's captain. "Certainly," said the lady, "my home at my uncle's

brought me acquainted with a circle of admirals—of *rears* and *vices* I saw enough. Now, do not be suspecting me of a pun.” And yet pun there must be in both words.

One of the most perfectly drawn, and at the same time most humorous, characters in the series is that of an ordinary foolish woman—a sketch often attempted by some of the greater novelists. Thus “Boz” has given us Mrs. Nickleby and Flora Casby. He was accustomed to show their folly by a favourite method—by fixed turns of speech and incoherence of utterance. This belongs more to farce than to comedy. But in Mrs. Palmer Miss Austen has shown a character that we might meet any day, and *have* met, and whose foolish mind and fashion of looking at things are quite consistent with the common talk of society. No one would think her anyway extraordinary, or stare at her ways and speeches. This foolishness seemed to be provoked by the openly expressed contempt of her husband and his offensive speeches, which she carried off by constant “giggling,” and by constantly calling the company’s attention to Mr. Palmer being “so odd.” I really think that these scenes are the best in the whole series of stories for genuine comedy and for exciting real amusement and enjoyment. We always wish that there was more of the pair. In support of this view I am tempted to give a few extracts from this delightful episode. Mr. Palmer, as we know, was a superior person, and thought nothing good but what was connected with himself.

“‘Only look, sister,’ said Mrs. Palmer; ‘how delightful everything is! How I should like such a house for myself! Should not you, Mr. Palmer?’ Mr. Palmer made her no answer, and didn’t even raise his eyes from the newspaper. ‘Mr. Palmer does not hear me,’ said she, laughing. ‘*He never does sometimes. It is so ridiculous.*’” “Mrs. Palmer’s eye was now caught by the drawings. ‘Oh dear, how beautiful these things are! Well! how delightful! Do but look, mamma—how sweet! I declare they are quite charming. I could look at them for ever.’ And then, sitting down again, she very soon forgot that there were any such things in the room. When Lady Middleton rose to go away, Mr. Palmer rose also, laid down the newspaper, stretched himself, and looked at them all round. ‘My love, have you been asleep?’ said his wife, laughing.” Was there ever such a picture of an *étourdie*? On another occasion she explained how they came to that part of the world. “It was quite a sudden thing our coming at all, and I knew nothing of it till the carriage was coming to the door, and then Mr. Palmer asked me if I would go with him to Barton. *He is so droll!*



*He never tells me anything.*" And again: "We do not live a great way from him in the country, not above ten miles, I dare say." "Much nearer thirty," said her husband. "Ah! well, there is not much difference. They say it is a sweet, pretty place." "As vile a spot as I ever saw in my life," said Mr. Palmer. "Is it very ugly?" continued Mrs. Palmer. "*Then it must be some other place that is so pretty, I suppose.*" And later on: "How charming it will be when he is in Parliament! won't it? *How I shall laugh!* It will be so ridiculous to see all his letters directed to him with an M.P. But, do you know, he says he never will frank for me? *He declares he won't.* Won't you, Mr. Palmer?" Mr. Palmer took no notice of her. "He cannot bear writing, you know—he says it's quite shocking." "No," said he, "I never said anything so irrational. Don't palm all your abuses of language upon me." "There now, you see how droll he is. This is always the way with him. Sometimes he won't speak to me for half a day together, *and then he comes out with something so droll—all about anything in the world.*"

It will be noted with what ingenious variety the same string is touched. In real life such characters are always novel and amusing, for they display their weakness under different guises. Who has not met such women and their husbands—much-tried men—who, wincing at every fresh exhibition, will say something rough and disagreeable, while the poor lady tries to carry it off with a giggle and tells of something else that Mr. — did to her: "he is so funny, you know"?

Sometimes, but very rarely, our authoress makes mistakes and overdoes a situation, or puts the wrong speech into the mouth of a character. As when, in "Pride and Prejudice," Darcy very handsomely offers for Elizabeth. How does she receive the proposal? She had a grievance against him; she knew that he had injured her sister's prospects. But granting all this, there might have been found a cold and even disdainful way of receiving such a compliment. Instead, we are astonished to hear her say: "From the first moment, I may almost say, of my acquaintance with you, your manners, impressing me *with the fullest belief of your arrogance your conceit, and your selfish disdain of the feelings of others*, were such as to form that groundwork of disapprobation, on which succeeding events have built so immovable a dislike, that I had not known you a month before I felt that you were the last man in the world whom I could ever be prevailed on to marry." No man could have forgiven this insulting language.

Nowhere do we find such pleasant types of the natural, sensible,

attractive English girl, with a clear, limpid nature, thoughtful, independent—and saying what she thought. Such were the growth of pure country life. They were cut off from the great towns, which were rarely visited, hence were thrown back on the society that the village or smaller town could afford. Here everything was magnified, and trivial things became solemn and important issues; while characters developed.

There seems to be a passion nowadays for tracing the localities described by the novelist. There is almost a library of this kind, growing larger every day, and devoted to Dickens. The author finds a physiognomy and characters in places and buildings, just as he does in human beings. One place, too, will fully inspire him, or kindle his fancy, as "Boz" found in his marvellous account of Bath, Rochester, Canterbury, &c.

We hear a good deal now of the word "smart," the "smart set," smart wedding, smart people. Miss Lucy Steele, however, in "Sense and Sensibility," written some ninety years ago, used it a good deal. Within two or three pages the word is given some half-dozen times: "smart beaux," "smart manners," &c.

We meet some curious turns of phrase occasionally, as in "Sense and Sensibility," chapter 21, when Elinor asks Lucy Steele, "Are you acquainted with Mr. Robert Ferrars?" "No," replied Lucy, "not to Mr. Robert Ferrars, but to his elder brother." This seems somewhat Scottish, like being "acquainted *at* some one," often used by Sir Walter Scott.

Delightful as is the account of Fanny Price's pursuit by Mr. Crawford, and full as it is of touches of true nature, yet are there portions somewhat improbable. First, we might ask, Would a man of Crawford's disposition—a trained, "hard-bitten" flirt—have fastened on so demure and quiet a little thing, and have developed so ardent and overpowering a passion? The same person was not likely to be "after" two beings so opposed as the fast Mrs. Rushworth and the unsophisticated Fanny. Second, Would not a man of his temperament be likely to have become infuriated and mortified by his rejection, and to have thought only of revenge? But he took it with the utmost placidity. Third, Miss Austen hazards a prophecy that if he had only persevered steadily he would ultimately have won over Fanny, who would have been gradually softened by his persistency. This one may doubt. For Fanny, on principle, had settled from the beginning that his character was such as she could never approve. To this principle she would have sternly sacrificed even her inclinations. The suddenness, too, with which his sister

threw off the mask at the end and became an odious, hollow creature, is rather an inconsistency. For she had shown not the least signs of it during her long stay near Mansfield Park, where she really enjoyed the simple, unsophisticated life of the place, and was reluctant to leave it.

We may add here that Lyme Regis, the scene of the Musgrove accident, was seventeen miles from Uppercross. Northanger Abbey was thirty miles from Bath. The family lived at a village in Wiltshire called Fullerton. Mansfield Park was in Northamptonshire. Norland Park of "Sense and Sensibility" was in Sussex; and Barton, to which the Dashwoods removed, was in Devonshire, within four miles north of Exeter.

Such, then, is this engaging Jane. There is one peculiarity found by most readers of her stories—that when you have finished the whole series you long to begin them all over again. We feel as though here were a number of pleasant, interesting families in the country whom we have met, who have become our own—Fannys, Elizabeths, Mariannes, Catherinees, Annes, Emmas—delightful beings, whom we are eager to meet again. As I said, there is so much that is thoughtfully suggestive in their natures that there is sure to be novelty in the renewal of the acquaintance.

And that mystery, Style—what a thing it is! Who shall expound how it comes that one writes with solemn and involved periods, while another, like Jane, expresses herself with perfect naturalness and simplicity? Our answer is: How is it that a gentleman or lady dresses so that one can hardly tell what they wear, while another gets into his finery so awkwardly as to convey the idea that the garb is not part of his entity? Style, which is the dress of our thoughts, amounts to no more. Jane Austen wished to say what she had to say at once, and as directly as possible, without thinking of the words. She left the *thing* to do its own work and made no effort. A great painter, or a sculptor like Rodin, never thinks of his method of expression. Inferior men think of nothing else. They must have models, clothes, &c., and these they copy. All the little touches of character that she observed she would set down without any thought of producing an effect by fine or elaborate writing.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

## TABLE TALK.

## REVIVING APPRECIATION OF MILTON.

IF with what in Prince Hal Falstaff rebukes as "damnable iteration" I recur to Milton, it is because after a long period of neglect the great Puritan poet is receiving adequate recognition. Writing in 1822, Charles Lamb could say, "Milton takes his rank in English literature according to the station which has been determined on by the critics. But he is not read like Lord Byron or Mr. Thomas Moore. He is not *popular*; nor, perhaps, will he ever be. He is known as the author of *Paradise Lost*; but his *Paradise Regained*, 'severe and beautiful,' is little known. Who knows his *Arcades* or *Samson Agonistes*, or half his minor poems? We are persuaded that, however they may be spoken of with respect, few persons take the trouble to read them. Even *Comus*, the child of his youth, his 'florid son, young Comus,' is not well known; and for the little renown he may possess he is indebted to the stage." If ever this was true, it is true no longer. *Comus* has not now been seen upon the stage for a generation, though an open-air representation is promised. Milton is now, however, closely and reverently studied by all lovers of our literature—sometimes too prosaically studied also, since cases are not unknown in which, in the endeavour to elucidate his processes of workmanship, limitations are imposed upon him, the concession of which involves the denial of those gifts of imagination in which, among English poets, he stands paramount.

STRANGE THEORY CONCERNING "L' ALLEGRO" AND  
"IL PENSEROSO."

A CURIOUS instance of interpretation and limitation of Milton, at once enthusiastic and, I regret to have to say, prosaic, reaches me from Lausanne. *Milton on the Continent: A Key to "L' Allegro" and "Il Penseroso,"*<sup>1</sup> is by Mrs. Fanny Byse (*née* Lee). It is an attempt to show that in these two delightful poems Milton was drawing wholly upon his impressions of life in Paris and Florence and the observations he made in the course of his peregrinations through Italy and Switzerland. I cannot attempt to show the extent to which this delusion is carried. Herself a resident in the valley of the Rhone, she will

<sup>1</sup> *Lausanne*: Roussy's English Library (London, Elliot Stock).



have the description of scenery in *L' Allegro* apply to that romantic valley by way of which Milton returned to England. In the "knights and barons bold" in "weeds of peace" she sees the warriors of the Thirty Years' War; the

Store of ladies whose bright eyes  
Rain influence

are "the dainty circle clustering round Catherine de Vivonne, Marquise de Rambouillet, the famous Arthénice and her daughters; while the lady to win whose grace both wit and arms contend is Anne Geneviève de Bourbon, who by marriage became Madame de Longueville. "Thrice great Hermes," again, is Galileo the astronomer, whose acquaintance Milton made about 1638. That Milton's travels influenced his subsequent writings is certain. That those travels were undertaken before instead of after the composition of *L' Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* is the assumption of Mrs. Byse, who, in so thinking, is opposed to most, I believe all, authorities.

#### THE SCENERY OF "L' ALLEGRO."

WITH Mrs. Byse's general theories I cannot deal. The assumption, however, that the lines in *L' Allegro* beginning,

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,

are intended to describe the Rhone valley is, I think, demonstrably extravagant. Dr. Masson, ordinarily a sound scholar, points out that the scenery of Horton, where Milton is supposed by some to have written the poem, furnishes no original for

Mountains, on whose barren breast  
The labouring clouds do often rest;

and J. R. Green, in a like spirit of narrowness, accuses Milton of "a want of precision and exactness, even in his picturesque touches." To these weak utterances I oppose the declaration of Sir Leslie Stephen, a critic of altogether superior calibre, who says that *L' Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* constitute "the most perfect record in the language of the impression made by natural scenery upon a thorough scholar." To this fine and authoritative declaration I refer those who would tie the poet down to futile observances and restrictions. Making allowance for the influence of imagination, and even without so doing, the scenery of both poems is thoroughly English. The trim gardens in which Leisure was wont to take his pleasure were presumably in Cambridge. "Tufted trees," to which Mrs. Byse takes exception, are common enough, and the "towers and battlements" were not, as Masson dully supposes,

those of Windsor Castle. Such were common enough in England before the Civil War had reduced them to ruins, almost as common as the hedge-row elms on hillocks green, "the hawthorn in the dale," or the "meadows trim with daisies pied," which Mrs. Byse would locate in Swiss valleys. I may not follow further this wild idea, though there is not an assertion that I do not dispute. Let me, however, ask finally Mrs. Byse whether the "spicy nut-brown ale" which the inhabitants of the upland hamlets are to provide for the close of a sunshine holiday would have been supplied in the Valais during the first half of the seventeenth century. Tennyson's

Vex not thou the poet's mind  
With thy shallow wit

may be a rather petulant utterance, but is worth bearing in mind.

#### CHEAP PROCESS OF NEWSPAPER PRODUCTION.

IT is a curious fact, to which the world in general is not yet awake, that the processes of cheapening newspaper production are in part responsible for lowering the tone of the newspaper press. By the old processes of hand-composition workmen of a certain amount of experience, and consequently of some slight literary knowledge, were employed. By the modern arrangement the linotype operator represents the output of several compositors. These are now, as a rule, extremely young men, still in their novitiate as regards "case," and without one iota of training outside the mechanical portion of their work. By the earlier arrangement the scholar or the careful writer had a chance that his work might be competently treated; by the later system his case is hopeless, unless he writes a hand which "he who runs may read." Should any sentence in his MS. puzzle the novice, there is not time to delay in order to ascertain its meaning, and excisions or curtailments are made by those wholly unfitted for the task. It is, of course, only when "things are run on the cheap" that this sort of calamity is to be dreaded. The staff of every first-class newspaper includes printers' readers, in the ranks of whom may be found some of the finest English philologists. Some few newspapers not of the highest class virtually dispense with the services of a reader, on the same principle, apparently, of false economy that induces the captain of a fishing smack to save the oil in his night lamps, and get sent to the bottom with his cargo and crew by a passing steamer. At any rate, the writer with a regard for his reputation will hesitate before he commits his best work to the mercies of modern cheap journalism.

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*THE PASSING OF AH SIN.*

*A TALE OF THE DARK CAÑON.*

BY WILLIAM KELLY.

ABOUT half a mile north of Jo Dunfer's the highway dips into a sunless ravine, which opens out on either hand in a half confidential manner, as if it had a secret to impart at some more convenient season. I never used to ride through it without looking first to the one side and then to the other, to see if the time had arrived for the promised revelation. I saw nothing—and I never did see anything ; there was no feeling of disappointment, for I knew the disclosure was only withheld for a time, and for some good reason which I had no right to question. That I should one day be taken into full confidence I no more doubted than I doubted the existence of Jo Dunfer himself, through whose place the cañon ran. It was said that Jo had once undertaken to erect a cabin on some remote portion of his land, but for some reason had abandoned the enterprise, and constructed his present habitation, half residence and half whisky-shop, upon an extreme corner of his estate.

This Jo Dunfer, or, as he was best known in the neighbourhood, "Whisky Jo," was a very important personage in those parts. He was about forty years of age, a long shock-headed fellow, with a corded face and a knotty fist like a bunch of prison keys. He was a hairy man, with a stoop in his walk, like that of one who is about to spring upon something and rend it. Next to the peculiarity

from which he had derived his local nickname his most obvious characteristic was a deep-seated antipathy to the Chinese. I saw him once in a great rage because one of his herdsman permitted a weary Chinaman to slake his thirst at the horse-trough in front of his tumble-down establishment. I ventured to faintly remonstrate with Jo for his unchristian spirit, but he merely replied that "Ther wusn't no mention of Chinamen in the Noo Test'ment," and strode away to wreak his anger upon his little white man-servant, whom I suppose the inspired scribes had likewise omitted to mention by name. Some days afterwards, finding him sitting alone in his bar-room, I cautiously approached the subject, when, greatly to my relief, the ends of his long mouth drew round into a good-natured grin, and with an air of condescension he explained: "You youngsters are too good to live in Texas; you had better, all of ye, git back to Boston, for none of ye don't understand our play. People who are born with gold spoons, a-shovellin' choice viuns inter their mouths, can afford to hang out library ideas about Chinagrations" (by which poor Jo meant Chinese immigration), "but us, as has to hunt around on the outside for our grub, h'aint got no time for foolishness."

And this long consumer, who had never done a stroke of honest work in his life, sprung the lid of a Chinese tobacco-box, and with thumb and forefinger forked out a wad like a miniature haycock. Holding this reinforcement within supporting distance, he fired away with renewed confidence:

"I tell ye, youngster, ther a bad lot, and ther goin' for everything green in this country, except yourself" (here he encountered a stubborn chuckle, and pushed the reserve tobacco into the breach), "like a herd of 'Gyptian locusses. I had one of 'em to work for me five years ago, an' I'll tell ye all about it, so't ye ken see the bearins of this whole question."

"I wasn't doin' well them days—drank more'n wus good fur me, an' hadn't no nice sense of my duty as a free white citizen, so I got this pagan as a kind of cook, and turned off a Mexican woman. But when I got relig'n, and they talked of makin' me justice of the peace, my eyes wus opened. But what wus I to do? If I fired him out, somebody else would take him, and mightn't treat him well. What would any Christian do, 'specially one new to the business?"

Jo paused for a reply with an expression of grave thoughtfulness, but an indescribable air of uneasiness, as of one who has arrived at a correct result in the solution of a problem by some short cut of his



own, but is not quite satisfied with the method. He finally rose, and swallowed a tumblerful of bad whisky from a full bottle on the counter, and resumed his seat and his story:

"Besides, he wasn't of no account: didn't know nothin', and wus always puttin' on airs; they'll all do it. I stood it as long as I could, but 'twa'n't no kind of use. Still, I couldn't quite make up my mind to discharge him; an' I'm glad now I didn't, for the example of what follers would have been lost. I'm mighty glad," and Jo's glee was celebrated at the decanter.

"Once—'twas nigh on to five years ago come next October fifteenth—I started in to stick up a cabin. 'Twas afore this 'un was built, and in another place; it don't signify where, 'cause 'tain't of no importance. I set Ah Sin an' the little white, named Gopher, to cuttin' the timber. I didn't expect Ah Sin to be of much account, 'cause he wus so little, with a face almost as fair as your'n, and big black eyes, that somehow I seem to see 'em yet."

While delivering this trenchant thrust at syntax and sense Mr. Dunfer fixedly regarded a knot-hole in the thin board partition, as if that were one of the eyes whose size and colour had incapacitated his servant for active usefulness.

"Now, you youngsters won't believe anything agin' the infernal yellow devils," he suddenly flamed out, with an appearance of rage, which somehow failed to impress me; "but I tell ye that that Chinaman was the perversest scoundrel you ever dreamed of."

I was about to explain that perverse scoundrels were not a staple article in my nightly visions, when Jo rose excitedly, dashed in another brimming tumbler of whisky, and resumed, standing:

"That miser'ble pig-tailed Mongolian went to hewin' at the saplins all round the stems, girdleways. I p'inted out his error as patiently as I could, an' showed him how to cut 'em on two sides, so as to make 'em fall right; but no sooner did I turn my back onto him like this"—and he amplified his illustration as he turned on me by taking in some more liquor—"than he wus at it again. It wus jest this way; while I looked at him *so*," regarding me rather unsteadily, and with evident complexity of vision, "he wus all right; but when I looked away, *so*," taking a long swig at the decanter, "he wus all wrong. Then I'd gaze at him reproachful-like, *so*, and he'd reform."

Probably Mr. Dunfer honestly intended the look he turned on me to be a merely reproachful one; but it was singularly well calculated to arouse the gravest apprehension in the breast of any unarmed person so reproached, and as I had lost all interest in his tale, I

rose to go. Before I had fairly risen he again turned to the counter, and with a barely audible "so" had emptied the bottle at a gulp. Heavens, what a yell! It was like a Titan in his last strong agony. Jo staggered back after emitting it, as a cannon recoils from its own thunder, and then dropped into his chair, as if he had been stricken down like an ox in Smithfield, his eyes drawn sideways towards the wall with a stony stare that made my flesh creep. Looking in the same direction, I saw, with a shudder, that the knot-hole in the wall had indeed become a human eye, a full black eye, that glared into my own with an entire lack of expression, more awful than the most devilish glitter. I involuntarily covered my face with my hands to shut out the horrible illusion, if such it was, and the little white servant, coming into the room at that moment, broke the spell, and I walked out of the room with a sort of dazed fear that delirium tremens was contagious. My horse was tied up at the watering-trough, so I mounted him, and gave him his head, too much troubled in mind to note whither he took me.

I did not know what to think of all this, and, like everyone who does not know what to think, I thought a great deal, and naturally to very little purpose. The only reflection that seemed at all satisfactory was one not at all connected with Jo Dunfer and his pointless narrative; and this was that on the morrow I should be some miles away, with a strong probability of never returning.

A sudden coolness brought me out of my abstraction, and, looking up, I found myself entering the deep shadows of the ravine. The day was stifling, and this transition from the heat of the parched fields to the cool gloom, heavy with the pungency of cedars, and vocal with the melody of the birds that had been driven to its leafy asylum, was very refreshing. I looked for my mystery as usual, but not finding the ravine in a communicative mood, dismounted, led my sweating animal into the undergrowth, tied him securely to a tree, and sat down on a rock to meditate. I began bravely by analysing my pet superstition about the haunted valley. Having resolved it into its constituent elements, I arranged them into convenient troops and squadrons, and, collecting all the forces of my logic, bore down upon them from impregnable premises with the thunder of irresistible conclusions and a great noise of intellectual shouting. Then, when my big mental guns had overturned all opposition, the routed enemy massed silently into a solid phalanx on the flanks and captured me, "bag and baggage."<sup>1</sup> An indefinable fear came upon me, and I rose to shake it off, and strolled up the narrow dell by an

<sup>1</sup> *Vide* speech of late G.O.M.

old grass-grown cow-path that seemed to flow along the bottom, as a kind of substitute for the brook that Nature had neglected to provide.

The trees among which the path straggled were very ordinary, well-behaved plants, a trifle perverted as to bole and eccentric as to bough, but with nothing unearthly in their general aspect. A few loose boulders, which had detached themselves from the sides of the depression, to set up an independent existence at the bottom, had dammed up the pathway here and there, but their stony repose had nothing in it of the stillness of death. There was a kind of death-chamber hush in the valley, it is true, and a mysterious whisper above ; the wind was just fingering the tops of the trees—that was all.

It is strange that in all this time I had not once thought of connecting Mr. Dunfer's drunken narrative with what I now sought, and it was only when I came upon a clear space, and stumbled over the level trunks of some small trees, that the revelation came to me. This was the site of the abandoned cabin ; and the fact was the more forcibly impressed upon me by quickly noting that some of the rotting stumps were hacked all round in a most unwoodmanlike manner, while others were cut square, and the butt-ends of the corresponding trunks showed they had been felled by the axe of a master. The opening was not more than ten yards in diameter, and upon one side was a little knoll, some ten feet across, bare of shrubbery but covered with green grass. Upon this, standing up rigidly a foot or two above the grass, was a headstone ! I have put a note of admiration here, not to indicate any surprise of my own, but that of the reader. For myself, I felt none. I regarded that lonely tombstone with something of the same feeling that Columbus must have had when he saw the hills of San Salvador. Before approaching it I completed leisurely my survey of the stumps, and examined critically the prostrate trunks. I was even guilty of the affectation of winding my watch at an unusual hour with great care and deliberation. Then I lighted a cigar, and found a quiet satisfaction in the delay. All these unnecessary but only possible preliminaries being arranged, I approached my mystery.

The grave, a rather short one, was in somewhat better repair than seemed right, considering its age and surroundings ; and I actually widened my eyes at a clump of beautiful violets, showing evidence of comparatively recent watering. The stone was a rude enough affair, and had evidently done duty once as a doorstep. In its front was carved, or rather dug, an inscription, the exaggerated

eccentricity of which I could not hope to reproduce without aid from the engraver. It read thus :

“AH SIN : Chinaman.

“Aige unnone. Workt last fur Wisky Jo. This monument is erected by the saim to keep 'is memmery green, and likewise a warnin' to all Selestials notter put on airs like Wites. Dammum.”

It would be difficult to adequately convey my amazement at this astounding epitaph. The meagre but conscientious description of the deceased, the insolent frankness of confession, the grotesque and ambiguous anathema, marked this as the production of one who must have been demented. I felt that any further discovery would be a pitiful anti-climax, and with an unconscious regard for dramatic effect I turned squarely round and walked away. A strange feeling of depression came over me, and threading my way through the dense undergrowth I came to the tree where my horse was fastened, and mounting him, rode slowly homewards.

Some five years have elapsed since my discovery of the unfortunate Chinaman's grave, and by chance or destiny I find myself once more in the neighbourhood. I was ever anxious to learn what fate had had in store for my quondam friend Mr. Dunfer, and in order to satisfy my curiosity on that point started out on foot one bright morning in May, hoping that my ravine would again take me into its confidence. I took a short cut for the old whisky shanty by a path which led across the hills, and had not proceeded more than half-a-mile after crossing the summit when my ears were assailed by maledictions and shouts, uttered in a shrill treble voice, accompanied by the grinding of wheels over a narrow and seldom used road leading to my ravine.

“Gee up, there, old Fuddy-Duddy !” This unique adjuration came from the lips of a queer little man perched atop of a light waggon, full of firewood, behind a pair of fat oxen, who were hauling it easily along with a simulation of herculean effort that had evidently not imposed upon their driver. As that gentleman happened at the moment to be staring me squarely in the face, and smiting his animals at random with a long pole, it was not quite clear whether he was addressing me or one of them, or whether his beasts were named Fuddy and Duddy respectively, and were both subjects of the imperative verb “to gee up.” Anyhow, the command produced no visible effect on any one of us, and the queer little man removed his eyes from my face long enough to prod Fuddy and Duddy



alternately with his pole, remarking quietly and with some feeling, "Dern your skin!" as if they enjoyed that integument in common. So far my request for a ride had elicited no further attention than I have indicated, and finding myself falling slowly astern, I quickened my pace, and soon overtook the mannikin and his waggon. I placed one foot upon a spoke of one of the hind wheels, and then was enabled to scramble forward and seat myself beside the driver, who took no notice of me until he had administered another indiscriminate castigation to his cattle, accompanied by the advice to "Buckle down, you derved incapable!" Then, while this dual incapable was supposed by courtesy to be revelling in the happiness of obedience to constituted authority, the master trained his big black eyes upon me with an expression strangely and somewhat unpleasantly familiar, laid down his rod, which neither blossomed nor turned into a serpent, as I half expected, folded his arms, and gravely demanded: "Wa't did you do to Wisky?"

My natural reply would have been that I drank it; but there was something about the query that suggested a hidden significance, and something about the man that did not encourage a shallow jest, and so, having no other answer ready, I merely held my tongue, but felt as if I were resting under an imputation of guilt, and that my silence was being construed into a confession. Just then a cold shadow fell upon my cheek, and caused me to look up. We were descending into my ravine. I cannot describe the sensation that came upon me. I had not seen it since it unbosomed itself several years ago, and now I felt like one to whom a friend has made some sorrowing confession of crime long past, and who has basely deserted him in consequence. The old memories of Jo Dunfer, his fragmentary revelation, and the unsatisfactory inscription on the headstone, came back with singular distinctness. I wondered what had become of Jo, and I turned sharply round and asked the little man. He was intently watching his cattle, and without withdrawing his eyes replied:

"Gee up, old Terrapin! He lies alongside of Ah Sin, up the cañon. Like to see it? They al'ays come back to the spot; I've bin expectin' you. Woah!"

At the word of command Fuddy-Duddy, the incapable Terrapin, came to a dead halt, and before the echo of the vowel had died away up the ravine had folded up all his eight legs and lain down in the dusty road, regardless of the effect upon his derved skin. The queer little man slid off his seat to the ground, and started up the dell without deigning to look back to see if I was following. But I was.

It was about the same season of the year and at near the same hour of the day of my last visit. The magpies clamoured loudly, and the trees whispered darkly as before ; and I somehow traced in the two a fanciful analogy to the open boastfulness of Mr. Jo Dunfer's mouth and the mysterious reticence of his manner, and to the profanity of his sole literary production—the Epitaph. All things in the valley seemed unchanged, excepting the cow-path, which was almost wholly upgrown with rank weeds. When we came out into the "clearing," however, there was change enough. Among the stumps and trunks of the fallen saplings, those that had been hacked China fashion were no longer distinguishable from those that had been cut "Melican-way." It was as if the old-world barbarism and the new-world civilisation had reconciled their differences by the arbitration of an impartial decay—as one day they must. The knoll was there, but the thorny brambles had obliterated its effete grasses, and the patrician garden violet had disappeared. Another grave, a long and robust mound, had been made beside the former one, which seemed to shrink from the comparison ; and in the shadow of a new headstone the old one lay prone upon the ground, with its marvellous inscription wholly illegible. In point of literary merit the new epitaph was altogether inferior to the old, and was even repulsive in its terse and savage jocularly. It read :

" Jo Dunfer—Done for ! "

By the air of silent pride with which my guide pointed it out I was convinced that it was a conception of his own ; but I turned from it with indifference, and tenderly brushing away the leaves from the tablet of the dead pagan, restored the mocking inscription of five years ago, which seemed now, fresh from its grave of leaf mould, to possess a certain pathos. My guide, too, appeared altered as he looked at it, and I fancied I detected beneath his whimsical exterior a real earnest manhood. But while I regarded him the old far-away look, so subtly forbidding and so tantalisingly familiar, crept back into his great eyes, and repelled while it attracted. I resolved if possible to end this scene and clear up my mystery.

" My friend," said I, pointing to the smaller grave, " did Jo Dunfer murder the Chinaman ? "

He was leaning against a tree and looking across the little clearing into the top of another, or through it into the sky beyond—I don't know which. He never moved a muscle of his body nor trembled an eyelash as he slowly replied :

"No, sir, he justifiably hommicided him."

"Then he did really kill him?"

"Kill 'im? I think 'e did—rather. Don't everybody know that? Didn't 'e stand up before the Corriner an' confess it? An' didn't the jury render out a verdick uv 'Come to 'is death by a healthy Christian sentiment workin' in the Caucashun breast'? An' didn't the Church at the Hill fire him out fur it? An' didn't the independent voters 'lect him Jestice o' the Peace to get even on the gospelers? I don't know w'er you was brought up!"

"But did Jo actually do this because the Chinaman could not or would not learn to cut down trees in the manner he prescribed?"

"Yes, it stan's so on the reckerd. That wus the defence 'e made, an' it got 'im clear. Stan'in' on the reckerd, its legle an' troo. My knowin' better don't make no difference with legle trooth. It wa'n't none of my fun'ral, an' I wusn't invited. But the real fact is (an' I wouldn't tell it to any other livin' soul, nor at any other livin' place—an' you ought 'o known it long ago) that Jo was jealous o' me!" And the little wretch actually swelled out, and made a comical show of adjusting an imaginary cravat, noting the effect in the palm of his hand, which he held up before him as a mirror.

"Jealous of you?" I repeated, with ill-mannered astonishment.

"Yes, jealous o' *me*! W'y, ain't I nice?"—assuming a mocking attitude of studied grace, and twitching the wrinkles out of his threadbare waistcoat. Then suddenly changing his expression to one of deep feeling, and dropping his voice to a low pitch, he continued:

"Yes, Jo thought dead loads o' that Chinaman. Nobody but me ever knowed 'ow 'e doted onto 'im. Couldn't bear 'im out uv 'is sight—the derved fool! An' when 'e cum down to this clearin' one day an' foun' me an' Ah Sin neglectin' our work—'im asleep an' me a chasin' a tarantula out uv 'is sleeve—Wisky laid hold o' my axe an' let us 'av it. I dodged jest then, fur the derved spider had bit me, but Ah Sin got it bad in the breast an' stiffened out. Wisky was jest a weighin' me out another one, w'en he seed the spider fastened onto my finger, an' 'e knowed 'e'd made a derved Jack uv 'isself. So 'e knelt down an' made a dernder one. Fur Ah Sin giv a little kick, an' opened 'is eyes—'e had eyes like mine—an' puttin' up 'is hands, drew Wisky's big head down, an' held it there while 'e stayed—w'ich wusn't long, for a tremblin' ran all through him, an' 'e giv a long moan, an' went off."

During the progress of this story the narrator had become transfigured. Gradually the comic, or rather the sardonic, element had been eliminated, and as, with bowed head and streaming eyes, he painted that strange death-scene it was with difficulty I suppressed an audible sob. But this consummate actor had somehow so managed me that the sympathy due to his *dramatis personæ* was really bestowed upon himself. I don't know how it was done, but when he had concluded I was just upon the point of taking him in my arms, when suddenly a broad grin danced across his countenance, and with a light laugh he continued :

"W'en Wisky got 'is nob out o' Chancery 'e wus about the wuss-lookin' cuss you ever seed. All 'is good clothes—'e used to dress flashy them times—wus spilt. 'Is hair wus tussled, an' 'is face, w'at I could see uv it, wus so w'ite that chalk 'ud 'a made a black mark on it. 'E jest stared once at me, 's if I wa'n't no account, an' then—I don't know any more, fur ther wus shootin' pains a chasin' one an'other from my bit finger to my head, an' the sun went down behind that hill.

"So the inquest wus held without my assistance, an' Wisky went before it, an' told his own story ; an' told it so well that the jury all laughed, an' the Corriner sed it wus a pleasure to hev a witness as hadn't any nonsense about 'im. It took Wisky six weeks, workin' at odd spells 'tween drinks, to gouge that epitaph." (With a diabolical grin) "I gouged his'n in one day.

"After this he tuk to drink harder an' harder, an' got rabider an' rabider anti-China ; but I mus' say I don't think 'e wus ever exactly glad 'e snuffed out Ah Sin, or that, if 'e 'ad it to do over agin, e'd a even bossed the job in person. He mayn't a' suffered as me an' you would, but 'e didn't use to brag so much about w'en 'e wus alone as w'en 'e could get some goose like you to listen to 'im."

Here the historian twisted his face into an expression of deep secretiveness, as of one who might tell more if he chose, and executed a wink of profound significance.

"When did Jo die?" I inquired thoughtfully. The answer took away my breath.

"W'en I looked in at 'im through the knot-hole, an' you'd put suthin' in 'is drink—you derved Borgey !"

Recovering somewhat from my amazement at this astounding charge, I was half-minded to throttle the audacious accuser, but was restrained by a sudden conviction that came upon me in the light of a revelation. Mastering my emotion, which he had not observed, I



fixed a grave look upon him, and asked earnestly, and as calmly as I could :

“And when did you become insane?”

“Nine years ago!” he shrieked, springing forward and falling prone upon the smaller of the two graves; “nine years ago, when that great brute killed the woman who loved *him* better than she did *me*—me, who had disguised myself an’ followed her from the mines, w’er he won her from me at poker—me, who ’ad watched over ’er fur years, w’en the scoundrel she belonged to wus ashamed to acknowledge ’er an’ treat ’er well—me, who for ’er sake kep’ ’is cussed secret fur five years, till it eat ’im up—me, who, w’en you pizoned the brute, fulfilled ’is only livin’ request o’ me to lay ’im alongside of ’er, an give ’im a stone to ’is head—me, who had never before seen ’er grave, ’cause I feared to meet ’im here, an’ hev never since till this day, ’cause his carcass defiles it!”

I picked up the struggling little maniac and carried him to his waggon. An hour later, in the chill twilight, I wrung Gopher’s hand and bade him farewell. As I stood there in the deepening gloom the sound of the receding waggon became fainter and fainter, and a voice came out of the night: “Gee up, there, you derved old Ge-ra-ni-um!”

## SCHOOLMASTER FOLLOWERS OF BACON AND COMENIUS

THE influence of Bacon and Comenius is not only to be estimated by the number of their avowed philosophical followers, but there must also be taken into account the many degrees of discipleship which they attracted to themselves from schoolmasters. Hartlib, Dury, Hoole, Brooksbank, and Kinner are examples of men committed to the principles of Comenius, and indirectly of Bacon, from the first. Mr. Mark Lewis came a little later, but he was no less thorough-going in his adhesion. Lewis was a master at a school at Tottenham High Cross, Middlesex. The school apparently belonged to Mr. A. Bret, and Mark Lewis was an assistant. Nevertheless, it is Lewis who writes the books describing the principles and methods of education of the school; and as Lewis was always a pushing man it is difficult to understand how he came to supply the ideas, and to allow Mr. Bret to reap the profit.

Lewis had thoroughly mastered the principles of Comenius, and wished to apply the principles to the teaching of grammar. He wrote "An Essay to Facilitate the Education of Youth by bringing down the Rudiments of Grammar to the Sense of Seeing."

Lewis holds that the speculative part of grammar ought to be left to riper years, but the practical part of it may be very short and easy "if we proceed, according to the law of Nature, by the two didactic principles, Sense and Syncrisis."

What Lewis means by the terms Sense and Syncrisis will be best understood in his own words: "Grammar Teaching and Sense-perception."

Lewis published his books, or rather pamphlets, 1670-1675. The essay already mentioned connects the author very closely with Comenius by its very title.

"Grammar, in the notion and theory of it," says Lewis, "is one of the most difficult of the liberal sciences." Therefore the specula-

tive part of grammar ought to be left to riper years. The practical part, at any rate, is generally supposed to be necessary for youth. But if it is to be taught, it is only reasonable to make the subject short and easy. This may be done if the teacher proceeds, according to the law of Nature, by the two didactic principles of sense and syncrisis.

The first change necessary in grammar teaching is the recognition that this abstract subject, like other subjects, can be brought to the concrete, and, what is still more significant, can be brought into, at any rate, the region of sense-perception, if not, indeed, into the visible order of things.

Lewis states fully his view of the place of sense-perception and syncrisis in education.

(1) *Sense-perception*.—"Whilst we instruct children according to the law of Nature, we must proceed by sense. By sense I mean the sense of seeing. Words are not the objects of feeling, tasting, or smelling. Words spoken are but the transient marks of things, and so the objects of hearing. Words written or printed are permanent marks, and so are objects of seeing. The use of the outward senses is, to be mediums to let in notions to the inward. When the understanding is enlightened through the senses, the memory freely keeps anything for use laid up in it. Children are very inquisitive and desirous of knowledge, whilst the progress is natural from the senses to the understanding, and from thence to the memory. But if you pervert the order of Nature, and represent things otherwise, as the limner did who painted the running horse with his heels upward, your notions, like monsters, affright children and are burthensome to the memory, as nauseous things are to the stomach. This is the reason that going to school is so burthensome. Things not brought down to children's capacity by sense are like confused objects they see at a great distance, which the eye is weary in beholding. Instruction of children ought to be *ξόγραφον λόγον*, made so plain that they may look upon words as pictures. We ought so to speak to children as if we painted out our words, that they may see us speak. The eye and the ear are the principal senses by which children are instructed; the eye first and then the ear, for we understand and remember things better which we see than those we hear."

(2) *Syncrisis*.—"Children ought to be improved by syncrisis, *i.e.* comparing what they are to learn with something they know already. When we would beget a new idea in a child's understanding, we tack it on to some notion we conceive he hath already in his mind, to

which it hath some respect. For two things compared together are better understood, and so more easily remembered, than one thing alone. Knowledge comes into a child's mind gradually, as the light into our horizon ; first the break of day, then the dawning, after that the morning, at last the perfect day. First, the child knows a little, by that he gets a little more, just as men improve their stocks in trade ; or, as in travelling, by passing over some part of the way we get a prospect of what remains, so in learning, by knowing something we are prepared to know more, whilst we bring our new notions to our old stock. Not only children, but men, adult in all their trades, judge of anything new, offered to them, by something they have seen, felt, heard, tasted or smelled before. I think I need to say no more as to the principles, sure none doubts but sense lets things into the understanding. By syncrisis we judge of them, and so lay up multiplied ideas in our memories till we become wise."

Accordingly, if grammar can be taught in any natural way, it must be, Lewis thinks, by bringing it before the senses of children. He therefore attempts to show that grammar can be taught by bringing it down to sense, first to the eye, then to the ear. How can we know the parts of speech by sense ? Let us take the Noun. If you can put *a*, *an*, or *the* before a word, that word is a noun, and it is obvious to sense. To separate a substantive from an adjective, note that the substantive takes the plural, but the adjective does not. We say little books, but not *littles* books. These things, says Lewis, were ordinarily represented to children of the time in which he lived by "second notions," and he claims that all becomes plain if brought down to sense. "Those who run may read." Lewis thinks a child may easily know nouns and pronouns by signs of cases, and verbs by signs of moods and tenses, "as he may know his father's house by the sign which hangs out of the window." Lewis is not, it is to be feared, very successful in making particles and prepositions obvious to the sense. The following passage further illustrates his view :

"To enumerate adverbs and conjunctions, as we do pronouns and prepositions, is tedious ; to know them by their second notion is very difficult. Therefore I propose this rule, which is not above sense : whatever English word is not a noun, pronoun, verb, participle, nor preposition, is an adverb or conjunction. *It matters not much which the child calls it*, only if the word found under none of those former heads do begin a sentence, it is a conjunction ; if it be in the middle of a sentence, it is probably an adverb. This is also obvious to sense."



All this is clearly an attempt to make grammar easy. But it makes it too easy. For it is simply the suggestion that parsing is a game of "spotting" the parts of speech, and that to be successful what you have to do is to keep your eyes open and remember the "tips." There is no sufficient recognition of the actual function of each part of speech. When Lewis comes to the syncrisis of grammar, he by no means leaves his pupils without comparisons which are sufficiently striking to be worth quoting.

In the sentence, "the verb is the spirit, or it is like the brain or nervosum genus, which gives life and motion to all the parts of the sentence. . . . The substantives are the skeleton or bones of the sentence. . . . Signs of cases and prepositions are as ligaments to tie these bones together ; or they are as tacks to tack on the substantive governed to the verb, or any other word influencing it. . . . Adjectives usually stand before substantives, and are as the flesh or muscles on the bones. . . . As to adverbs, you may (if you please) compare them to membranous expansions which can do no more than the verbs will allow them. . . . Signs of cases, prepositions, and signs of moods and tenses are something analogous to veins and arteries, without which the sense hath no true coherence, but suffers many dismemberings and amputations."

It cannot be said that Lewis teaches grammar satisfactorily—particularly when he applies his sense and syncrisis to Latin and Greek. But his aim is that of Milton, to get away from "ragged notions and battlements," so as to proceed to "worthy and delightful knowledge." Lewis recognises, like Milton, "we do amiss to spend seven or eight years merely in scraping together so much miserable Latin and Greek as might be learned otherwise easily and delightfully in one year." Similarly, Lewis says the pupil "may now" (*i.e.* after learning grammar, as he proposes), "learn things natural, artificial, moral, and divine. This knowledge makes a man. It is for the sake of things we learn tongues. He may be instructed in astronomy, geography, geometry, &c., limning, painting, etching, graving, &c. All which of these are obvious to the sense of seeing, and so may be learned betimes. Gain what time you can ; I am sure there is history<sup>1</sup> enough to employ all that you can spare. Consider how pleasant and profitable the knowledge of herbs, drugs, metals, stones, maps, globes, but especially arithmetic and geometry will be to most men in any station."

Lewis is convinced that his two principles of seeing and syncrisis

<sup>1</sup> By "history" Lewis means "descriptive knowledge" not merely of the past. *Cf.* "Natural History."

are "firm as a rock." "It may be when the projector is dead and the object of envy taken away, and custom is undermined by experience, the project may be accepted and a few good words may be scattered like flowers upon the contriver's grave. I do not much concern myself whether these things be now, hereafter, or never at all accepted in the world. It satisfies me I have endeavoured, according to my slender talents, to show how children may be freed from that needless toil and drudgery of grammar they are kept under so many years, and instead of it may be employed in the delightful and profitable knowledge of things." He offers, finally, to undertake oral or written debate, or to answer questions at the "Tun and Bolt in Fleet Street, any Thursday in the afternoon from three till six of the clock." If he does not give a "fair" answer to "what shall be alleged" he promises to recant.

Having written his essay to show that grammar should be, and could be, brought down in its rudiments to the sense of seeing, Lewis prepared a Model for a school for the better education of youth. In it he lays down again his positions with regard to grammar teaching, but also adds his views as to the school curriculum. Learning, he says, may be divided into

(a) The toilsome part. (Reading, writing, grammar, *Copia Verborum*.)

(b) The pleasant part.

(i) The solid part, *i.e.* the knowledge of things, especially such as are obvious to the sense, *e.g.* herbs, drugs, seeds, mineral juices, metals, precious stones, birds, beasts, fishes, anatomy, astronomy, geography, geometry, arithmetic, gardening, planting.

(ii) The mechanical or complemental part: as dancing, singing, instrumental music, fencing, wrestling, vaulting, riding, military discipline, painting, turning, &c.

The following are the suggestions made by Lewis:

(1) A convenient house must be provided, where all the scholars may be kept within bounds, "to prevent debauchery."

(2) Children should learn to write betimes; this will dispose them to all things to be learned afterward.

(3) They should be instructed early in geometry; for they will as soon handle a pair of compasses as use a pen, and draw a perpendicular or parallel line as make a letter.

(4) Arithmetic is not to be neglected, seeing they may learn arithmetic as soon as spelling.

(5) They may be shown something of astronomy and geography

by globes and maps, which will make as much a recreation to them as to know the streets in London.

(6) If repositories for visibles were prepared for them, they would take content to see herbs, plants, drugs, mineral juices, metals and precious stones, the pictures of birds, beasts, and fishes ; and, by beholding the things, would be better enabled to remember the names.

(7) It would lay a foundation for future knowledge in children if they were shown the outward and inward parts of the body, viz. the muscles, veins, bones, arteries, and entrails.

(8) It would be convenient that children, in the season of the year, should be shown something of gardening, planting, inoculating, &c. They are capable of understanding all these things, and would be delighted in them, because in the practice of them they are obvious to sense.

(9) As they are growing up it would much improve them to travel under some prudent guide, and to see the most remarkable things in their own country before they travel abroad ; and to make observations of improvement of all husbandry.

(10) To this solid learning may be added dancing, singing, instrumental music, &c.

(11) Frequent acting of interludes would much improve children in audacity and carriage, particularly (the acting of) Comenius his "Praxis Comica," containing the whole "Janua Linguarum" in eight comedies, which are very innocent, and they may be performed without much trouble for properties ; besides, these would improve the children in their "Janua" when they have once learned it.

If it be objected to this curriculum that the boy thus taught will hardly need to go to the university, Lewis would reply: All these subjects are not to be taught necessarily to everyone, but from them "everyone may light upon what suits his genius, in which he may prove excellent. Surely that is better than to spend so many years merely in learning words and a little history. It is better to be a general scholar than to understand more profoundly one or some few particular things."

Mr. Bret, at Tottenham High Cross, four miles from London, on the road to Cambridge, seems to have approved of Lewis's Model, and undertakes, as is stated in the Model,

(1) That the grammar for the English, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew shall be taught.

(2) There shall be at present an apartment for French, and hereafter for Italian and Spanish.

(3) Provision is made of maps and globes, with instruments and books for astronomy, geography, and geometry.

(4) There is a master for writing and arithmetic.

(5) Masters are also provided for teaching music, dancing, singing, painting, fencing, and military discipline.

(6) Repositories for visibles shall be immediately provided, out of which may be produced herbs, drugs, seeds, mineral juices, metals, precious stones: birds, beasts, and fishes that cannot be produced in species shall be shown in their pictures.

(7) Comenius's "Interludes" shall be acted at least four times a year.

Riding the managed horse is a business of that charge that it cannot be attempted till there be such a number of gentlemen upon the place as will bear the charge of it.

Mr. Bret's fees are :

"Ordinary persons shall be entertained at 20*l.* per annum or under, to learn what they please ; gentlemen at 25*l.* per annum ; and persons of greater quality at 30*l.*"

In this prospectus Mr. Bret states that the Lord Privy Seal, the Earl of Anglesey, has sent his grand-children, the Lord Dacey and Sir James Pore, to be educated by the Model ; and he announces that at the Anchor Coffee-house in Fleet Street, near Whitefriars Gate, some person will attend every Thursday afternoon from four till six o'clock, "who will give an account of these things to any that shall desire it."

Lastly comes the intimation :

"Any persons that are grown may be instructed in this method of grammar by Mr. Stacey at Mr. Banister's, at ~~some~~ Academy in Chancery Lane, near the Pump. Such as have anything of the Copia of words may in a few hours be made masters of the necessary part of the Latin and Greek grammar, though they have discontinued the thought of them many years, and forgot them never so much. Also there is taught rhetoric, astronomy, geography, geometry, arithmetic, writing, painting, French, singing, music, dancing, wrestling, fencing, riding the managed horse. Any person that desires it may be accommodated in Mr. Banister's house with diet and lodging at reasonable rates, and may learn all, or as many of these things as they please ; or they may come thither at set times and be instructed in the things before mentioned."

The Mr. Stacey here mentioned wrote a "*Vestibulum Novum*," which received the commendation of Lewis, who himself wrote in 1675 a "*Vestibulum Technicum*," "wherein the sense of 'Janua



Linguarum' is contained, and most of the leading words, chapter by chapter, are compiled into plain and short sentences fit for the initiation of children. Each part of speech is distinguished by the character it is printed in (a method never used before), and a sufficient grammar is brought down to the sense of seeing, in regard of the thing signified." This book Lewis dedicated to the Earl of Anglesey, and in the dedication he mentions that that nobleman had secured for Lewis's new method a patent under His Majesty's Broad Seal.

It has already appeared that Mark Lewis discusses the true educational principles of sense-perception and of syncrisis. It is clear that for his use of the former he is directly indebted to Comenius. Whence, then, did he get the idea of syncrisis?

I venture to suggest that it was due to Elisha Coles; and as he was a practical teacher of some note in his own time, I will state what can be gathered with regard to him before proceeding to deal with his exposition of syncrisis.

Elisha Coles was the son of John Coles, schoolmaster of Wolverhampton. He had an uncle well known in his generation as a Nonconformist divine, who was called Elisha Coles, who had a son, Elisha Coles. Hence some confusion has arisen. But the facts connected with the younger Elisha Coles, who wrote educational books, are fairly clear. Anthony à Wood gives the following account of him :

"He was born, as it seems, in Northamptonshire; entered into Magdalen College in the latter end of 1658; left it without the taking of a degree; retired to London, taught Latin there to youths, and English to foreigners about 1663. Afterwards he continued that employment with good success in Russell Street, near Covent Garden, within the liberty of Westminster, and at length became one of the ushers of Merchant Taylors' School; but upon some default, not now to be named, he left all, and went into Ireland, where he ended his course. He was a curious and critical person in the English and Latin tongues, did much good in his calling, and wrote several useful and necessary books for the instruction of beginners, and therefore it was pitied by many that he was unhappily taken off from his prosperous proceedings." Coles is best known as a lexicographer and stenographer.

In his *Romanes Lecture on the Evolution of English Lexicography*, Dr. J. A. H. Murray includes the work of Elisha Coles, with the passing remark of "meritorious."

Coles's dictionaries are as follows :

1. *An English Dictionary: Explaining the difficult Terms that are used in Divinity, Husbandry, Physick, Phylosophy, Law, Navigation, Mathematics, and other Arts and Sciences. Containing many thousands of Hard Words (and proper Names of Places) more than are in any other English Dictionary or Expositor. Together with the Etymological Derivation of them from their proper Fountains, whether Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, or any other Language. In a Method more comprehensive than any that is extant.* 1676.

2. *A Dictionary, English-Latin and Latin-English: Containing All Things Necessary for the Translating of either Language into the other. To which end many things that were Erroneous are rectified, many superfluities retrenched, and very many Defects supplied. And all suited to the meanest Capacities, in a plainer Method than heretofore: being (for ease) reduced into an Alphabetical Order, and Explained in the Mother Tongue. And towards the completing the English Part (which hath been long desired) here are added Thousands of Words, Phrases, Proverbs, Proper Names and many other useful things mentioned in the Preface to the Work.* 2nd edition, 1679.

Mr. Thompson Cooper, in his article<sup>1</sup> on Elisha Coles, quotes from Lewis's "Historical Account of Stenography" (pp. 80, 92, 94) that Coles was "the first stenographer who suggested a method of three positions for shorthand characters—above, on, and below the line; but it was not adopted till 1692, when Abraham Nicholas, in his 'Thoographia,' carried a scheme of 'position' into practice." The title of Coles's book is "The Newest, Plainest, and Best Shorthand Extant." It was first published in 1674, and reached the tenth edition in 1707.

To turn to the educational principle of syncrisis. This is expounded in the following book:

*Syncrisis, or the Most Natural and Easie Method of Learning Latin: By Comparing it with English, Together with the Holy History of Scripture-War, or The Sacred Art Militarie, Illustrated in Fourteen Copper-Plates: With the Rude Translation opposite for the Exercise of those that begin to make Latin.* 1675.

An interesting feature of this book is the short Epistle Dedicatory. This is addressed to the "Reverend Company of Authorized Schoolmasters, both Publick and Private." "Authorized Schoolmasters, both Publick and Private" has a curious ring about it. It would seem to mean "licensed by the Bishop." If so, Coles must have been far removed from the sentiments of his uncle.

<sup>1</sup> In the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

In the Preface, Coles lays down the principle that learning and teaching are so nearly related that the one necessarily implies the other. "There must be (and always is) something common between the learner and the teacher as a foundation for both to build upon." He continues: "There is a fancy common to those birds and beasts that learn to sing or dance and those that teach them. The very same principle of imitation do children go upon when they learn to speak. And as their judgment ripens, so it falls in with yours, and makes them capable of learning things as well as words. And thus from one thing that is common you proceed to the further communicating more, till the whole mother tongue be made familiar to you both, so as to assist you in the introducing any other that is foreign. But here our discourse is restrained to the English as the mother tongue and the Latin as the foreign one. So that he that teaches is supposed to understand them both, and he that learns to have laid a good foundation of the first."

Coles demands, therefore, a good foundation of English before beginning Latin. The statement of such a position, even in 1670-80, shows that he had the courage of his opinions. For it was only in the previous half-century that the effective protest had been made against learning Latin through Latin grammar written in Latin.

Further, Coles has got a firm grip of comparison as an educational method of procedure. He quaintly observes: "The common saying 'Comparisons are odious' is meant of persons, not of things."

He thus shows the use of comparison:

In studying, say, English and Latin, we consider, "First, what is common to them both. And then what is proper to each in particular. For if all things were common, and the way of speaking were the same in both, the business were quickly done. And an ignorant presumption that it is so, or an eager desire of having it so, or at least an idle carelessness whether it be so or no, hath created us as many sorts of Latin as there are languages in the world. For every one has its particular idiom, and the Latin is inconsiderately wrested to them all." Coles has a greater regard for the English language than most of the seventeenth-century educationists, for he adds: "'Tis true the English are not so faulty on this hand as other nations are; and though they commonly are more fluent by reason of their practice, yet we are observed to speak far better Latin." So true a lover of English is Coles that he exclaims: "I say that the English are yet to blame for being so very curious in observing the Latin idioms as to suffer their own to be distorted for the service of them. The middle way is the safest and the best."

In his Introduction, Coles attempts to deal thus syncritically or comparatively with the English and the Latin.

Now it is quite evident that with a principle of comparison ever before him, Coles was sure to see the significance of a study of idioms. It was for this reason he took so much care over the Latin dictionary which he compiled. Not, indeed, that his Latin dictionary was better than previous dictionaries in the Latin-English part. It did not pretend to be so comprehensive. But I doubt (and I express the opinion with a desire for correction, if wrong) if there was any dictionary previous to Coles's which supplied so excellent an English-Latin part. It must be remembered, too, that this was distinctly for school purposes. As he put it, "All suited to the meanest capacities, in a plainer method than heretofore." As he says in the Preface to "Synchrisis": "I humbly recommend to masters the consideration of a perfect English-Latin Dictionary. In saying perfect I said enough, and need not mention all proper names, all terms of art, all phrases, proverbs, particles, idioms, &c., which I think is as needful, and would be as useful, as the greatest pains that are taken in correcting the Latin part."

As to the "Holy History of Scripture-War," in which this syncritical method is illustrated, its scope will be understood if I bring together a list of the illustrations of the copper-plates :

Lot is rescued by Abraham.

The Shechemites are slain.

Pharaoh's host drowned.

Joshua destroying the Amalekites.

The earth swalloweth up Korah.

The walls of Jericho fall down.

Ai taken by stratagem.

Sisera slain by Jael, and his army by Barak.

Samson's last victory and death.

David slays Goliath, and the flight of the Philistines.

Saul and his armour-bearer slay themselves.

Joab slays Absalom.

Twenty-seven thousand Syrians slain by the fall of a wall.

The Assyrians slain (185,000).

Another book in which Elisha Coles expounds his principle is

*Nolens Volens: or, You shall make Latin whether you Will or No: Containing the Plainest Directions that have yet been given on that Subject. Together with the Youth's Visible Bible: Being an Alphabetical Collection (from the whole Bible) of such General Heads as were judged most capable of Hieroglyphics. Illustrated (with great*



*Variety*) in *Four and Twenty Copper Plates: With the Rude Translation opposite for the Exercise of those that begin to make Latin.* 2nd edition, 1677.

Again Coles states his views: "The principle I go upon is that most rational one of syncrisis; that is, comparing of one language with another. And I call it rational, because it is most natural. For we see by experience that children will take this way, whether they are instructed in it or not."

We see both in the books called "Syncrisis" and in the "Nolens Volens," that Coles deals with Scriptural subjects of instruction. The one has for matter the "Holy History of Scripture-War"; the other is the "Youth's Visible Bible." "The matter is such," we are told, "as is most agreeable to Christian schools: and being adorned with such variety of pleasant emblems it must needs be so much the more delightful to the younger sort." In Mark Lewis's terms we have both sense-perception and syncrisis. Substantially the method employed in the "Holy History of Scripture-War" and in the "Visible Bible" is John Brinsley's translation method, only in Coles's book the English is put first and the Latin second. Whatever may be said of John Brinsley's work, no estimate will be complete which does not recognise the value of his translation method. For it made schoolmasters perceive that the rendering of passages from one language to another, readily and fluently, was a task of analysis and synthesis, and the more these processes were employed the more there emerged grammatical discipline. Brinsley's translation method was a method of comparison. Not the least important development which came later was the comparison of idiom; but it is evident this could only be attained when the value of the English as well as the Latin language came to be fully recognised. This recognition is manifested, as already stated, in Elisha Coles. He knows even the value of dialect. In his English Dictionary he says: "Here is a large addition of many words and phrases that belong to our English dialects in the several counties, and when the particular shire is not expressed, the distinction (according to the eye) is more general into North and South country words." It is not difficult to trace backward this affection for ease and freedom of expression in the vernacular. One of the most strenuous advocates was John Clarke, who tells us that in his collection of proverbs he not only gleaned from all writers the golden proverbs scholars had noted, but using his own observation he had picked up many golden proverbs "dropping now and then out of vulgar mouths" (*ima de plebe*).

The titles of the books of John Clarke on phrases and proverbs are :

On phrases :

*Phraseologia Puerilis Anglo-Latina. In usum tirocinii Scholastici. Or, Selected Latine and English phrases, wherein the puritie and proprietic of both Languages are expressed. Very usefull for young Latinists, to prevent barbarisms and bald Latine-making, and to initiate them in speaking and writing elegantly in both Languages. 2nd edition, 1650.*

On proverbs :

*Paræmiologia Anglo-Latina. In usum Scholarum concinnata. Or Proverbs English and Latine, methodically disposed according to the Common-place Heads in Erasmus his Adages. Very usefull and delightfull for all sorts of men on all occasions. More especially profitable for scholars for the attaining elegancie, sublimitie, and variety of the best expressions. 1639.*

Clarke and Coles both saw the reflex action of a study of Latin on the mother tongue. They saw it in the increased knowledge, to use Coles's own words, of "all phrases, proverbs, particles, and idioms"; and in as far as these books or other books of similar nature were introduced into schools, a knowledge of English was "syncritically" acquired with the knowledge of Latin. In the sixteenth as distinguished from the seventeenth century, Latin had been acquired through Latin, and consequently had had no effect on the pupils' English.

I have mentioned the names of John Clarke's books on phrases and proverbs. Where did Elisha Coles get his interest in the syncrisis in "particles and idioms"? Clearly from William Walker. This will be clear if I give the titles of two of Walker's books :

1. *A Treatise of English Particles; shewing much of the variety of their significations and uses in English, and how to render them into Latin. 1673.*

2. *A Dictionarie of English and Latine Idioms, wherein phrases of the English and Latine tongue, answering in parallels each to the other, are ranked under severall heads. 1670.*

It should also be stated that Walker, as well as Clarke, published<sup>1</sup> a "Phraseologia Anglo-Latina," to which was added a collection of English and Latin proverbs, the latter really a reprint of the work of Thomas Willis, "*Proteus Vincit*," 1655.

I trace the origin of Elisha Coles's "Syncrisis" in 1675 to John Brinsley's translation method given in the "*Ludus Literarius*," in 1612,

<sup>1</sup> In 1672.

through the developments in Clarke (fl. c. 1620-1650) and Walker (1623-1684). It may even be urged that there is little original in Coles. Yet he has seen the real significance of the educational principle underlying the whole output of books of phrases, proverbs, particles, and idioms, viz. the method of comparison. He has given it a name. "Synchrisis, or The Most Natural and Easie Method of Learning Latin: *By Comparing it with English.*" Mark Lewis, to come back to our follower of Comenius, takes the idea of synchrisis and uses it for his own purposes. It seems to me, on the grounds given, not unlikely that he obtained it from Elisha Coles.

With both Mark Lewis and Elisha Coles synchrisis is the outcome of the inductive method. The senses give material for observation of the most varied kind through sight, hearing, touch, taste, and smell. These provide ceaseless opportunities for the teacher in cultivating observation. But the educational process would be absurdly inadequate unless comparison were added. Hence, in the sphere of natural phenomena synchrisis must be employed. But, even in the language subjects, observation has its place. The indefinitely varied phenomena of words, phrases, proverbs, particles, idioms, have to be observed, and compared amongst themselves in any one language. But synchrisis, in language teaching, is still more complex. For there are not only the comparisons between the multitudinous components of one language, but these in their turn have to be compared with the similar and dissimilar components of other languages. No education can be complete that does not include, at least, two languages. Of course, the synchrisis is as necessary for the sense-series of phenomena. For here there is the comparison of science with science. And it might well be argued that no one really knows a science till he has brought its detailed system into comparison with the organisation of detail in another system.

Sense-perception and synchrisis are the two educational principles on which Mark Lewis built up his teaching. They both depend upon the collection of phenomena for observation and for comparison. This inductive principle is an application of the method of Lord Bacon, though it is in Mark Lewis's case avowedly through Comenius. But the point which I wish to emphasise is that Bacon's method penetrated, through Mark Lewis and Elisha Coles, into English schools in 1670-80, not into the teaching of natural sciences merely—where indeed we should expect it—but into such relatively unexpected material as phrases, proverbs, particles, idioms, treated as parts of languages and also in the comparison of all these in two or more other languages.

## NOTE A.

The following is a list of the pedagogic tracts by Mark Lewis in the British Museum Library :

1. *Grammaticæ Pueriles : or the Rudiments of the Latin and Greek Tongues. Fitted to Children's Capacities, as an Introduction to larger Grammars. By M. Lewis of Tottenham High Cross. London, printed by Tho. Roycroft, for the Author [n.d.].*

2. *Plain, and Short Rules for Pointing Periods, and Reading Sentences Grammatically, with the great use of them. By M. Lewis of Tottenham [n.d.].*

3. *An Essay to Facilitate the Education of Youth, by bringing down the Rudiments of Grammar to the Sense of Seeing. By M. Lewis of Tottenham High Cross [n.d.].*

4. *Vestibulum Technicum : or An Artificial Vestibulum. Wherein, The sense of Janua Linguarum is contained, and most of the Leading words, Chapter by Chapter, are compiled into plain and short Sentences, fit for the Initiation of Children. . . . By M. Lewis. 1675.*

5. *An Apologie for a Grammar Printed about twenty years since by M. Lewis and Reprinted for the use of a private School at Tottenham High Cross. 1671.*

6. *A Model for a School for the better Education of Youth [n.d.]*

## NOTE B.—MARK LEWIS'S TRIBUTE TO COMENIUS.

"As for words, we may shorten our work if we please to make use of the Janua Linguarum, whilst we read Terence, Tullie, Virgil, Ovid, &c., we do just as those that design only to see all animals, and choose rather to go over all the world through much danger to see them in their woods and deserts : they choose to go to Greenland to see bears, and to Africa to see lions and jackals, where they can but just have a glance at them, when they may see them safely in Noah's Ark (supposing such a thing was in being :) Just so those do that choose to hurry children with much pains through an abundance of authors merely for the words, whilst they are so weak, as they understand nothing of the idiom or style, when they may in the Janua, which is a little volume, have a third part more words than they usually get by all their travel, and they are offered to them in their propriety as they ought to be taught to children and learned with much pleasure, because they have useful things obvious to sense, their *substratum*. Doubtless Comenius hath done more for the advancement of learning than any other man of his age, let prejudiced persons say what they will.

Methinks I hear some say that classic authors be wholly neglected ; I answer no ; This Vestibulum may be learnt in six months, and the Janua in six months more in a school constituted as Mr. Bret's Model directs, where there is a Master to every Form ; but allow two years for these two books, which may suffice in any common school, then the boy shall apply himself to Classic Authors, when he will begin to relish and see the difference of styles, and may in a little time read over as many authors as you please, when he shall be able to construe them at sight."

## NOTE C.—THE PROVISION OF TEACHERS.

"The number of Masters must be proportionable to the scholars, that they may have a particular inspection over them. It would be convenient that there should be a Master to every Form, consisting not of above twenty at most, that so things may not only be explained, but the scholar may be examined how he understands the explication."



NOTE D.—METHOD OF STUDENT-TEACHERS.

Lewis advocates that there shall be Servants or Apprentices, each of whom shall be pre-instructed in one or two "qualities," *i.e.* subjects. They shall be "as ushers at the elbows of the chief Masters . . . and once a week the principal Masters shall supervise the young men until they shall be of years and experience to manage their business alone. All persons in London take this course in their trades as difficult to be discharged as this thing is. . . . To be sure a young man thus bred for seven years, will be in as probable a way to support himself, as any way I can think of. By this plentiful supply of ushers, a particular care may be taken of the children, and if the method was but ordinary, they would be more improved than where one Master *teaches a hundred in two Forms, or thirty or forty in three or four Forms, as is usual in most great schools of England.* For these Apprentices shall be as Ushers at the elbow of a principal Master in school-time, if a principal Master hath twenty children to teach he may have one of these servants to be at his appointment."

In another pamphlet Lewis writes :

"Whilst in some places one man teaches four or five Forms ; though possibly not above twenty or thirty in them all ; in other places, one Master teaches three score perhaps in two Forms. Neither the one nor the other can attend to his scholars as he ought ; to explain and hear their lectures, to correct their exercises, and especially to keep what they have learnt in their grammar and authors, making grammar so tedious as they do."

FOSTER WATSON.

## *SHEEP-FINDING AFTER A SNOWSTORM.*

THE snowstorm broke with unexampled fury and suddenness, and those shepherds whose flocks were dotted over distant uplands had great difficulty in getting their charges safely home. Just as the air cleared somewhat, after a particularly heavy squall, far up the lonesome white brae two dogs were seen urging forward knots of unwilling sheep. Two men ventured forth, and brought the whole down into the intakes, where an examination of smit-marks on fleece, ear and horn showed that the sheep belonged to a large farm in the next dale. Where was the shepherd who in the storm had become parted from his flock and his dogs? Was he at home, had he reached the shelter of another dale, or was he even now wandering, stormstruck, on the wild fells? After brief respite, the storm in increasing power closed down on the mountain-sides, and dense mist-banks forbade any attempt to cross the pass towards the shepherd's home dale. Eight miles of wild, high, snow-covered fell lay before, but it was imperative that we should learn without delay the shepherd's whereabouts, or join in a search. Close muffled, therefore, three men faced the pass, accompanied by their dogs. However inclement the weather, these last may be depended upon to mark the dangerous proximity to cliff and ghyll, while their power of scenting is marvellous.

The day was now fast closing, and in this stress there was little hope of a thorough search of the uplands being made, even if the shepherd *were* missing. In the last hour of dun light an expedition was organised to cover one of the wildest, rockiest heafs, where the wanderer might be found. The gale was quietening in the valley, but the snow wafted over us more like loose white billows than separate flakes. On reaching the open fell we at once spread out into a wide line of search. Now, carefully feeling our way along the hillside, we pushed along. On the higher ground the gale had increased in violence; yet in due time we floundered through the drifts to the very summit of the fell. Many a time I thought

that the feeble ray of my lamp showed the shape of a human form lying near the surface of the snow, but my dogs passed on without winding anything. Then, through the dismal whirl my imagination often deceived me that a man was standing near by, while the wild yellings of the gale oftentimes sounded shrill and weird as the last despairing cries of an overwhelmed wanderer. Thus it was that I did not notice a white figure in the snow till the wild rushing forward of my dogs convinced me that someone was there. I cannot describe my sensations when at last it was clear that here was the shepherd we were seeking. He was so exhausted with his efforts that I had almost to carry him to our rendezvous in the depths of a narrow glen, where we heard part of his story. With the aid of his comrade he had tried to get his sheep together, and had got some hundreds in hand when the storm broke. The sheep at once refused to move, and in trying to get at least a portion to safety the two men separated. Then, as the gloom settled around, the man lost sight of his dogs and of the sheep they were driving. The story was but half told when the shepherd fainted. An old sleigh was to hand, and on this we drew him down to the nearest farmhouse. We were surprised to find that the man's left arm was broken in two places, and that he was suffering from various contusions. During his mazed wanderings he had missed his footing in a steep place and fallen, as he thought, a great way. When consciousness fortunately returned, he immediately renewed the painful journeying which for so long seemed fruitless. We had scarce reached the home farm when two of our men, with one from Earnstrath, turned up to say that the other shepherd was in safety, having abandoned his flock in good time. The Earnstrath man proposed to return at once, so two of us were detailed to accompany him.

It was nearly 3 A.M. when we started. The snowfall had abated, and the sky was bright with stars, but a keen wind drew through the hollow valley, and, regarding the wild whistlings and soughings overhead, men wise in fells-lore said that heavy drifts were being formed, and that we must travel on the exposed hillsides, where the gale had torn away the thick snow mantle. Many a time we had to turn aside to avoid a wide clinging drift; at the wind-swept summit of the pass we progressed by short rushes between the terrific gusts. Earnstrath-head, as we descended in its direction, seemed dark and drear; all was silent; the hundred becks were frozen solid; the owls in the yew trees forbore to hoot; deathly stillness for long seemed to have clutched even the throats of the dogs of the farm. One of

our collies winded "home" and barked gleesomely. From the out-house came half a dozen wild replies, the door of the farmhouse was opened wide, and a ruddy blaze greeted us. As he removed his wraps the shepherd reported briefly the whereabouts and plight of his friend. The welcome was most kindly, but our chief desire was for rest and sleep.

A wild turmoil of barking and bleating, whistling and shouting. It was eleven o'clock, and our sleep had refreshed us considerably. From our window we witnessed a splendid spectacle : beneath the towering snowless rocks a flock of sheep in several bands were being driven. The grey-fleeced packs, the dogs of divers breeds and shades of colour, the men whose arms were constantly semaphoring signals to their furry aides, the glistening white lower elevations behind, seen between the snow-capped yews of the farmyard, made a pleasing picture. These shepherds had climbed the lower heights on the left of the strath, which were tolerably free from cloud, at day-break, and had succeeded in collecting a large number of sheep. Yet some two-thirds of the flock were still a-wanting. After a meal the whole force of shepherds turned out, some to tend the sheep in the narrow meadows, others to overlook the intakes ; but six of us faced the task of collecting the scattered sheep on the high ground to the right of the dale.

Viewed from a distance a thick fall of snow is an attractive sight, but when, for hours together, you are struggling in its retarding embrace the beauty disappears. On the braes the snow was a foot deep ; on the wind-swept uplands patches of naked grass and scree alternated with drifts of tremendous width. We climbed steadily to where hung the freezing mist-breath. Our first object was to drive the sheep from this danger-zone, then to collect them for moving to the intakes. I had not gone long before my dog, speeding along some distance ahead, disappeared from view in what seemed a level field of snow. In a few moments his bark sounded from a much lower level. Pushing on I most unexpectedly reached the brink of a sheer ghyll. Toss was some two-score feet below ; a goodly company of sheep had taken this refuge from the storm, and he was harrying them mercilessly around. So choked was every approach to the bottom of the gully that I could see no way of egress for the sheep. But Toss knew better, and bolted one after another up a cornice a degree less steep than the rest. So engrossed was I with this manœuvring that changes of time and weather passed unnoticed. In a bank of cloud shot through with fiery crimson the sun was



setting, and darkness was already massing his shades in the east. In the gathering gloom I crowded my flock, whose clamour was rapidly attracting recruits, as close together as possible. The storm, I felt, was going to resume shortly; but since we had descended from the dangerous cliff region I feared no immediate personal danger. Should the storm burst I would keep the dogs by my side and make my way alone. The flock would not wander during wild weather, after which the shepherds could easily complete my work. Some three miles remained; I had struck a fair mountain road, when the dusk was riven asunder by a lightning flash, and through the dale-head roared peal upon peal of thunder. At the first flash and crash my flock halted, the combined efforts of the dogs and myself failed to make general progress, and I had to abandon all hope of driving the sheep home that night. Three-quarters of an hour later I reached the wall of our outermost intake, and in a while the lights of the farm came in view. There was something peculiar in these: three on the second floor, one in the attic, and one on the ground floor. This morn the kitchen's three windowsshone welcomely, with one bright point above. My mystification became more complete as I neared the farm and found a high wall intervening. It was only when the dogs mounted this some yards to my left, and I had followed their example, that I stood within the brightly lit expanse in the front of the kitchen. Despite all precautions, I had in the storm walked past the farmhouse on a much higher level, and when its lights were perceived turned back, approaching the farm from the south, instead of from the opposite and correct direction. At the house I found that my long absence had caused alarm, and three men were out seeking me. Just as the gloomy storm hovered my flock had been noticed moving near the sheepfold at the foot of the pass, and to this point the shepherds would patrol. My searchers opined that they would find me still trying to drive forward an unwilling mob of sheep. The weather hourly grew more evil, reaching its climax at midnight in a majestic roll of thunder which seemed to make even the solid mountains quiver. By 3 A.M. the storm had quite abated and, with the three shepherds, I turned out into the moonlit dale. My sheep were easily drawn together, but the other hordes were not so conveniently disposed. Their shepherds had made for shelter half an hour earlier than I. A few years previously, under similar circumstances, an inhabitant of this dale had an unpleasant experience. So long as his sheep permitted themselves to be hurried forward he kept them driving. The storm gradually grew wilder, and when he finally abandoned the flock he could hardly make headway. For

a while he gave no thought to his position, but plunged forward in the sure hope of soon reaching home. But hour after hour passed and the lights came not into view. Five hours later the shepherds found him walking wearily through the deep snow-wreaths. He was within four hundred yards of his house, but the eagerly-looked-for lights were shut from his view by a small hill. In the dense storm-fog he had wandered in a circle all the while, passing this point many times. In view of such an incident the shepherds were quite justified in escaping while there was yet time, and strong remarks last evening as to my foolhardiness were not, perhaps, unmerited. At sunrise we drove a throng of thirteen hundred sheep into the intakes. Messengers were sent into contiguous dales to seek news of any sheep which might have strayed thither. We again courted the uplands for stragglers, and picked up a good number from various ghylls and corners. I was delivering my quota when a shepherd came down from the huge Kirn Scaur and asked for sheep-ropes. At places in this pile of rocks our scouts had noticed animals cragfast. Few of these would be uninjured, some dead, but such as did survive claimed immediate attention. In about two hours we reached the point to which the others had come together after collecting sheep from about the higher ghylls.

With the rescue of a sheep as its object winter crag-climbing gains enormous zest, and as you have not only to reach your sheep but, willy-nilly, convey it to some safe place, the work cannot be carried out in easy fashion. Neither can you choose ghyll, ledge and pinnacle presenting holds on snow or rock. A large part of this cliff is faced with slabs of granite, offering scarcely a vestige of ledge between. When such slabs are inclined at a slight angle they are exceedingly hard to climb ; when arranged very steeply and covered with snow as here, they soon become impracticable. There is no means of ascending such a cliff except by toilsome gullies or other fissures ; so the shepherds, whose work has to be carried through quickly, lower a man from the summit of the crag to the sheep. Soon after our arrival the ropes were in full use, and one after another the sheep were brought up, the injured ones receiving rough but effective surgery before being placed on a sleigh. The shepherd at whose ropehead I was working said he would require aid, for one sheep had become imprisoned in a position difficult to reach. A cornice prevented his being lowered direct ; if he left his rope at the ghyll, and tried to cross the slabs which lay between, he might not be able to get back. When all the ropes were available Robin was lowered out of sight down the cliff. As soon as he had

established himself he gave the signal for his comrade's descent. In a few seconds he too was out of sight, and we heard the other calling from below, warning him to descend towards the left. A minute later the second man arrived in the ghyll. In John's simple but clear language the rest of the incident will be best told. "I found the ghyll to be but a precipitous crevice in the cliff, five-score feet from its summit, twenty-score from its base, the centre on which a wide area of 'boiler' slabs drains in wet weather. Robin had looped his rope over a corner of rock for safety and stood awaiting me. When I was beside him, knee-deep in fluffy snow, he explained the whereabouts of the sheep. With a light rope he hoped to scramble along the narrow ledges, and so get to the imprisoned animal. I was to look after the two ropes by which he had descended, and also pay out the other as required. Robin then attacked the broken ghyll-side, and, carefully testing holds for hands and feet, rounded the cornice. He then called out that he had discovered a broad ledge, and that the sheep was easily accessible. In ten minutes he was returning, loaded with his burden, while I kept a firm drag on his guide-rope. At the edge of the ghyll he attached the injured sheep to his rope and lowered it carefully, then did the same for himself. Robin at once prepared to ascend the cliff with the sheep saved at so much risk. He gave the signal: the rope stretched taut and began to strain. Now occurred what is continually dreaded among the cliffs. The stout rope parted. Robin, who had trusted to it, reeled backward, luckily towards the side of the ghyll, losing hold of the injured sheep. Its fate might easily have been his own. With the fall its body was jerked on to a lower sloping slab. The sheep writhed in pain and slipped down the incline, gradually gaining momentum. I heard a wild bleat, then a dull thud, as its body alighted against some rock-pinnacle a hundred feet or more beneath. I held with all my power to the sheep-rope, which had fallen near my feet, till Robin regained himself. Now from above we heard wild shouting: the sudden slacking on the rope, with the almost simultaneous thud of the falling sheep, had alarmed the shepherd above. The slack rope pulled in—not two-score feet in length—was found to be frayed through with hours of friction on the jagged rocks. We both called in reply to their queries. Then came the question as to which should be drawn up first, for the rope was not safe for two. Robin asked me to stay while he went up for the additional rope. At his signal the rope was drawn tight, and he was speedily aiding the workers above by climbing up the broken cliff where possible. I

heard the shout heralding his safe arrival ; then, with what patience I could muster, faced my wait for Robin's return. The minutes dragged slowly on, the day gradually died, yet there was no welcome scraping of iron-girt boots on the rocks. I shouted up, 'What's the matter?' but the answer was confusion of tongues. I could pick out the word 'rope,' and conjectured that by some misunderstanding the spare ropes had been sent away. Oh ! it was cruel work standing knee-deep in that sheer snowdrift. My head reeled, and I feared I was about to fall, but the cautious Robin had fastened my rope to an immovable cornice. This moral support, as it was intended to be, saved my life, for I fell asleep. Robin's appearance at my side was my first knowledge of his approach. He loosed the thin rope about me, exchanging it for one he had brought, and took me in his strong arms as he would a maimed sheep. I felt the ropes jerking and knew we were being hauled up at great speed. Once, at a narrow niche, we swung clear of the cleft altogether, but with a heavy recoil struck the rock beyond, the shepherd interposing his body to receive the crash. Half-conscious and wholly nerveless though I was, I heard the catch in his breath and knew he was injured. In a minute more a shepherd loomed against the starlit sky (he had ventured far down the snowy steep) and took charge of me. I must have fallen asleep or fainted after this, for my next recollection is of being drawn slowly over the snow on a sleigh, side by side with something that was curiously still, though it moaned occasionally.

"Daybreak found me almost as fresh as ever—my exhaustion had vanished ; but Robin, poor fellow ! had sustained a severe injury and lay for weeks in bed. (Next winter, however, he led the foxhunt through wild Earnstrath-head.) The delay in coming to my assistance was due to the fact that all the ropes to hand had been so badly cut up in the work that they were no longer safe, and fresh ones had to be brought from the dales farm."

W. T. PALMER.



## *THOSE SHADOWY RECOLLECTIONS.*

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :  
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,  
Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
And cometh from afar.

WORDSWORTH.

THE idea of an unknown past, through which the spirit may have come before birth, has for some an only secondary attraction to that of the unknown future on which it is to enter after death. In some minds, indeed, the two ideas are almost inextricably linked. Everyone will remember how Wordsworth, in his "Ode on Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood," exults in those elusive, vanishing impressions, as of some previous state of being, which, lingering in his memory, ever faintlier on from infancy, were yet to him, firm believer though he was in all that Christians hold sacred, the most assuring tokens of immortality—or at least were so under the inspiration of the poem. The thought of his infant years woke in him perpetual thanksgiving. Not, as he insists, for childhood's more obvious gifts of joy and faith and hope, but, to quote once more that passage which has proved so puzzling to many—

for those obstinate questionings  
Of sense and outward things,  
Fallings from us, vanishings, . . . .  
Blank misgivings of a creature  
Moving about in worlds not realised,  
High instincts, before which our mortal nature  
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised :  
    . . . for those first affections,  
Those shadowy recollections,  
Which, be they what they may,  
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,  
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing.

In his prelude to the "Excursion" Wordsworth dwells more at large upon this fascinating idea of pre-existence as derived from

phases of the child mind. The fitful flashes that gleam upon it in his Ode are here diffused into broader, more illuminative rays, while he recalls and analyses at leisure the emotions of his childhood—those emotions which seemed to reveal to him some life behind this, and thereby to imply a life beyond. Such emotional experiences it may be said are rare, though Wordsworth considered them common to all. But they are not rarer, perhaps, than the poet's gift through which they are presented to us. He recalls his childhood's rapt delight in beauty, its sympathy with the elements in their every manifestation, its spirit-fellowship with the remote and splendid, its visionary power, its strangeness to earth, its easy acceptance of tales of miracle and magic, its indomitable sense of immortality, the abyss of idealism in which he as a child was plunged, wherein nothing appeared to him real except his spirit. He recalls how, through all the fits of "vulgar joy" which, he quaintly says, are continual attendants on a child's pursuits, through all the giddy, evanescent bliss which stirs his blood—

even then I felt  
Gleams like the flashing of a shield ;—the earth  
And common face of Nature spake to me  
Rememberable things.

Fondly he lingers on those baby-days, till the charm of recollection availed, as he says, for the moment to throw back his life,

And almost make remotest infancy  
A visible scene, on which the sun is shining.

And running like a golden thread through all these memories is the thought of his Ode, that

Heaven lies about us in our infancy ;

—that the child is not altogether forsaken of the "vision splendid" its eyes have lately looked on. In gazing upon scenes of earthly beauty he may, indeed, have

No conscious memory of a kindred sight,

but none the less do they present themselves to him as objects recognised. None the less does he take in with the spectacle reviving glimpses from some rememberable past.

In his wistful groping after this past the child turns to those around him, those dull grown-ups, who yet from their command of language can minister to his cravings, for suggestions of the wonderful and the beautiful. And not only does it welcome the wildest

wonders that come to it in song or story, but the most familiar objects are circumfused to its eyes with "light divine." The child exists in a world of its own. He has not yet learnt to live

In reconciliation with our stunted powers.

And the poet reasons from these remembered and observed phenomena :

I guess not what this tells of being past,  
Nor what it augurs of the life to come ;  
But so it is.

These, then, were the things for which Wordsworth in later years raised his pæan of thanksgiving and praise ; for even from the man's world-drowned spirit they have not altogether passed away :

O joy ! that in our embers  
Is something that doth live,  
That nature yet remembers  
What was so fugitive.

'Tis a pity, as Shelley says, that babies are so close ; for, to speak in a Wordsworthian sense, not until earthly impressions have obscured and confused the heavenly do they even begin to translate their thoughts and feelings into language. Professor Romanes tells a story of the three-year-old nephew of a friend of his who, on her telling him that something had happened before he was born, remarked, "Then, that was when I was still in heaven !" "Yes," she responded, no doubt with some eagerness, fancying it too good an opportunity to be lightly thrown away of obtaining information at first hand of the place he thus familiarly referred to ; "but what was heaven like?" "Oh, there I played with angels, and there was nothing but Christmas-trees !" A pretty answer, but how disappointing ! Though it falls in curiously with Newman's childish fancy, as he recalls it in his "Apologia" : "I thought life might be a dream, or I an angel, and all this world a deception, my fellow-angels by a playful device concealing themselves from me, and deceiving me with the semblance of a material world"—a presentment the child himself could never have given of his mental experiences.

Every child, according to Goethe, is a genius,<sup>1</sup> and most geniuses seem to have more or less of the child in their composition. And, fortunately for the rest of us, the poets, the seers, are not close, but freely impart to us of their dreams and fancies. Many of these

<sup>1</sup> "If children grew up according to early indications, we should have nothing but geniuses."—*Autobiography*, Pt. i.

touch on the theory of pre-existence. Henry Vaughan, long before Wordsworth, who was a student of the Welsh bard, in his poem "The Retreat" expressed the same yearning back to his childhood, because of the glorious visions attendant on its innocence. He can see himself in retrospect receding farther and farther from his celestial origin :

Happy those early days when I  
Shined in my angel-infancy !  
Before I understood this place  
Appointed for my second race,  
Or taught my soul to fancy aught  
But a white celestial thought !  
When yet I had not walked above  
A mile or two from my first love,  
And looking back—at that short space—  
Could see a glimpse of His bright face.

The poet comforts himself with the thought of a return in the state he came to heaven. And, in this particular, one of his critics, George Macdonald, himself a mystic, thinks that Vaughan's poem transcends Wordsworth's, because, he says, it "gives us in its close . . . just what we feel is wanting in Wordsworth's—the hope of return to the bliss of childhood." Though surely this is not wanting either in Wordsworth's ; else why his intense delight in and gratitude for those emotions of his childhood ? There are moments, he concludes, in which we recover childhood's standpoint :

  in a season of calm weather,  
                  Though inland far we be,  
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea  
                  Which brought us hither ;  
                  Can in a moment travel thither,  
And see the children sport upon the shore,  
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore

—the waters of eternity, which brought us here, and on whose bosom we shall yet return to whence we came.

In another of his poems Vaughan, reasoning from Scripture story, mixes the idea of the Eden in which man took his rise with that of the Paradise whence he supposes the child to issue. And he attributes to the childhood of the race something of childhood's own strangeness to earth. In "those early days" (he uses the same phrase for both childhoods) the gates of Eden had only lately closed on man, as the gates of Paradise have closed upon the child. Both "shined a little" by the reflected glories of the state they have just quitted



Sure it was so. Man in those early days  
 Was not all stone and earth.  
 He shined a little, and by those weak rays  
 Had some glimpse of his birth.  
 He saw heaven o'er his head, and knew from whence  
 He came—condemnèd—hither,  
 And as first love draws strongest, so from hence  
 His mind sure progressed thither.  
 Things here were strange unto him ; sweat and till ;  
 All was a thorn or weed . . .  
 He sighed for Eden, and would often say,  
 Ah ! what bright days were those !  
 Nor was heaven cold unto him ; for each day  
 The valley or the mountain  
 Afforded visits, and still Paradise lay  
 In some green shade or fountain.  
 Angels lay leiger here ; each bush and cell,  
 Each oak and highway knew them ;  
 Walk but the fields, or sit down at some well,  
 And he was sure to view them.

But it is since Wordsworth's day that poets in general have dwelt,  
 with more or less of sincerity, on the fancy that

Not in entire forgetfulness,  
 And not in utter nakedness,  
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
 From God, who is our home ;

which, indeed, is only putting into the music of poetry the answer  
 with which the mere mother satisfies the awed questionings of her  
 elder children as to the mystery of the new-born's appearance, that  
 "Baby came from heaven."

How daintily George Macdonald sports with the question and  
 the answer in his poem "Baby" :

Where did you come from, baby dear?  
 Out of the everywhere into here.

It got its blue eyes from the sky as it came through, and the  
 sparkling light in them from the stars. Its forehead owed its  
 smoothness to the stroking of a soft hand as it went by, its cheek  
 its tender flush to some wondrous vision it had gazed on.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?  
 Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Swinburne, another of those who, like Victor Hugo, contemplate  
 childhood *sur les genoux*, addresses a "Baby Kinswoman" bereft  
 of its mother as if it were in truth an angel straight from the Divine  
 presence and familiar with the mysteries of life and death. So that

could the mourners for the dead but share its strange knowledge  
their sorrow would be turned into heaven's own joy :

Had we half thy knowledge—had  
Love such wisdom—grief were glad,  
Surely lit by grace of thee,  
Life were sweet as death may be. . . .  
Fear grows hope, and hope grows wise,  
Thrilled and lit by children's eyes.

Did not the Lord of little children say the same ?

One of the most exquisite poems which have sprung from the suggestion of Wordsworth's Ode is that of Mr. Edmund Gosse, addressed to his own little daughter. He dwells on the air of rapt unconsciousness, seeming to hint of the "imperial palace" whence it came, that hangs about the newly-born :

thou art wandering from us still,  
Too young to be our child. . . .

Long lost in high mysterious lands,  
Close by our door thy spirit stands,  
Its journey wellnigh past.

And he watches the fountains of his baby's eyes to catch therein the traces of that heavenly state from which "the sweet bewildered soul" has lately come, to mark "the flush of strange ethereal hues" in them give gradual way to the dawn of human fancies ; taking delight in its every infantine token of interest in common earthly things: An angel, he quaintly insists, is "too fine a thing" to dwell beside his hearth. He prefers a human baby.

The American poet, Aldrich, has appealed to the parent-heart the world over in his poem of the coming and the going of a little child from heaven to earth and back again to heaven :

Have you not heard the poets tell  
How came the dainty Baby Bell  
Into this world of ours ?  
The gates of heaven were left ajar :  
With folded hands and dreamy eyes,  
Wandering out of Paradise,  
She saw this planet, like a star,  
Hung in the glistening depths of even,  
Its bridges, running to and fro,  
O'er which the white-winged angels go,  
Bearing the holy dead to heaven.

Swinburne even supposes, in another of his poems, one which sweeps the skies in its imaginative flight, that the little spirit bound for earth may commune with that of the newly-dead upon their

several ways, and be the means of exchanging messages betwixt earth and heaven. Baby's father had quitted this world just as his child was entering it, and the poet muses :

If death and birth be one,  
And set with rise of sun,  
And truth with dreams divine,  
Some word might come with thee  
From over the still sea  
Deep hid in shade or shine,  
Crossed by the crossing sails of death and birth,  
Word of some sweet new thing  
Fit for such lips to bring,  
Some word of love, some afterthought of earth.

By what more natural means, he asks, could such message be conveyed :

By what so lovely way  
Could love send word to say  
He lives and is not dead ?  
Such word alone were fit for only thee,  
If his and thine have met  
Where spirits rise and set,  
His whom we see not, thine whom scarce we see.

Thus are children supposed to be in touch with the Invisible, out of which they have so lately emerged. As Victor Hugo says of his little Jeanne, the mysterious door through which they come to us is still open behind them. Joaquin Miller fancies a mystic ante-natal bond between himself and one of these small new-comers. He sees a baby in the street talking to her doll in an unknown tongue as she toddles along on tiny feet which as yet have but an uncertain hold on earth, and something familiar in her aspect prompts from him the exclamation :

That baby, I knew her in days of old.  
You doubt that I lived in a land made fair  
With many soft moons, and was mated there ? . . .  
The sweet little stranger ! why, her face still bore  
The look of the people from the far star-shore. . . .

Yes, I am a dreamer. Yet, while you dream,  
Then I am awake. When a child, back through  
The gates of the past I peered, and I knew  
The land I had lived in. I saw the broad stream ;  
Saw rainbows that compassed a world in their reach ;  
I saw my beloved go down to the beach ;  
Saw her lean to this earth, saw her looking for me  
As shipmen look from their ships at sea—  
The sweet girl baby ! Why, that unknown tongue  
Is the tongue she has talked since the stars were young.

If the wish be father to the thought, Shelley goes half-way toward the Californian poet's fancy in these lines from "Epipsychidion" :

O, too late  
Belovèd, O, too soon adored, by me !  
For in the fields of immortality  
My spirit should at first have worshipped thine,  
A divine presence in a place divine.

It will be remembered how Milton, in his high-fantastical poem, "On the Death of a Fair Infant," a poem packed with large presumptuous conceits to have gathered about such a tiny creature, questions of the little spirit fled from sight :

Tell me, bright spirit, where'er thou hoverest,  
Whether above that high first-moving sphere,  
Or in the Elysian fields (if such there were) ;  
Oh, say me true, if thou wert mortal wight,  
And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy flight ?

Moved by the remembrance of that something in its baby face which seemed to him to radiate divinity, he pursues his quest into all sorts of wild surmises, and concludes :

Or wert thou of the golden-wingéd host,  
Who, having clad thyself in human weed,  
To earth from thy prefixéd seat didst post,  
And after short abode fly back with speed,  
As if to show what creatures heaven doth breed ;  
Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire,  
To scorn the sordid world, and unto heaven aspire ?

Coleridge indulged the same thought, and we must suppose with at least equal sincerity, seeing he gave expression to it in a sonnet composed, he tells us, as he was hastening homeward, having received intelligence of the birth of a son—his firstborn—that very little Hartley Coleridge, Lamb's "minute philosopher," whose elfish sayings and ways were to afford such a singular illustration of those dreams and fancies of his father in the first place, and, later on, of his father's friend, Wordsworth ; to whom, indeed, part of the latter half of Wordsworth's Ode was addressed :

Oft o'er my brain does that strange fancy roll  
Which makes the present (while the flash doth last)  
Seem a mere semblance of some unknown past,  
Mixed with such feelings as perplex the soul



Self-questioned in her sleep : and some have said <sup>1</sup>  
 We lived, ere yet this robe of flesh we wore.  
 O, my sweet baby ! when I reach my door,  
 If heavy looks should tell me thou art dead  
 (As sometimes, through excess of hope, I fear),  
 I think that I should study to believe  
 Thou wert a spirit, to this nether sphere  
 Sentenced for some more venial crime to grieve ;  
 Didst scream, then spring to meet Heaven's quick relieve,  
 While we wept idly o'er thy little bier !

It is, indeed, a pity that babies are so close ; that the lips of the new-born are sealed (like those of the new-dead) from whatever revelation they might make to the curious gatherers about their couch, lavish though they are of their seraphic looks and smiles, which breathe divinity perhaps more clearly even than words.

If the lips of some new-born could be opened its utterances might, one fancies, be something of the nature of what is continually to be met with in the great New-World poet, Walt Whitman. Into those remoter regions of consciousness to which children themselves can vouchsafe no clue Whitman seems able at times to see. The "latent unrealised baby-days," as he calls them, are, as in Wordsworth's case, almost realised by him. And as if beset by memories which now elude, now almost blind him by their vividness, he lets out mysterious, undeveloped hints of what he passed through prior to his appearance on this earthly scene :

Rise after rise bow the phantoms behind me ;  
 Afar down I see the huge first Nothing—I know I was even there.  
 I waited unseen and always, and slept through the lethargic mist,<sup>2</sup>  
 And took my time. . . .  
 Immense have been the preparations for me,  
 Faithful and friendly the arms that have helped me.

His backward glances reach through long vistas of dim slumbering existence, while he utters his retrospections in language half mystical, half scientific, but instinct as it were with a glimmer of

<sup>1</sup> Ἡν ποὺ ἡμῶν ἡ ψυχὴ πρὶν ἐν τῷδε τῷ ἀνθρωπίνῳ εἶδει γενέσθαι.—PLAT. *in Phædon*. (Coleridge's note.)

<sup>2</sup> What a strange coincidence of idea there is between this of Walt Whitman and the saying of a negro child, as preserved by George Eliot in one of her letters. She writes with keen appreciation of its humour :

"Old Professor Stowe—Mrs. H. B. Stowe's husband—sent me this story, which is almost better than 'Topsy.' He heard a schoolmaster asking a little black girl the usual questions about creation—who made the earth, the sea, &c. At last came : 'And who made you ?' Some deliberation was necessary, after which she said : 'Nobody, I was so afore.'"

conscious recollection, which makes them seem something more than merely the results of deliberate speculation. So that we can almost believe him when he tells us, alluding to these gradual stages of his growth :

I have distanced what is behind me for good reasons,  
And call anything close again when I desire it.

Objects may stand "leagues off" and assume "manifold shapes"; they cannot withdraw themselves altogether from his recognition, nor prevent him from getting into *rapport* with them again.

Like Wordsworth's, Whitman's mind seemed to be haunted by vague memory-shadows from some forgotten past. But Whitman's impressions are rather of the soul's evolution from chaos to birth than, like Wordsworth's, of a celestial region whence it has wandered hither. Wordsworth's shadowy recollections were of heaven; Whitman's of earth, and preceding earth. Yet their sensations were of kin, and, could they have met, they might have inquired of each other, as Plato's spirits did, the one who came from earth about the things above, and he who came from heaven about the things beneath.

But to Whitman's impressions, notions, shadowy recollections, or whatever one may call them, were due, perhaps, though Whitman does not say so, his passionate hold on immortality, a hold to the full as strong as that of the more orthodox English poet. It may be remembered that the pious Southey, between whom and his friend and neighbour, Wordsworth, many a talk had no doubt taken place on the subject of Wordsworth's Ode, held ideas of his own on the matter which tallied rather with Whitman's than with Wordsworth's—that man's living principle ascends through progressive stages to its present state on its journey heavenward. And he indulged the thought, while dreaming, as he says, upon what may be our future state, that in the next world we may recover "a perfect recollection," not only of all that has occurred to us in this life, but also of those prior stages of existence through which he imagines we may have passed.

The old-English poet-divine, John Donne, seems to blend the two ideas—of the spirit's heavenly and of its earthly derivation—when he traces the Progress of a Soul from its first principle of being, in a plant growing in the Garden of Eden, to the heavenly fulfilment of its destiny. Could Donne have been acquainted with that fragment of early Cymric poetry in which the soul, recalling the various phases it has passed through, declares, "I was gleaming fire, . . . dust of the earth, a high wind . . . a mist on a mountain. . . . I was blossoms of trees on the face of the earth"? Some people there

are—Tennyson was one of them—in such close and intimate sympathy with Nature, animate and inanimate, that one might almost be tempted to fancy that their spirits had indeed passed through such varying forms and phases as the old bard dreamed of. “There are hours,” exclaims Georges Sand, “when I escape from myself, when I live in a plant, when I feel myself grass, tree-top, cloud, running water, horizon, colour, form and sensation, changing, moving, indefinite; hours in which I run, I fly, I swim, I drink the dew, I expand in the sun, I sleep under the leaves, I soar with the larks, I crawl with the lizards, I shine in the stars and the glow-worms.”

It was a whimsical saying of Lowell, but prompted by a very genuine emotion, which finds expression in others of his utterances, that, had he his life to begin over again, there were one or two trees of his acquaintance with which he would willingly “swop” places. The denizens of the New World’s once primeval forest-lands are in sympathy with trees to an extent those less intimate with them can hardly comprehend, if we may judge from the above utterance and some of Walt Whitman (to whom trees were as fellow-creatures and sentient companions of his solitude), O. W. Holmes, and others; though it was the German Goethe who once spoke of holding “spiritual converse with the tendrils of the vine.” That mystic, Bayard Taylor, who in one of his poems claims brotherhood with the wolf, actually remembers (at least he says so) the time when he was a tree:

And thus I know, by memories unfurled  
In rarer moods, and many a nameless sign,  
That once in time, and somewhere in the world,  
I was a towering pine.

The stanza is surely one of the most curious poet ever penned.

Empedocles, who describes himself with something of Wordsworth’s, or rather of Plato’s, philosophy, as “an outcast from God-home and a wanderer,” hazards the conjecture that he has been in turn “a youth, a maid, a bush, a bird, and a dumb fish in the sea.” Leigh Hunt plays with Plato’s notion of the transmigration of souls in a quaintly imaginative poem in which he fancies the spirit inhabiting by turns the forms of fish and bird and man, disdaining nothing, and fearing nothing, but satisfied to be

A visitor of the rounds of God’s sweet skill;

throwing into the fancy a gentler light than the heathen philosopher had dreamed of—the thought of the Creator’s protection, instead of the sad liberty of the creature’s choice, a liberty restrained only by the character its previous doings may have impressed upon it.

Though the notion is not inconsistent with ideas of human justice that, as the old Greeks imagined, the soul, say, of an angry man should enter into a lion, of a cunning man into a fox, of one that was "rapacious and imperial" (the phrase is Addison's) into an eagle, and so on; till, the baser animal instincts outgrown, the spirit is vouchsafed another chance in human form. It is at least not inconsistent with orthodox teaching to suppose that one's position and surroundings in the next life may be ordered according to one's conduct here. It is Chaucer's predecessor, the Christian poet Langland, who enjoins: "Injure not the bondman, for though thy serf on earth, he may be thy master in heaven."

Whitman himself somewhere gives us the pleasing assurance that through whatever stages we may have come before arriving at our present state,

As soon as a person is born he is identified :  
Something long-preparing and formless is arrived and formed in you . . .  
You are henceforth secure, whatever comes or goes,  
Yourself, yourself, yourself, for ever and ever.

The "rapt promises" of poets, this poet says, are "the most solid announcements of any." And we would fain accept the dictum as infallible; for man clings to his individuality, his *liebes Ich*. And as Carlyle (or was it Mrs. Carlyle?) remarked, it matters very little to us in reality whether we were oysters or what not in some millions of years back or so of existence. We are men and women now, and there are still many of us who, careless of their pre-natal antecedents, yet aspire to be angels hereafter. Even Huxley seems to cling, though fancifully, to the notion of the future (or past) seraph half hidden away amongst the lower instincts of man. "Men, my dear," he once wrote to Mrs. Kingdon Clifford, "are very queer animals—a mixture of horse nervousness, ass stubbornness, and camel malice, with an angel bobbing about unexpectedly like the apple in the posset."

The commonest form, perhaps, of those shadowy recollections which, according to Wordsworth, link us to the angel-world is that weird flash of memory Coleridge alludes to, in the light of which the actual present seems "a mere semblance of some unknown past," the glimmer of past consciousness coming upon the present scene and bringing into it a sense of familiarity in strangeness. And man's shadowy recollections, his elusive, baffling recognitions, are oftenest, perhaps, of human scenes and events, sometimes of things as they are in the very act of happening.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, in his character of Autocrat of the Breakfast-table, makes a concise statement of this experience. "All



at once," he says, speaking in italics, "a conviction flashes through us that we have been in the same precise circumstances as at the present instant once or many times before." "Oh, dear, yes!" flippantly responds one of his fellow-boarders, "everybody has had that feeling."

This phase in the phenomena of memory has given rise to the notion that man's mind may store reminiscences of previous life, or lives, upon this very planet. Recurrent existence under identical conditions, which would necessitate the passing of vast cycles of time between each life, and the happening of "a variety of things" (as Mr. Dombey's office-boy would say), in the way of the dying out and re-birth of systems on the same lines, astronomical and terrestrial, as brought about the present scene; or else recurrent existence with the same identity but under different circumstances, so that an Egyptian slave-girl might reappear as a modern society belle in a London ballroom, and be wooed by some young sprig of British fashion who, in the guise of a Greek youth, had wooed and won her many long centuries ago by the banks of mystic Nile.<sup>1</sup> In which latter field of speculation romancers of to-day are fond of gleaning, Rudyard Kipling among them with his "Most wonderful Story in the World." What romances might not Pythagoras have evolved with his professed backward-reaching memory of two hundred and six years!

Apart from fiction, one of the most striking instances of an absolutely new scene appearing to the bewildered actor in it as an old one is that of Lamb's friend, William Hone. It happened to Mr. Hone to be called on business to a part of London he had never visited before. On looking round a room he was shown into he noticed that everything appeared perfectly familiar to him—that he seemed, as he said, to *recognise* every object. "I was never here before," he reflected, "and yet I have seen all this; and, if so, there is a very peculiar knot in the shutter." On opening the shutter he found the knot. And this incident, which has been sneered at for its unideal character, yet shot a ray into his mind from the unknown, and, however he may have reasoned on it, sufficed to win him from infidelity to religion, its effect on him being thus essentially the same as that of the treasured shadowy recollections of his childhood on Wordsworth.

Hone's case is unusual in that he was afforded what to him, at

<sup>1</sup> "I cannot help thinking," writes Max Müller, "that the souls towards whom we feel drawn in this life are the very souls whom we knew and loved in a former life, and that the souls who repel us here are the souls that earned our disapproval, the souls from which we kept aloof in a former life."

least, constituted a tangible proof of the reality of his mental impressions. With most of us such memory-flashes come and go without any outside evidence to take hold of, and are, therefore, the easier to explain away. In one of the pathetic later entries in his "Diary," Sir Walter Scott graphically describes one of these weird seizures, which in his case was scarcely so evanescent as it usually is, and half doubtfully ascribes it to the stomach ; just as Dr. Wiggan, in his elaborate theory, attempts to account for the sensation by the dual working of the brain. Yet Sir Walter can find no term for the feeling in his case but "the sense of pre-existence." "I cannot, I am sure, tell if it is worth marking down," he writes, "that yesterday, at dinner-time, I was strangely haunted by what I would call the sense of pre-existence—viz. a confused idea that nothing that passed was said for the first time—that the same topics had been discussed and the same persons had stated the same opinions on them. . . . The sensation was so strong as to resemble what is called a *mirage* in the desert or a *calenture* on board ship, when lakes are seen in the desert and sylvan landscapes in the sea. It was very distressing yesterday, and brought to my mind the fancies of Bishop Berkeley about an ideal world. There was a vile sense of want of reality in all I did and said"—that same sense of unreality which frightened Wordsworth in his childhood, just as it dismayed Sir Walter in his failing health, but the loss of which Wordsworth deplored in his later years. It is noteworthy that Hone also was in a physically weak state at the time he underwent his curious experience.

Tennyson touches on the phenomenon in one of his early sonnets to that friend whom in "In Memoriam" he addresses as "strange friend, past, present, and to be" :

As when with downcast eyes we muse and brood,  
And ebb into a former life, or seem  
To lapse far back in some confused dream  
To states of mystical similitude ;  
If one but speaks, or hems, or stirs his chair,  
Ever the wonder waxeth more and more,  
So that we say, "All this hath been before,  
All this hath been, I know not when or where."  
So, friend, when first I look'd upon your face,  
Our thought gave answer each to each, so true—  
Opposed mirrors, each reflecting each—  
That tho' I knew not in what time or place,  
Methought that I had often met with you,  
And either lived in either's heart and speech.

Even as Joaquin Miller felt with regard to the sweet girl baby who went by him in the street.

To Rossetti we owe, perhaps, the most beautiful presentment of such shadowy recollection in his poem "Sudden Light"—most beautiful because he clothes it in the hues of hope, and flings the backward gleam of memory forward on the unknown future :

I have been here before,  
But when or how I cannot tell ;  
I know the grass beyond the door,  
The sweet keen smell,  
The sighing sound, the lights around the shore.

You have been mine before, —  
How long ago I may not know :  
But just when at that swallow's soar  
Your neck turned so,  
Some veil did fall,—I knew it all of yore.

Has this been thus before ?  
And shall not thus time's eddying flight  
Still with our lives our love restore  
In death's despite,  
And day and night yield one delight once more ?

In one of Browning's best-known poems the illuminative flash of memory is likewise anticipated for some day in the remote future. "Evelyn Hope" was only sixteen when God's hand beckoned her, and she passed away before her time to love had come.

Is it too late, then, Evelyn Hope ?

asks her lover, as he watches by her side in the chamber of death, where a gleam of geranium's red, a ray or two through closed shutters, and the dead girl's sweet white brow make the only brightness. Must his great love go for nothing, bestowed upon a bud that would never uncloset ?

No, indeed ! for God above  
Is great to grant, as mighty to make,  
And creates the love to reward the love :  
I claim you still, for my own love's sake !

Delayed it may be for more lives yet,  
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few :  
Much is to learn, much to forget,  
Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come at last ; and then he will recall to her,

In the new life come in the old one's stead,

how much her sweetness had meant to him in the far bygone years on earth :

So, hush !—I will give you this leaf to keep :

See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand !

There, that is our secret : go to sleep !

You will wake, and remember, and understand.

To a simple soldier occurred the same pathetic fancy. A young Mississippian slain in battle in the American Civil War was about to be buried at night when there came a letter to him from his betrothed. One of his comrades laid the letter on the dead soldier's breast with the words, "Bury it with him. He'll see it when he wakes."<sup>1</sup>

For the events of this life, we may dare to hope, will be no mere "shadowy recollections" to us in the life to come. Few of us have ever, either in childhood or later years, fallen under the glamour of that idealism which made Wordsworth's childhood so inspiring to him in the remembrance. It is on this score that the matter-of-fact Montaigne, who was no poet, still less a seer, and had never recognised any but the light of common day, disposes in a few dry words of Plato's theory, quoting Virgil to the effect that children do not remember a pre-natal life. But of our present lives at least it may be said that the memory is the man—that without our memory we were nothing. And of all the agents that have helped to teach the soul its immortality, memory, even in its normal aspects, is the most powerful. "Memory, however sad," says Dickens, many of whose own childhood's memories were so dark, "is the best and purest link between this world and a better."

It was the belief of Southey, amongst others, that after death our memory will be quickened into more vivid action. Such a power is attributed to this recovered faculty of memory in a higher life by Dr. George Macdonald that "I think," he says, with delightful suggestiveness, "you will be able to recall any sunset you have ever seen with an intensity proportioned to the degree of regard and attention you gave it when it was present to you." So, too, speaking of his vanished treasures of recollection, wrote Max Müller : "I dare say it is all there, in the treasure-house of my memory. Nay, sometimes it suddenly appears, only never when I call for it. What is forgotten, however, does not seem to be entirely forfeited ; it can be gotten again, and it probably forms, though unknown, the fertile soil for new harvests : that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die."

<sup>1</sup> *American War Ballads.*



In his "Autumnal Sonnet" William Allingham, under the influence of a melancholy more consonant with his humour

Than any joy indulgent summer dealt,

addresses his companions of the hour and the mood—an hour consecrated to memory's soothing spell :

Dear friends, together in the glimmering eve,  
Pensive and glad, with tones that recognise  
The soft invisible dew in each one's eyes,  
It may be somewhat thus we shall have leave  
To walk with memory—when distant lies  
Poor earth, where we were wont to live and grieve.

And these memories of poor earth with, as Southey and Herder suggest, its darker recollections obliterated will surely be enough to remember without having linked on to them the shadowy recollections of a life, or lives, behind them.

Keble it is who most beautifully sums up the uses and offices of memory, whether of its recollections of joy or sorrow, shadowy or bright, in the heaven of his hopes :

If memory sometimes at our spell  
Refuse to speak, or speak amiss,  
We shall not need her where we dwell,  
Ever in sight of all our bliss.

It is only fair to Wordsworth to recall that he protested against the conclusion—which, he says, had given pain to some good and pious persons—that he had meant in his Ode expressly to inculcate the belief in a prior state of existence, of which the child's habit of mind he therein dwells on seemed to him to afford presumptive evidence. "It is far too shadowy a notion," he confesses, "to be recommended to faith as more than an element in our instincts of immortality. But let us bear in mind," he goes on, "that though the idea is not advanced in revelation, there is nothing there to contradict it, and the fall of man presents an analogy in its favour. Accordingly, a pre-existent state has entered into the popular creeds of many nations."

The question to Christ, "Master, who hath sinned, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?" has been cited to suggest the belief in it among the Jews, seeing that the man could not have been born blind as a punishment for sin, except for sin committed in some ante-natal state, though Jesus sweetly dismissed the imputation of sin in either case.

It must, indeed, be due to the fact that so many have experienced such mental processes that the doctrine of pre-existence was evolved. The notion of it has even entered into common parlance. How often is the expression made use of that one seems to have seen—or known—or done—such or such a thing in a previous state of existence ! The theory was put to graceful use by Bacon, who made it the medium of a compliment to that royal pedant, James I., in the dedication to him of “*The Advancement of Learning*.” “I have often thought,” he wrote, “that, of all the persons living that I have known, your Majesty were the best instance to make a man of Plato’s opinion, that all knowledge is but remembrance, and that the mind of man by nature knoweth all things, and hath but her own native and original notions (which by the strangeness and darkness of this tabernacle of the body are sequestered) again revived and restored.”

Wordsworth, it would seem, is alone, unless one counts Vaughan, in limiting “those shadowy recollections” to childhood, and in making them exclusively reminiscent of heaven, in accordance with the innocence of childhood’s state. And perhaps, though they may not be peculiar to man’s early years, it is then that he is most subject to them, and at the same time most possessed with that indomitable sense of immortality which, according to Wordsworth, is their concomitant.

The unrolling of such fancies, though they are the fancies not only of heathen but of Christian philosophers and poets, might by many be considered vain. They might even give pain, as Wordsworth says the suggestion of his Ode did, to some “good and pious persons.” But to how many more has Wordsworth’s Ode brought delight and hope ! Emerson went so far as to pronounce it the best modern essay on immortality. It is Sir Walter Scott who reminds us that though the mysteries of being and of eternity are veiled from us in deep obscurity, yet man is not forbidden to exercise his imagination in the attempt to pierce them. Fancy is God-given no less than man’s more practical faculties. It is, as Leigh Hunt with one of his happy touches puts it,

The spirit of fact,  
As matter is the body ; the pure gift  
Of heaven to poet and to child.

PAULINE W. ROOSE.

## *TWO DELINEATORS OF WESSEX.*

THE ancient kingdom of Wessex comprised roughly the counties of Hampshire, Wilts, Berks, Somerset, Dorset, and part of Devon. Here are to be found traces of neolithic and lake-dwelling races, followed by a Celtic people almost as shadowy—tribes of Belgæ and Durotriges—upon whose remains conquering Rome, in turn, stamped her gigantic imprint. Here is the country of legendary history, where St. Joseph of Arimathea landed, bringing with him that mysterious thorn we may still see blooming at Christmas in Glastonbury, and here, in the near Isle of Avilion, Arthur and his knights fought, and loved, and sought the Holy Grail. Here too, in later times, the Anglo-Saxon monarchy was consolidated under King Alfred.

This part of England appears to have preserved for a longer time, and more faithfully than any other, traces of its early origin. Curious old words of Saxon and Freisic origin still retain their place in the talk of the people; old manners and customs survive, and, with strange remnants of folk-lore and special traits of character, are handed down from one generation to another. This may partly be accounted for by there being few centres of manufacture or commercial enterprise in this eminently agricultural district. The slow and regularly recurring occupations connected with tillage of the soil—the ploughing and sowing, the hay-making, the planting and care of orchards, the making of cider and butter and cheese—these simple and elemental conditions of life serve only to deepen and strengthen inherited impressions, not to widen and dissipate them as town life, with its hurry and bustle and excitement, tends to do.

Strangely enough, though this west country was of great interest to the antiquary and to the archæologist, containing, as it does, ancient barrows and earthworks, Roman remains, and that for ever mysterious Stonehenge, not to mention the many beautiful cathedrals and minsters of later ages, it appears to have been overlooked by the artist, the poet, and the novelist. Doubtless some quota would be contributed by it to the literary output of England; but not till the nineteenth century did its special voice become articulate, when two

writers, sons of its soil, awoke to its patient and loving delineation. Now the many beauties of rich watered vales and rolling downs, the diversified orchard and hill country, the leafy lanes and quaint villages, have been touched by the hand of the poet and the master with the touch that is immortality. For ever will that ancient kingdom be peopled by the simple peasants of Barnes and Hardy; and the many generations who come to gaze on the ruined altar of Stonehenge will see ever lying there the tragic figure of Tess of the D'Urbervilles. Such is the power of the seeing eye and the written word. What Sir Walter Scott did for his native land William Barnes and Thomas Hardy have done for Wessex. Henceforth her voice is articulate, a dominant note in the world's literature.

In coupling the name of William Barnes with that of the great novelist I do not mean to imply that they are men of equal calibre of mind. This will appear as we consider their works; but to Barnes certainly belongs the honour of first awaking to the literary possibilities of his primitive parishioners, and of depicting these with sympathetic insight. Doubtless his use of dialect has restricted the number of his readers, for that eminent critic of poetry and collector of lyrics, Francis Turner Palgrave, classes him along with Arthur O'Shaughnessy as the two Victorian poets who so far have met with the least due recognition of their eminent powers.

This singer—"genuine, original, exquisite"—was born in the year 1800, and thus precedes Hardy by nearly half a century. His first volume, "Poëms, partly of Rural Life," was published in 1844, when Hardy was four years old. In 1874 the "Cornhill Magazine" printed "Far from the Madding Crowd"—by some reckoned Hardy's masterpiece, and five years later Barnes issued a complete collected edition of his poems. He speaks thus modestly in the preface: "My happiness would be enhanced if I could believe that you would feel my sketches to be so truthful and pleasing as to give you even a small share of pleasure, such as that of the memories from which I have written them." In the year 1886 he died. His simple, uneventful life had been passed entirely in the Vale of Blackmore, first as a schoolmaster, then as a clergyman. On this restricted canvas the sweetest pastoral poet of England, as he has truly been called, has portrayed for us with pre-Raphaelite fidelity the daily life of the people, such subjects as "The Meäd a-Mowed," "Bees a-Zwarmèn," "Thatchèn o' the Rick," "Corn a-turnèn' Yollow," "Club Walkèn," "Out a-Nuttèn," "Zummer's Evenèn Dance," "Evenèn, and Maidèns out at Door," "Guy Faux's Night," &c. Surely no phase of rustic joy or sorrow, work or sport, has



escaped him, and from his poems we must judge him to have been one of the cheeriest and most kindly of men.

But he was a philologist as well as a poet, and his love for, and desire to preserve the old words and form of speech of Dorset led him to write in that dialect. This choice has certainly hindered his popularity as a poet, but no one who cares for Saxon English in, perhaps, its oldest and most musical form will regret it. The softening of *c* into *g*, of *f* into *v*, of *o* into *oo*, and *s* into *z* gives an effect somewhat similar to that of the liquefied and softened Italian spoken by the Venetian gondoliers. Some of the flower names are *clote*, *grægle*, and *gilcups*, for yellow water-lily, wild hyacinth, and buttercups.<sup>1</sup> Some words are the same as Scotch, such as "to bide," for "to stay," and *pee-wit* for lapwing. Anyone who cares to spend an hour or two over the glossary can turn to the poems with ease and enjoyment. These abound both in humour and pathos. Of the former we have the convivial meetings—for our parson-poet is not strait-laced—of "The Sparrow Club," the rustic jokes of "Shrodon Fear," and in coortens "Gwain down the Steps vor Water." But he knows also that every life has its natural and inevitable sorrows, and these he treats with great tenderness in "The Young that died in Beauty," "The Turnstile," "Woak Hill," "Wold Vok Dead," "Readen ov a Head-stone"—where an orphan child "runs up wi' pride," and with a smile reads to him the inscription on the gravestone of her father and mother—and many others. There is the episode of the tranter (carrier) who lost his old horse that grazed away and fell over a cliff, recalling the sad fate of Gabriel Oak's sheep; while the death of another tranter's meäre from eating "zome yew-twigs" is as hard to bear, one feels, as when Durbeyfield's horse dropped on the highway:

Vor a tranter's whole bread is a-lost wi' his meäre.

In "The Hwomestead a-vell into Hand" we meet with the curious old-world system of land tenure that prevailed in Wessex, namely, the holding of farms and houses on a certain number of lives, a custom, it will be remembered, whereby Giles Winterborne lost his homestead, the presage of all his misfortunes.

Nor does Barnes wholly ignore the mystery of evil. He is "a'most teary-eyed" over the reply once made to him by "a quick-trippèn mæid" who had asked him the way: "Oh! they zent me awäy to be born." He feels deeply the sense of wrong in "Hope

<sup>1</sup> Others, such as *blooth* (blossom), and *lewth* (low, sheltered place), are so expressive one would fain retain them in everyday speech.

left Behind" and "The Broken Heart"; but with unclouded faith he leaves the mystery of "the weight o' woe" in the hands of his Meäker, convinced that at last

The strong shall bow avore the weäk,  
An' vind that helplessness wi' right  
Is strong beyond all e'thly might.

But the main burden of his song is ever that of old Dekker's "Oh! sweet content." Surely if the test Browning propounded for judging the merits of poets holds good—if "to end the strife"

Who was better, best,  
This, that, the other bard?—

we should ask, "Which one led a happy life?" The answer might well be—William Barnes. It is difficult to give an idea of the poems by a short extract, for their effect is distinctly cumulative; his descriptions of country scenes and manners are perfect in their straightforward truth and simplicity. Take this little song; so genuine in its joy and simple in its melody it seems to revive for us the happy note of an early world.

#### ZUMMER AN' WINTER.

When I led by zummer streams  
The pride o' Lea, as naighbours thought her,  
While the zun, wi' evenèn beams,  
Did cast our sheädes athirt the water;  
Winds a-blowèn,  
Streams a-flowèn,  
Skies a-glowèn;  
Tokens ov my jaÿ zoo fleetèn,  
Heighen'd it, that happy meetèn.

Then when maïd an' man took pleäces,  
Gay in winter's Chris'mas dances,  
Showèn in their merry feäces,  
Kindly smiles and glis'nèn glances;  
Stars a-winkèn,  
Day a-shrinkèn,  
Sheädes a-zinkèn;  
Brought anew the happy meetèn,  
That did meäke the night too fleetèn.

Like Barnes, Thomas Hardy was born in Dorset, at Upper Bockhampton, a few miles from Dorchester, in the year 1840. Both are equal in their love of their native county, where their lives have been almost entirely passed in minutely and faithfully recording its scenery and inhabitants. Both could make use of that dignified

utterance of the Shunamite woman: "I dwell among mine own people." But here all resemblance ceases. We have now Wessex seen through a different pair of eyes and a different temperament. Whereas the one a simple nature, the other is complex; the one has a limited range, the other moves in a wider orbit. Barnes is comparatively obscure (though signs are not wanting that the tide is turning); Hardy is an undeniable force in literature, accepted as one of the greatest writers and novelists of the age. The one holds an unshaken belief that

God's in his Heaven;  
All's right with the world,

the other finds only the grip of a remorseless Fate: "the Unfulfilled Intention which makes life what it is"; or, "Gods who kill us for their sport."

We are tempted to wonder what Hardy would have been had he lived half a century earlier, before "this strange disease of modern life" had come, with its spirit of doubt and revolt—this "dialogue of the mind with itself," ever becoming more insistent, more disconcerting. Even in Barnes's later days he grieved to find this disquieting spirit invading the peaceful Vale of Blackmore. But when we remember that in all ages there have been men whose minds have instinctively risen in rebellion against "this sorry scheme of things," apparently time and circumstance have little to do with it, and we must regard Hardy as a lineal descendant of Koheleth and Lucretius, Omar Khayyám, Heine, and Schopenhauer.

It is impossible in limited space to do more than merely indicate the scope and aims of this great genius. The most careless reader cannot fail to be struck by his descriptions of nature. They not only show a knowledge most accurate and intimate—a knowledge that at times is almost uncanny in its apprehension of vague and fleeting suggestions—but a masterly power of transcription given to few. No one, not even Ruskin, can surpass him. The latter's eloquent and glowing words have not the tenseness and grip of Hardy's. Take, for example, in the second chapter of "Far from the Madding Crowd" that passage which, once read, can never be forgotten, where Gabriel Oak in his nightly vigil among his sheep watches the procession of the stars, and seems almost to realise the slow revolution of our earth; or the many aspects of "the seared and antique heath" in "The Return of the Native," or those of the forest in "The Woodlanders." This is the outcome of insight intensified by sympathy, of a tenderness that brings with it sadness,

while looking at the unfolding clumps of fern, to think that never again shall those same fronds wave their brave greenery to the summer breeze. The same natural susceptibility must also have quickened his ear to extreme fineness to be able to detect the varying voice of the wind as it beats against the stones of the Chesil Bank or as it sounds through different kinds of trees.

"To dwellers in a wood almost every species of tree has its voice as well as its feature. At the passing of the breeze the fir trees sob and moan no less distinctly than they rock ; the holly whistles as it battles with itself ; the ash hisses amid its quiverings ; the beech rustles while its flat boughs rise and fall. And winter, which modifies the note of such trees as shed their leaves, does not destroy its individuality."

I should like to quote also the two pages telling of "the windy tune played on the mummied heath-bells" of Egdon, but must content myself with this :

"The pause was filled up by the intonation of a pollard thorn a little way to windward, the breezes filtering through its unyielding twigs as through a strainer. It was as if the night sang dirges with clenched teeth."

Surely the winds never before had such an interpreter !

It is interesting to compare Hardy's view of Nature with that of Browning. To the latter Nature is a concrete being apart from Man, going on her silent way unconscious and untroubled by the endless generations of mankind who come and go, and unheeding their ephemeral joys and sorrows :

The herded pines commune, and have deep thoughts,

but these are not of man and his affairs.

To Hardy there appears to be a subtle connection between Man and Nature. He regards her as a participant in man's life and thought, a mirror reflecting his moods and passions, a recipient agent or a partly humanised confidant. Egdon Heath plays its own part in the drama of the lives of the lonely heath-dwellers, while to the aliens it is an avenging fate. Or take this : "The mute procession past her shoulders of trees and hedges became attached to fantastic scenes outside reality, and the occasional heave of the wind became the sigh of some immense sad soul, continuous with the universe in space, and with history in time." . . . "At times her whimsical fancy would intensify natural processes around her till they seemed a part of her own story. Rather they became a part of it ; for the world is only a psychological pheno-



menon, and what they seemed they were." Does not this view coincide with the Hegelian theory of the universe?

The same qualities that Hardy brings to bear on Nature appear in his treatment of humanity. His characterisation is equally discerning and powerful. How they file before us, that long procession of men and women of his making! Of all ranks and conditions, down from Lord Mountclere and the passionate Viviette Lady Constantine, to the humble rustics, they are all distinct personalities. His men and women are alive. They breathe the air of this work-a-day world. They are real human beings, not mere dummies—not marionettes whose springs, however cleverly worked, are all too apparent in many novels of the present day. But in the soil decidedly lies his strength. His sympathies go out to the simple country folk of Wessex, whose ways of life he knows so thoroughly. And how delightful they are!—Tranter Dewey and his family, the Smallburys, Grandfer Cattle and his shrinking son Christian, Creedle, and the blushing Poorglass, and all the companies who talk with such a quaint, incomparable, old-flavoured humour in "Warren's Malthouse" or "The Quiet Woman." Reviewers have objected to these "crusted characters," erroneously concluding that they are based upon—if not borrowed from—Shakespeare's clowns. I have good authority for stating that Hardy drew them straight from life. He met them in the Dorset fields and village inns, and noted in his retentive memory the strange expressions and turns of talk that are transcribed in his books. He was greatly interested in the imputation, as it proved an idea he had long held, namely, that the country people in the heart of England were—in his youthful days at least—just the same in their ways and customs and speech as in the days of Shakespeare. Social instincts were tenacious and permanent in their slow-moving intellects and placid lives.

Nor are fine specimens of true manhood wanting. For sturdy uprightness the farmer-shepherd Gabriel Oak, the Reddleman, the Trumpet-Major, and Giles Winterborne—these last two with an added halo of self-sacrifice—retain an honoured place in memory. Even from the erring and fiery-tempered Henchard we cannot withhold our pity, as he, the erstwhile Mayor, leaves Casterbridge, the scene of his triumphs, deserted and alone, with his workman's basket for sole resource.

Hardy's women hardly appear to me so convincing as his men. He seems to regard caprice and fickleness as essential elements in their composition and, curiously enough, as forming the main part of the charm they exercise. Vanity and irresponsibility of character

beset them ; even sweet, unsophisticated Fancy Day shuts close in her heart the secret of her momentary acceptance of Parson Maybold. Still, we thank him for giving us examples of strong, self-contained womanhood, such as Mrs. Yeobright and Marty South. Eustacia Vye and Tess are his grandest, most tragic creations, caught and enmeshed as they are in "the cruel coil of things." "A perfectly defenceless creature conditioned by harsh circumstances ;" the wrongs of helpless innocence ; the cruelties inflicted on the weak—and yet God gives no sign ; these have wrung from the supremely sensitive heart of Hardy the pathetic conception of Tess of the D'Urbervilles. This great novel, written in the full strength and maturity of his powers, wanting though it may be in humour to lighten its sombre tone, gives evidence of a conviction so intense of feeling, so poignant, and put forth in such a noble cause, that it must, we think, be regarded as one of his finest works, though its painful episodes may injure its general acceptance.

Always of a metaphysical turn of mind, nothing delights him more than to place highly complex characters under the keen scrutiny of his analytic intellect, or to take vacillating men and women, and place them in exceptional and harassing situations. In his last two novels this tendency runs to excess, and in "The Pursuit of the Well-Beloved" becomes tiresome, if not preposterous, while both are disfigured and rendered unhealthy by a morbid view of life.

Playing on all these human beings as on the keys of a musical instrument, he runs the gamut of every changing mood and emotion, and they sound responsive to his sure touch. Nor is he forgetful of the brute creation. He is wise in the ways of cows, sheep, and dogs, and they have their full share in his inclusive compassion. Who can forget the over-officious dog Young George and the fate of the silly sheep, or that most pathetic scene, where the heart-broken Tess, hearing the gasps and gurgles of the poor wounded pheasants writhing in agony, lays aside her own misery and mercifully puts them out of pain ?

It may be that this exquisite sensibility to, this acute realisation of, the misery and suffering that is in the world is the main cause of Hardy's ever-deepening pessimism. In one of his earliest stories, "Under the Greenwood Tree," a charming idyll of country scenes, we have a cheerful outlook on life, with no discordant notes except those of the quaintly humorous village choir. Since then his hopeless attitude has gradually become more pronounced, till it reaches unplumbed depths in his latest work "Poems of the Past and the

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Present." "Condensed fragments of Fate" they have aptly been termed. To such a pass has over-brooding on the pain, the disabilities, the injustice, and the ironies of life brought our author that the impression left is that it were better not to be. Indeed, that is the explicit conclusion arrived at in some lines entitled, "I said to Love." Two poems, one published in the earlier collection "Wessex Poems," should not be passed over, from the fact that in them he partially explains his position and views. The first is written on hearing that a friend, a lady, had declared that thenceforth she would read nothing that he might write. He says, in effect, that it is laid upon him to find the truth, and that the truth he must speak in spite of friends and enemies. He does not write to please. The other, a verse from "De Profundis, No. II." contains a sarcastic vindication of his method.

Let him to whose ears the low-voiced Best  
Seems stilled by the clash of the First,  
Who holds that if way to the Better there be,  
It exacts a *full look at the Worst*,  
Who feels that delight is a delicate growth  
Cramped by crookedness, custom, and fear,  
Get him up and be gone as one shaped awry :  
He disturbs the order here.

In the poems we have a freer use of the vernacular—not exactly the dialect of Barnes, but curious old words and expressions—than Hardy employs in the novels ; perhaps wisely, when we consider the vast public to whom he appeals.

There remains still to be noted the wonderful practical knowledge that Hardy brings to bear on his work, also that result of wide reading that Bacon says "makes a full man." All the mysteries of farming, though the tyro may not allow that these exist, are as an open book to him—the crafts of the wood and the orchard, the mill and the dairy. He has a thorough technical acquaintance with all the implements used by the cider-maker, the stone-hewer, the farrier. He has even noticed the trick butchers use in picking up skewers !

Brought up to be an architect, he revels in descriptions of castles, churches, and old houses, discusses their plan, and style, and period, and has devoted one book, "A Laodicean," largely to this study. In "Two on a Tower" again, the plot turns mainly on astronomy, and we have that science treated by an expert. In fact, he appears to have mastered all the sciences ; perhaps not so completely that of music, though he shows a correct knowledge of what has come directly under his notice, such as country songs and airs, reels and

jigs, and the curious old instruments used in village choirs. He never makes any mistakes, as so many novelists do, specially one, who pictures a Scottish Highlander sitting on the roadside singing a Jacobite song, and accompanying himself on the bag-pipe!

Hardy at one time had the idea of qualifying for an art-critic, so in all matters of art again we find an expert. This is proved by the many references he gives to pictures and the Old Masters, while his illustrations to the "Wessex Poems" show his own proficiency in linear and perspective drawing and, in a sense, of atmosphere. Among the wealth of comparisons and allusions that adorn his pages—some very recondite, but all appropriate—I have only noticed one repetition. In "The Return of the Native" "Mrs. Yeobright sees communities . . . as we see the throngs which cover the canvases of Sallaert, Van Alsloot, and others of that school," and again in "Tess": "The green lea was speckled as thickly with cows as a canvas by Van Alsloot or Sallaert with burghers."

We must not overlook, either, the effective use he makes in the novels of the many strange legends and weird superstitions of Wessex. These he weaves into his plots with great art, and sometimes they form important links in the chain of Destiny.

Of the strong hold these traditions and symbolic customs have he writes: "The impulses of all such outlandish hamlets (as Egdon) are pagan still: in these spots homage to nature, self-adoration, frantic gaieties, fragments of Teutonic rites to divinities whose names are forgotten, have in some way or other survived mediæval doctrine."

The attitude of Hardy's mind towards life and its problems is a perplexing and unaccountable one. Happily married, with fame and fortune, honour and friends gained by his writings and sustained by his personal character, his, to outward view, is a successful life. He has not had to suffer cruel criticism like Keats, nor his country's reprobation like Byron and Shelley, nor the long neglect that Browning had to endure.

We sympathise with Leopardi, struggling with disease among uncongenial surroundings, with James Thomson, the singer of "The City of Dreadful Night," and other derelicts on the ocean of life, but Fate has not meted out such harsh measure to him; then why this bitter railing? Does a writer of renown ever realise the far-reaching influence he exercises in moulding thought and character, and his corresponding responsibility? It is no light matter, this of chilling the moral temperature, of sending the thermometer of hope down to zero. On the ethics of this subject, J. J. Rousseau has spoken some true words *à propos* of Voltaire in his "Confessions."



"Struck by seeing this poor man" (Voltaire) "overwhelmed, if I may so speak, with prosperity and honour, bitterly exclaiming against the miseries of this life, and finding everything to be wrong, I formed the mad project of making him turn his attention to himself, and of proving to him that everything was right. Voltaire, while he appeared to believe in God, never really believed in anything but the devil, since his pretended deity is a malicious being who, according to him, had no pleasure but in evil. The glaring absurdity of this doctrine is particularly disgusting from a man enjoying the greatest prosperity ; who, from the bosom of happiness, endeavours, by the frightful and cruel image of all the calamities from which he is exempt, to reduce his fellows to despair."

But in trying to account for this despair we must acquit Hardy of any selfish or personal feeling in the matter. Can it be that by allowing his mind to dwell too exclusively on the dark problems of life, its sin and suffering, his strong imagination conceives it so vividly that he himself experiences a vicarious suffering? Or may it be that he too feels the pagan thrill of his native county, that he has inherited from some remote ancestor the old-world doubt, and that some Roman Lucretius is re-incarnate in him? We cannot blame him, but oh, the pity of it ! Unable to grasp a larger hope, even the unending sleep that comforted the Roman poet fails to satisfy him. With little or no belief in a Guiding Hand, his faith in the progress of mankind is at a low ebb. His only ray of hope is that

At whiles, or short or long,  
May be discerned a wrong  
Dying as of self-slaughter :—

Mark—not by man's exertions, but probably by a mere freak of fate.

It is with profound sorrow that we take leave of a man of true genius, of sincere and sympathetic nature, of clear, keen intellect, of cultured and receptive mind—of a writer to whom we owe a deep debt of gratitude. He has faced the problems of life, but they have conquered him ; for its perplexing enigmas he can find no solution, for the future no message of faith and hope ; and it is by these man lives, not by negation and despair.

M. M. TURNBULL.

## AN ECCENTRIC LEADER OF SOCIETY.

THERE are some women who are born for society. It is quite impossible for them to lead a quiet domestic life; excitement is as the breath of their nostrils, they must alway be agitating something, or organizing something, so as to be before the public gaze. In their youth they exhibit themselves, in middle life they exhibit other people, and act as show-women to celebrities of all kinds. Such a woman was the Hon. Maria Monckton, afterwards Countess of Cork and Orrery, who was compared by the great wit, Luttrell, to a shuttlecock, "all cork and feathers." Even in her girlhood she was a leader of society, and at her mother's (Lady Galway's) house in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, she received Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, and all the wits of the day. She belonged to Mrs. Montagu's Blue-stockings Club, and was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in a garden, with a dog at her feet.

In the month of February, 1770, when the Wilkes riots were going on, a certain Mrs. Cornely gave a masquerade at her house, in Soho, and among the motley crew Miss Monckton was prominent, as an Indian Sultana "in a robe of cloth of gold and a rich veil. The seams of her habit were embroidered with precious stones, and she had a magnificent cluster of diamonds on her head. Her jewels on this occasion were valued at 30,000*l.* and she was attended by four black female slaves."

Strangely enough, in the *Daily Advertiser* of the same year, but of a later date (May 7th), a mysterious paragraph appeared announcing that a "lady of high degree would appear at the Soho Masquerade as an Indian Princess, with pearls and diamonds to the price of £100,000, her train to be supported by three black female slaves, and a canopy to be held over her head by four black male slaves. *To be a fine sight.*"

Whether this paragraph was in ridicule of Miss Monckton, or put in by some one desirous of emulating her, does not appear.

At this time she was twenty-three, for she was born in 1747.

She was generally known as Johnson's "little dunce." Boswell relates how she came by this name. He says that Johnson "did not think himself too grave even for the lively Miss Monckton, who used to have the finest bit of blue at the house of her mother, Lady Galway." Her vivacity enchanted the sage, they used to talk together with all imaginable ease. One evening, she insisted that some of Sterne's writings were very pathetic. Johnson bluntly denied it. "I am sure," she said, "they have affected me." "Why," said Johnson, smiling and rolling himself about, "that is because, dearest, you are a dunce!"

That was supposed to settle the question, but few people would not now allow that Miss Monckton was right, and that the sapient doctor was wrong. When she mentioned his speech to him afterwards, he replied, "Madam, if I had thought so, I certainly should not have said it." But, all the same, the name "little dunce" stuck to her.

Boswell also records an incident which did not reflect any credit on himself. He and Lord Graham went to Miss Monckton's reception one evening. Being considerably the worse for wine, he talked to Johnson in a loud and boisterous manner, and even by his own admission, contrived to make an abject fool of himself. When next morning brought sobriety, he tried to make amends for his misdeeds by addressing the following lines to Miss Monckton, excusing the extravagance of his conduct on the score of her bright eyes:

"Not that with excellent Montrose  
I had the happiness to dine,  
Not that I late from table rose,  
From Graham's wit, from generous wine.  
It was not these alone which led  
On sacred manners to encroach,  
And made me feel what most I dread,  
Johnson's just frown and self-reproach.  
But when I entered, not abashed,  
From your bright eyes were shot such rays,  
At once intoxication flash'd,  
And all my frame was in a blaze.  
But not a brilliant blaze, I own,  
Of the dull smoke I'm yet asham'd:  
I was a dreary ruin grown,  
And not enlightened, though inflam'd.  
Victim at once of wine and love,  
I hope, Maria, you'll forgive,  
While I'll invoke the powers above,  
That, henceforth, I may wiser live!"

Though Boswell's lines are certainly more than indifferent, the forgiveness was granted, and he adds complacently, "I obtained an Act of Oblivion, and took care not to offend again."

It was at Brighton, or Brighthelmstone, as it was then called, that Fanny Burney first made Miss Monckton's acquaintance. In her diary for November 10, 1782, she notes that the day brings in a new person, the Hon. Miss Monckton, "who is here with her mother, the Dowager Lady Galway. She is one of those who stand foremost in collecting all extraordinary and curious people to her London conversaziones, which, like those of Mrs. Vesey, mix the rank and literature and exclude all beside."

Miss Monckton, who had sent messages as to her desire to meet Mrs. Thrale and the author of "*Evelina*," at length paid her visit, and is thus described by Fanny Burney's lively and graphic pen :

"Miss Monckton is between thirty and forty, very short, very fat, but handsome, splendidly and fantastically dressed, rouged, but not unbecomingly so, yet evidently and palpably desirous of gaining notice and admiration. She has an easy levity in her air, manner, and discourse, that speak all within to be comfortable, and her rage of seeing anything curious may be satisfied, if she pleases, by looking in a mirror."

One story that Miss Monckton told was, says Fanny Burney, extremely well worth relating. Here it is :

"The Duke of Devonshire was standing near a very fine glass lustre, in a corner of the room, at an assembly and in the house of people who were by no means in a style of life to hold expense as immaterial. By carelessly lolling back he threw the lustre down, and it was broken. He showed not the smallest concern or confusion at the accident, but coolly said, 'I wonder how I did that.' He then removed to the opposite corner, and to show he had forgotten what he had done, he leaned his head in the same manner, and down came the opposite lustre. He looked at it very calmly, and with a philosophical dryness merely said, 'This is singular enough!' and walked away to another part of the room without distress or apology."

Miss Monckton, with all her oddities, must have been very good company—she was full of brightness and "go," she had been at the court of Marie Antoinette, and did not know the meaning of the word stiffness. When Fanny Burney returned to London she went with the Thrales to a conversazione at the "noble house" in Charles Street, and relates her experiences in her own inimitable way :

"There was not much company, for we were very early. Lady



Galway sat at the side of the fire, and received nobody. She seems very old, and was dressed with a little white round cap, and not a single hair, no cushion, roll, nor anything else but the little round cap, which was flat on her forehead. Such part of the company as already knew her made their compliments to her where she sat, and the rest were never taken up to her, but belonged solely to Miss Monckton, whose own manner of receiving her guests was scarce more laborious, for she kept her seat when they entered, and only turned round her head to nod it, and say 'How do you do?' As soon, however, as she perceived Mrs. and Miss Thrale, she rose to welcome them, contrary to her usual custom, merely because it was their first visit. . . . Dr. Johnson was standing near the fire, and environed by listeners. Some new people coming in, Miss Monckton exclaimed, 'My whole care is to prevent a circle!'"

Miss Burney continues by saying that the company were dressed with more brilliancy than at any rout she was ever at, as most of them were going on to the Duchess of Cumberland's.

"At the sound of Burke's voice, Miss Monckton started up, and cried out, 'Oh, it's Mr. Burke!' and she ran to him with as much joy as, if it had been in our house, I should. Cause the second for liking her better." Many stately compliments were paid to Miss Burney by Burke on the subject of her novel of "*Cecilia*," which had just been published, and she was lionised and stared at by all the fashionable guests. Finally, Sir Joshua Reynolds wanted to see her home, and Miss Monckton pressed her to come to another conversation, when she would meet Mrs. Siddons. This invitation was duly accepted, but after that we hear no more of Miss Monckton, who, two years afterwards, in May 1786, married Edmund, seventh Earl of Cork and Orrery. His first marriage had been dissolved in 1782, and caused much scandal to the censorious public. He only survived his second marriage with Miss Monckton twelve years, dying in November, 1798.

From her widowhood dates a new period of Lady Cork's sway as leader of society; her house, which had been the rallying-place for all the old wits, was now thrown open to the rising stars, and her *salons* were crowded by all the celebrities of the Regency, and even up to the early Victorian epoch.

She always signed herself "M. Cork and Orrery." Some furniture in the window of an upholsterer having chanced to catch her eye, she wrote to him to send it to her, signing herself as usual. His answer was:

"D. B. not having any dealings with 'M. Cork and Orrery,

begs to have a more explicit order, finding that the house is not known in the trade."

Her craze for producing oddities at her parties was so great that hearing that the celebrated surgeon, Sir Anthony Carlisle, had dissected and preserved the female dwarf, Cochinie, she was immediately seized with a desire to exhibit the curiosity at one of her assemblies, and eagerly inquired, "Would it do for a lion for to-night?"—"I think, hardly," was the answer.—"But surely it would if it is *in spirits*."

Off posted Lady Cork to Sir Anthony's house. He was not at home, and the following conversation passed between Lady Cork and the servant.

*Servant*: "There's no child here, madam."

*Lady Cork*: "But I mean the child in the bottle."

*Servant*: "Oh, this is not the place where we bottle the children, madam, that's at the master's workshop."

Lady Cork was thoroughly modern in her way of arranging her rooms at her house in New Burlington Street. A brilliant boudoir terminated in a sombre conservatory, where eternal twilight fell on fountains of rose water, "that never dry, and on beds of flowers that never fade."

Lady Clementina Davies says that "this boudoir was literally filled with flowers and large looking-glasses, which reached from the top to the bottom. At the base was a brass railing, within which were flowers, which had a very pretty effect."

Lady Cork was very fond of wearing white—her favourite outdoor costume was a white crape cottage bonnet and a white satin shawl, trimmed with the finest point lace. She was never seen in a cap, though she lived to be over ninety. Her complexion was wonderfully pink and white, not put on, but her own, though this does not agree with Fanny Burney's account, which describes her as being rouged, even in her comparatively youthful days. Talking of her conversaciones, she used to say:

"My dear, I have pink for the exclusives, blue for the literary, grey for the religious, at which Kitty Bermingham, the saint, presides. I have them all in their turns; then I have one party of all sorts, but I have no colour for it."

We have already seen how Fanny Burney in the zenith of her fame was received by Miss Monckton. Now another authoress, Lady Morgan, gives, in her "Book of the Boudoir," a very amusing account of how she was made a lioness of by Lady Cork.

On this momentous evening she was only Sydney Owenson, just

beginning to come into public notice as the authoress of "The Wild Irish Girl." She relates how she ascended the marble staircase, with its gilt balustrades, her heart beating all the while with trepidation. She was wearing the same white muslin frock and flower that she had worn some nights before when she was dancing jigs with the Prince of Breffni in a remote corner of Ireland. Her black curly hair was, as usual, cut in a crop, and her brilliant black eyes shone with even more than their accustomed lustre.

She was met at the door by Lady Cork, all kindness and anxiety to show her off to the company. The whole description is so inimitable that it is best to give it in Lady Morgan's own words :

"'What ! No harp, Glorvina ?' said her ladyship.

"'Oh, Lady Cork !'

"'Oh, Lady Fiddlestick, you are a fool, child—you don't know your own interests. Here, James, William, Thomas, send one of the chairmen to Stanhope Street, for Miss Owenson's harp !'

"Led on by Dr. Johnson's celebrated little dunce," says "The Wild Irish Girl," "I was at once merged in that crowd of *élégants* and *élégantes*." (Among the crowd, by the way, was a strikingly sullen-looking handsome creature, the soon-to-be celebrated Lord Byron.) "I found myself suddenly pounced down upon a sort of rustic seat by Lady Cork. . . . So there I sat, the lioness of the evening, exhibited and shown like the beautiful hyena that never was tamed, looking about as wild, and feeling quite as savage. Presenting me to each and all of the splendid crowd which an idle curiosity had gathered round us, Lady Cork prefaced every introduction with a little exordium, 'Lord Erskine, this is the "Wild Irish Girl," whom you are so anxious to know ; I assure you she talks quite as well as she writes. Now, my dear, do tell Lord Erskine some of those Irish stories that you told the other evening at Lady Charleville's. Fancy yourself *en petit comité*, and take off the Irish brogue. Mrs. Abington says you would make a famous actress, she does indeed. This is the Duchess of St. Albans—she has your "Wild Irish Girl" by heart. Where is Sheridan ? Do, my dear Mr. T. (this is Mr. T., my dear, geniuses should know each other), do, my dear Mr. T., find me Mr. Sheridan. Oh, here he is. What ! you know each other already ? *Tant mieux*. Mr. Lewis, do come forward. This is Monk Lewis, my dear, of whom you have heard so much, but you must not read his works, they are very naughty. . . . Do see, somebody, if Mr. Kemble and Mrs. Siddons are come yet ! And pray tell us the scene at the Irish baronet's in the rebellion, that you told the Ladies of Llangollen. . . . And then give us your bluestocking dinner at Sir R. Phillips's, and describe us the Irish priests. . . .'

Towards the end of the evening, Kemble did appear, and his remark to the Irish siren was, "Little girl, where did you buy your wig?" Being assured that her hair grew on her head, he next drew forth a copy of "The Wild Irish Girl" from his pocket, and asked the little authoress why she wrote such nonsense, and where she got all the hard words? She promptly replied, "Out of Johnson's dictionary." Her epitome of the evening was as follows: "I can only say that this *engouement* (she means Lady Cork's passion for exhibiting lions), indulged perhaps a little too much at my expense, has been followed up by nearly twenty years of unswerving kindness and hospitality."

Though Lady Cork may have known practically nothing of Ireland, as she never seems to have lived there, she was a thorough Irishwoman in kindness of heart. Moore, who was a special favourite of hers, tells a good story about her. At a party at Bowood, when the conversation turned on her oddities, he says:

"I mentioned her assailing me one morning with a pitch-plaster at a rehearsal we had of a reading of *Comus*, when I had alleged cold as my excuse for not taking a share in it; her proceeding to unbutton my waistcoat for the purpose of putting on the plaster, and my flying from her, and taking refuge in the Bacchanals, she following with the plaster in her hand."

Lord Lansdowne had his experience to relate, how he called upon Lady Cork one morning and found her whole establishment in a state of bustle and important discussions.

"Come in!" she cried, "Lord Lansdowne, come in; I am so glad you arrived at this moment—only think, the grey parrot has just laid an egg!"

Lady Cork was devoted to birds of all sorts and conditions. She once invited all the birds of her acquaintance to a party, in order that she might decide which of all the parrots and parroquets was the cleverest. The winning bird was to be presented with a little gold collarette, and a medal was attached to it. Lord Conyngham sent a wonderful bird which talked beautifully, but Lady Clementina Davies, who relates the story, says that her parrot was even more remarkable, for it had the talent, not only of talking, but of talking sense, and it carried away the prize.

In a forgotten volume of sketches by Lady Morgan, called "A Book without a Name," there is one entitled "Memoirs of the Macaw of a Lady of Quality, dictated by Himself." This Macaw was Lady Cork's, and one passage from its autobiography may be interesting:



"I had been more than two years an inmate in the family of the Countess, and had seen more of the world, political and fashionable, than any or all the macaws that ever existed. . . . I was no longer a lion, I was one of the set, and waddled in and out of my lady's library and drawing-room with dowager-duchesses and dowager-wits as if I belonged by birthright to the order. A church dignitary wished to make my acquaintance. My lady was delighted, and cards were sent out for a grey dinner-party, consisting, as she said, of some of the noblest pillars of social order. When these grave and illustrious personages were assembled before dinner I forthwith struck up the *Gloria in Excelsis*, which I followed by the Confession of Faith. A general exclamation of surprise burst from every lip. He who seemed the chief of the party descanted for some time on the wonderful power of Providence in producing such a bird. When this orator took me on his arm, and the Countess called out, 'Oh, Polly, you are not aware whose is the arm that supports you !' I screamed out, 'He is an old quack, and a regular humbug !' His lordship started, and let me fall to the ground, and by this fall my leg was broken. After three years' incarceration, I crept up to the back-hall, and was accidentally seen by Lady Augusta, who said to my lady, 'So you have got a macaw ! By-the-bye, had you not a parrot or a monkey or something, that made a great sensation some years back, and used to talk ?'

" 'Probably,' said my lady drily, 'but I am taking great pains to teach this macaw *not* to talk !' "

As Lady Cork got on in years her eyesight began to fail, and she often made use of her visitors to write her letters, which she dictated to them. Lady Morgan tells an amusing story of how she was victimised in this way. The point of it is, that the same request was skilfully adapted to meet the special tastes of the two ladies of fashion to which the letters were addressed. Lady Morgan tells her tale in her own reckless, happy-go-lucky style :

"One morning, Lady Cork said, in her peculiar way, when I asked her how she was, 'Why, child, of course, I am well, but I want you to write me two notes, I am longing to get rid of my page.'

" 'What ? Get rid of your pet ?'

" 'Don't talk, child, but do as I ask you.'

"So I took up my pen, and wrote under her dictation :

" 'My dear Duchess,—This will be presented to you by my little page, whom you admired so much the other night. He is about to leave me. Only fancy, he finds my house not good enough for him,

and that he can't get to church twice on Sundays. I certainly am not quite as good a Christian as your Grace, but as to the Sundays, it is not true. I think your situation would just suit him, if you are inclined to take him.

“ ‘Ever yours,

“ ‘M. CORK AND O.’

“ ‘Now,’ she said, ‘just fold that up, and put on the address, for fear of mistakes. And now begin another note to your friend, Lady Caroline Lamb, who, ’tis said, broke her page’s head with a tea-pot the other day.’

“ ‘A Tory calumny,’ said I ; ‘Lady Caroline was at Brompton the very day the adventure was said to have taken place at Whitehall.’

“ ‘I don’t care whether ’tis true or not,’ said Lady Cork ; ‘all pages are the better for having their heads broken sometimes. Now write, please :’

“ ‘Dear Lady Caroline,—Will you come to me to-morrow for my Blue party? I send this by that pretty little page whom you admired so, but who, though full of talent and grace, is a little imp, whom perhaps you may reform, but I cannot. [This was the page described in the former letter as a little saint.] He is very like that boy you used to take into your opera-box with you, and who was so famous for dressing salad. I would not advise you to take him, if I did not think he would suit you. Ask anyone you like to my Blue *soirée*, particularly Mr. Moore.

“ ‘Yours in all affection,

“ ‘M. C. & O.’

“ ‘Now, my dear,’ added Lady Cork, ‘put that up, and good-morning to you !’”

Mrs. Opie relates how she went to an assembly at Lady Cork’s in June 1814, at which Blücher, the Prussian general, then one of the lions of London society, was expected. The company, which included Lord Limerick, Lord and Lady Carysfort, James Smith of the “Rejected Addresses,” and Monk Lewis, waited and waited, but no Blücher appeared. To keep up Lady Cork’s spirits, Lady Caroline proposed acting a proverb, but it ended in acting a French word, *orage*. She, Lady Cork, and Miss White went out of the room and came back digging with poker and tongs. They dug for *or* (gold), they acted a passion for *rage*, and then they acted a storm for the whole word, *orage*. Still, the old general did not come, and Lady Caroline disappeared, but presently Mrs. Wellesley Pole and her daughter arrived, bringing with them a beautiful Prince—Prince

Leopold of Saxe-Coburg (afterwards married to the Princess Charlotte), but saying that she feared Blücher would not come. "However," continues Mrs. Opie, "we now heard a distant, then a near hurrah, the hurrahs increased, and we all jumped up saying, 'There's Blücher at last!' The door opened, the servant calling out, 'General Blücher!' on which in strutted Lady Caroline Lamb in a cocked hat and great coat."

Lady Cork was fond of showering expensive presents on those she liked. Mrs. Opie says, "Lady Cork has given me a most beautiful trimming for the bottom of a dress, which I am to wear on the 4th. It is really handsome, a wreath of white satin flowers worked upon net."

When Mrs. Opie joined the Quakers, Lady Cork wrote a most lively and characteristic letter to her, which is given in Mrs. Opie's memoirs. Part of it is as follows :

"I must be glad if you are happy, but I must confess that I have too much self not to feel it a tug at my heart the no-chance I have of enjoying your society. Will your primitive cap never dine with me? Am I never to see you again? Pray, pray, do not put on the bonnet! So come to me and be my love, in a dove-coloured garb and a simple head-dress. Teach us your pure morals. . . . Your friend of the Lower House [Wilberforce] will agree with me that good people mixing with the world are of infinitely more use than when they confine themselves to one set. I could fill a paper with fun, but the cold water of your last makes me end my letter. God bless you. Adieu !

"Yours ever, saint or sinner,

"M. CORK AND ORRERY.

"What, do you give up Holkham, your singing and music, and do you really see harm in singing? Now F. sings all day, and thinks it her duty."

At one time, Lady Cork took up with a very curious lion, a poet named Thomas Hogg, whom it was said she picked up in a ditch. In one sense, she certainly did, for he was a hedger and ditcher. He is described as "a poor, half-starved man," whom she fed and clothed, and introduced to her drawing-room. A bed was made up for him in Lady Cork's stables, and she presented him with a blanket. She sent him about with one of her own footmen, and Mrs. Opie and her friends were considerably startled when "this man in a slop" made his appearance one day, fully prepared to read out his

long heroic poem on the subject of Hope. His slop—probably a smock-frock—was a very handsome one of unbleached linen, worked round the neck and wrists. He seemed to have “a guid conceit” of himself, and began an altercation with Mr. Perry of the *Morning Chronicle*, who was one of Mrs. Opie’s visitors, and there was some fear that it might end in blows. When this poet left London, he took with him Lady Cork’s presents, the blanket and the blouse.

Lady Cork was a woman of society to the end of her days; she either gave a dinner-party, a rout, or went out every night of her life. She wrote, or rather had written for her—as she became nearly blind—a charming little note to John Wilson Croker, asking him to dine with her on her ninetieth birthday. His only idea was to convict her of an error as to her age.

“I found,” he said, “by the register of St. James’s parish, that she had under-stated her age by one year!”

She was very temperate in all things, and never drank anything but barley-water.

She lived till May 30, 1840, having finished her ninety-third year. What a wonderful succession of wits, philosophers, beauties, poets, dramatists, novelists, had passed through her *salons*! In London society she certainly filled up a gap: at that time, stiffness and monotony reigned supreme—Lady Cork broke down the barriers. From her, all who were distinguished in any way found a welcome; she even received the Countess Guiccioli, and made a lioness of her for a season.

Even a savage in his war paint would not have been excluded, and by degrees the dull decorum which had marked many of the London drawing-rooms became broken down.

There was always something to see at Lady Cork’s, and her delightful *bonhomie* and joyousness gave a charm even to her Blue parties. She formed a link between two centuries, and London society owes her a debt of gratitude.

C. J. HAMILTON.



## LITERARY FORGERIES IN ENGLAND.

IN itself the term "forgery" is decidedly an unpleasant one, savouring as it does of the dock and the gallows ; but literary forgeries are of many kinds, some malignant or sordid, others merely humorous. The moral judgment to be passed upon them must vary accordingly, and a sense of this discrepancy has led to the invention of the word "pseudepigraphy," which can only be described as both cumbersome and colourless ; while in France deflections from the paths of literary rectitude are politely spoken of as *supercheries*.<sup>1</sup>

Charles Lamb's friskings in the columns of the "London Magazine" (such as "Ritson *versus* John Scott the Quaker," 1823, and "Original Letter of James Thomson," 1824) deceived nobody endowed with the slightest literary discernment. The same may be said of his friend James White's "Original Letters, &c., of Sir John Falstaff and his Friends" (1796), although we have never been able to discover in them what Lamb, with the partiality of friendship, calls "much of the true Shakespearean stuff." James Mangan, the Irish poet, published verses which he pretended were renderings from the Turkish, Persian, Arabic, and Coptic. He was wholly ignorant of those languages, but his wide reading in books about the East enabled him to give an Oriental colouring to his verse. He failed, however, to bewilder the critics by the very cleverness of his *supercheries*. Of Mrs. Browning's "Sonnetts from the Portuguese"—surely among the loveliest in the English language—it has been well said that as records of her own experience they were "fitly presented to the general public in an impersonal form ; only those who could penetrate to the truth were worthy to know it."

Many spurious writings, especially in the earlier ages of literature, have been fathered upon eminent authors, not through the art of a conscious forger, but through the ignorance of the early editors,

<sup>1</sup> For many valuable suggestions adopted in this compilation we have been indebted to Mr. Edmund K. Chambers's essay on *Literary Forgeries* (1891).

who found them in the same manuscript with works that are undoubtedly genuine. Take the case of Chaucer. In our day a scrutiny has been instituted that may fairly be described as scientific, with the result that many pieces that used to pass current as Chaucer's are now confidently pronounced spurious. The "Cuckow and the Nightingale" (accepted as genuine and modernised by Wordsworth, but now known to have been written by Sir Thomas Clanvowe), the "Flower and the Leaf" (attributed to him by the donor of the Chaucer window in Westminster Abbey), the "Court of Love," "Chaucer's Dream," the "Complaint of the Black Knight," and the "Romaunt of the Rose" have no claim to a place among Chaucer's works. Two of the "Canterbury Tales" have also been given to him which are certainly not from his hand. The "Tale of Gamelyn" is a ballad of the twelfth or thirteenth century. It has been taken for the "Cook's Tale" from its position in some of the manuscripts. The so-called "Plowman's Tale" is an alliterative poem in the style of Langland, written probably by the author of "Piers Plowman." Spurious though these tales be, they are not on that account forgeries. On the other hand, if we accept the theories of Herr Simon of Schmalkalden, the "Parson's Tale," as it has come down to us, is a wonderfully clever forgery. "Originally," to cite Mr. Chambers's summary of the arguments, "it was a treatise on Penitence, put in the mouth of an heretical Wycliffite priest. With this has been interwoven matter from the French 'Somme de Vices et de Vertus' of Frère Laurent, with the purpose of giving an orthodox tone to the whole. Herr Simon sets down the fraud to the pious zeal of the monks of St. Mary's, Westminster, who owned the house in which Chaucer died."

Appropriately enough, the first historian records the first literary fraud. Herodotus narrates how, somewhere between B.C. 520-485, one Onomacritus, the interpreter and custodian of ancient oracles at Athens, was detected by Lasus of Hermione in the act of making an interpolation in an oracle of Musæus, for which he was promptly banished. Another ancient fraud was that perpetrated by Anaximenes of Lampsacus, one of the tutors of Alexander the Great and an eminent historian, upon his rival Theopompus of Chios. He wrote a work reviling the three chief States of Greece (Athens, Thebes, and Sparta), which he published under the name of Theopompus, and in which he imitated the style of the latter so skilfully that everyone thought it to be really his composition. The result was that the unfortunate historian did not dare to show his face in any part of the peninsula.

In England during the Middle Ages, the monks were the chief offenders against literary morality. Since they were, generally speaking, the sole scholars of the time, they were able to fabricate documents designed to dignify or enrich their communities without much fear of detection. When, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, the monks of Durham Priory were summoned to Rome for the decision of the disputes between them and Bishop de Marisco, they were able to produce an unbroken series of documents in support of their claims, purporting to date from the foundation of the priory in 1093 ; but latter-day criticism refuses to accept them as authentic.

Valuable and often well written as many of the monkish chronicles are, occasionally one is found whose contents are plagiarised or purely fictitious. The authorship of a chronicle called "*Flores Historiarum*" was long ascribed to one "Matthew, a monk of Westminster" ; but early in the last century it was conclusively shown by Sir Frederic Madden that Matthew Westminster was an imaginary name given to a person who never existed—Matthew being borrowed from Matthew Paris, and Westminster being taken from the abbey to which the "*Flores*" belonged ; and that the "*Flores*" was partly compiled and partly composed by various writers at St. Albans and Westminster.

Of the purely fictitious chronicle the "*History of Croyland Abbey*" in Lincolnshire affords a typical example. Though it bears the name of Ingulf, who was abbot up to his death in 1109, it consists mainly of charters of donation connected by a slender thread of narrative compiled from Ordericus Vitalis, Florence of Worcester, and other authentic chroniclers. The motive of the forgery appears to have been the desire to defend the property of the abbey against the claims of the Spalding people. It is probable, as Mr. H. T. Riley shows, that the forgery of the charters began about 1393, and that the book itself was compiled in 1413-15 (or more than three centuries after the death of Ingulf). It was probably the work of the prior Richard, then engaged (the abbot being blind) in a lawsuit with the people of Spalding and Multon on behalf of the abbey.

Undoubtedly the most audacious mediæval forgers were the monks of Glastonbury, who, with a daring one cannot sufficiently admire, ascribed the "*Liber Gradalis*" (*circa* 1150) to Christ Himself !

The publication of Geoffrey of Monmouth's "*Historia Regum Britanniae*" marks an epoch in the literary history of Europe. There followed in less than half a century after the completion of Geoffrey's chronicle (1147) the romances, partly based upon it, of

the Grail, Perceval, Lancelot, Tristan, and the Round Table ; and Geoffrey's stories of Merlin and King Arthur were naturalised in Germany and Italy, as well as in France and England. The nature of Geoffrey's work is somewhat uncertain ; it is hard to say whether he is or is not to be credited with a literary fraud. There can be little doubt that he compiled it (with various embellishments of his own derived from Welsh traditions) from the eighth- or ninth-century "*Historia Britonum*" ascribed to Nennius, still extant ; though he professed to have translated it from a lost book of "*British*" (*i.e.* either Breton or Welsh) legends, which Walter Calenius, Archdeacon of Oxford, had brought over from Brittany. Various attempts have been made to identify this book ; but it is very probable that it never existed at all.

Another fraud—for which we can never feel sufficiently grateful—belongs to this period: the so-called "*Voiage and Travaile of Sir Iohn Maundeville*," composed soon after the middle of the fourteenth century, and written originally in French. In English the earliest dated edition is that of Wynkyn de Worde, 1499. In his prologue the author of this delightful book styles himself Jehan de Mandeville, or John Maundeville, Knight, born and bred in England, of the town of St. Aubin or St. Albans ; and he declares that he crossed the sea on Michaelmas Day, 1322, and had passed in his travels by Turkey (*i.e.* Asia Minor), Great and Little Armenia, Tartary, Persia, Syria, Arabia, Upper and Lower Egypt, Libya, a great part of Ethiopia, Chaldæa, Amazonia, and Lesser, Greater, and Middle India. He adds that he wrote especially for those who wished to visit Jerusalem, whither he had himself often ridden in good company. In the epilogue Mandeville says that he had since "*searched*" many a land, been in many a good company, and witnessed many a noble feat, although he had himself performed none, and that, being now forced by rheumatic gout to seek repose at Liège, he had written his reminiscences, as a solace for his "*wretched ease*," in 1357, the thirty-fifth year since he set out. "*Although*," says Mr. G. F. Warner, in one of his exhaustive studies on Mandeville, "*it is more a guide-book for pilgrims than strictly a record of the author's own travel, he plainly implies throughout that he wrote from actual experience.*" Despite these personal references, almost the whole of his book is undeniably taken from earlier writers, among whom William of Boldensele, a German knight, and ex-Dominican Jacques de Vitry, Friar Odoric of Pordenone, and Hetoum the Armenian are the chief. It is also largely indebted to that vast storehouse of mediæval knowledge, the



"Speculum" of Vincent de Beauvais and the kindred "Tesoro" of Brunetto Latini. There is no reason to suppose that the writer ever left the shores of Europe.

Mandeville has been identified with a certain physician at Liège called Jean de Bourgogne, or John with the Beard, who died in that city November 17, 1372. This man, being forced to leave England for the murder of an earl, bound himself to travel over three parts of the world, and came to Liège in 1343. On his deathbed he made the chronicler, Jean d'Outremeuse, his confidant, and claimed not only to be Sir John Mandeville, but Earl of Montfort in England. Such a title was certainly never borne by the Mandeville family, and the probability is that it was a fiction.

There was, however, as Mr. Warner points out, a John de Burgoyne who was in Edward II.'s reign chamberlain to John, Baron de Mowbray, and took part with his master in the rising against the two Despensers, the king's favourites, in 1321, being pardoned by Parliament the same year. But in May 1322 his pardon was revoked, so that he had urgent reasons for quitting England. Burgoyne, as the foe of the Despensers, was a partisan of a real John de Mandeville, who, implicated in 1312 in the death of Piers Gaveston, was pardoned in 1313. His name might easily have been adopted by Burgoyne, the exile of 1322. "In any case," to again cite Mr. Warner, "the presumption is that the Liège physician's true name was de Bourgogne, and that he wrote the 'Travels' under the pseudonym of Mandeville." It is highly probable that Jean d'Outremeuse himself had a hand in the fraud, especially when we find that he used some of Mandeville's material over again in his "Myreur des Histoires," or "General Chronicle."

There is now little to record before the seventeenth century. But mention should be made of the "Casket Letters," those amatory compositions in verse and prose said to have been written by Mary Queen of Scots to Bothwell, and produced by Moray, in a "silver box o'ergilt with gold," as one of the counts in the indictment against his sister and sovereign. In recent years we have heard much of these letters, but, thanks to the researches of Professor Hume Brown, the problem, if essentially insoluble, does not stand where it did ten years ago. It has been suggested that they were "written originally to Darnley and then interpolated." On the other hand, they have been set down as a "black forgery of Morton and his minion Buchanan, who served Mary for a while, and then aspersed her in the infamous 'Detectio.'" Professor Brown rightly considers the question of their genuineness as one mainly of biographical interest.

If they had never existed, the fact "would not appreciably have affected the course of Scottish history. The majority of Mary's subjects were convinced of Mary's connivance at Darnley's murder, and, supported by public opinion, the insurgent lords were enabled to make themselves masters of the country. . . . Whether Mary wrote the 'Casket Letters,' therefore, can hardly be considered a historical question. But, further, the Casket documents held but a subordinate place in the evidence that goes to prove she was privy to the crime of the Kirk of Field." The judgment of foreign Courts, moreover, was formed independently of these letters, and before their discovery the friendly Du Croc, who knew the Queen and the circumstances well, was compelled to report to the French Court that "the unhappy facts are too well proved." In this connection it may be remarked that there is but a shade of difference between the views of Mary's culpable foreknowledge of the murder held by the two chief historians of Mary's reign, Mignet and Philippson; but, while Mignet maintained the genuineness of the letters, Philippson has denounced them as demonstrable forgeries. Professor Brown thinks that in the circumstances no conclusion can be reached with regard to their genuineness, either in whole or in part. But the trend of critical investigation in Germany, and recently in this country, seems in favour of the theory that there is in them a ground-work of Mary's genuine writing; that some were addressed to Bothwell; that perhaps the "originals" may even have been autographs, but that they were as much factitious as the late Mr. Waterton's celebrated fancy stuffed birds and monsters, every part of which was genuine fur and feather, and yet no whole among which had ever existed alive in the animal kingdom.

The well-known letter from Queen Elizabeth to Martin Heton, Bishop of Ely, beginning "Proud prelate," and ending "I will unfrock you," made its first appearance in the "Annual Register" for 1761 (where the prelate's name is misspelt "Heaton"), and purported to be "taken from the Register of Ely." Heton, it seems, had accepted the bishopric in 1598-9, as successor to Richard Cox who had died eighteen years previously, on condition of alienating to the Queen and her heirs the richest of the few manors still left to the see, and the letter was written as a peremptory reminder of the agreement. The late Bishop of London, in his lecture on "The Church under Elizabeth" (1896), denounced the letter as an "audacious forgery of the middle of the eighteenth century." Dr. Creighton had, however, accepted the letter as genuine when writing his "Age of Elizabeth" twenty years before, but he assumed the

letter to be addressed to Heton's predecessor, Richard Cox, and to refer to that prelate's reluctance, in 1576, to abandon to Sir Christopher Hatton the gardens of Ely House. He also cited the letter as an illustration of the scant courtesy shown to her bishops by Elizabeth. But in the lecture referred to, where the letter (rightly or wrongly) is regarded as an "amusing hoax," "of absolutely no authority whatever," Elizabeth is stated to have "always treated her bishops with the greatest respect, recognised their authority, and wished them to exercise that authority, as vested in their office." Such a statement is difficult of acceptance. From motives of gain, Elizabeth neglected to fill up the see for eighteen years, and then only made the appointment when she had found in Heton a "compliant instrument for her avarice." Unfortunately, the registers of both bishops have long disappeared; nor is there any mention of the letter in the carefully compiled calendar of documents still extant at Ely. William Cole, too, omits all mention of it in his history of the diocese and other manuscript collections.

With the illustrious name of Shakespeare are associated many of the more notorious literary forgeries. Even in his lifetime publishers were not above availing themselves of his reputation to "imp out that of meaner men"; while for more than forty years after his death we constantly find plays ascribed to him which he cannot possibly have written. In the eighteenth century William Henry Ireland, and in the last John Payne Collier, will rank chief among those who have injured him most by their deceptions. It was in February 1795 that Samuel Ireland, a small author and engraver, invited the chief literary men of the day to inspect an exhibition of Shakespeare relics at his house in Norfolk Street. The exhibits included such varied items as a letter from the poet to Anne Hathaway, enclosing a lock of his hair, a letter from Queen Elizabeth, a profession of faith, a catalogue of Shakespeare's library, and a deed appointing Heminge and Condell trustees of his literary property. The account given of such valuable treasure-trove was that it had been obtained by Ireland's son, William Henry, then a youth of nineteen, from a rich gentleman who desired that his name was not to be revealed beyond the initials "M. H." The exhibition deceived nearly everybody, including James Boswell, who kissed the supposed relics on his knees. Encouraged by his success, young Ireland presented his father in March with a new blank-verse play, "Vortigern and Rowena," in what he represented to be Shakespeare's autograph, and he subsequently produced a tragedy entitled "Henry II.," which though transcribed in his own handwriting, he



avowed had been copied from an original in Shakespeare's handwriting. In the summer he concocted a series of deeds to prove that an ancestor of the same names as himself had saved Shakespeare from drowning, and had been rewarded by the dramatist with all the manuscripts which had just been brought to light. Much public excitement was aroused. Sheridan came forward and offered to produce "Vortigern and Rowena" at Drury Lane. This he did on April 2nd, 1796, though Kemble, who was already growing suspicious, had suggested the previous day as the most appropriate. The poverty of the diction soon began to provoke mirth. When, in act v., sc. 2, Kemble had to pronounce the line "And when this solemn mockery is o'er," peals of laughter rang through the house, and the piece was conclusively damned. Soon after this exposure young Ireland suddenly left home and before the end of the year published an "Authentic Account" of the deception, in which he asserted that he himself had written both papers and plays, "inspired thereto by his father's enthusiasm for everything connected with Shakespeare." Some years afterwards he repeated his version of the facts at greater detail in a volume of "Confessions." Despite the son's confession, the father persisted for a time in regarding the documents as genuine, even to the extent of trying to get "Henry II." acted. But he was never reconciled to his son, and on his death-bed he assured his physician "that he was totally ignorant of the deceit, and was equally a believer in the authenticity of the manuscripts as those who were the most credulous." To the last W. H. Ireland regarded his achievement with pride; indeed, he was always ready to sell imitations in his feigned handwriting of the famous forged papers. The story of the Irelands forms the subject of James Payn's entertaining novel, "The Talk of the Town."

Another Shakespeare forger deserving mention is George Steevens, whose name will occur again in connection with deceptions of another kind. Steevens was a bitter rival of Edmund Malone, as indeed he was of everybody engaged in similar pursuits, and in an edition of Shakespeare which he issued in 1793 often recklessly altered the text in order to convict the cautious Malone of ineptitude. No wonder Gifford dubbed him "the Puck of commentators."

To his curious passion for literary forgery John Payne Collier sacrificed an honourable fame won by genuine services to letters. Few have done more to rescue the writings of less famous authors of Shakespeare's age from oblivion, while his services to the Society of Antiquaries and the Camden, Percy, and Shakespeare Societies were conspicuous. But the full extent of the fabrications



to which he gave currency has never been ascertained. Curiously enough, at the beginning of his career he was reprimanded and imprisoned by the House of Commons for misreporting a speech of Joseph Hume to the prejudice of Canning. He then turned to literature, and became librarian to the Duke of Devonshire. It is impossible to give a list of all the forgeries by which his "History of English Dramatic Poetry," his "Memoirs of Alleyn," his editions of Henslowe's "Diary," and "Alleyn Papers," and several minor works are disfigured. He seems to have freely falsified documents in Bridgewater House, in Dulwich College Library, even in the State Paper Office and the British Museum. His masterpiece in this way was the famous "Perkins Folio." Already in 1842-4 he had issued an edition of Shakespeare which included certain manuscript corrections, "probably as old as the reign of Charles I.," in a copy of the first folio of 1623 at Bridgewater House. These emendations were afterwards shown to be spurious. In 1852 Collier announced his possession of a copy of the second folio Shakespeare of 1632, annotated throughout in a hand of "about the middle of the seventeenth century." This was the volume since known as the "Perkins Folio," "Tho. Perkins his Booke" being inscribed on the outer cover. It is unnecessary to go minutely into the controversy which raged around the "Perkins Folio" and the volume of lectures by Coleridge on Shakespeare and Milton, published by Collier in 1856 from notes alleged to have been taken at the time when they were given. The lectures are open to suspicion: the textual corrections in the folio were proved to be forgeries. In 1859 the book was deposited in the British Museum for examination by experts. It then became apparent that, besides the ink-writing of the so-called "old corrector," there existed traces of pencil-marks in a modern hand. The test of the microscope proved further that in many cases the pencil-marks underlay the ink-writing, which could not therefore be of any antiquity. Evidence was still lacking to show whether Collier was himself the forger or merely a dupe. It was supplied after his death. Among his papers was found a transcript of one of the interpolated Dulwich manuscripts, Alleyn's "Diary," in which the interpolations had been neatly filled in in Collier's own hand. More remarkable still was a so-called seventeenth-century manuscript of ballads, highly interesting in relation to Shakespeare and Marlowe, extracts from which had been published by Collier. As had been suspected, it proved to be an ingenious fraud. Collier's faculty of verse—especially imitations of early ballads—was well known.

Round John Hampden's last days quite a number of legends have gathered. In the "*Gentleman's Magazine*" for 1815 (p. 395) will be found a contribution by an anonymous correspondent which professes to be a detailed narrative of Hampden's dying moments and dying words, said to have been drawn up at the time by a certain Edward Clough; it is entitled "A True and Faithfull Narrative of the Death of Mr. Hambden." This, though accepted as genuine by Hampden's biographers was shown by Mr. C. H. Firth, in the "*Academy*" for November 2 and 9, 1889, to be an "impudent forgery," largely based on hints derived from Clarendon's "*History of the Rebellion*," and containing, like the "*Squire Papers*" (to be hereafter mentioned), many words and expressions not in use in the seventeenth century. The last words attributed to Hampden ("O Lord, save my country") are "probably copied from the somewhat similar utterance ascribed to the younger Pitt." But the forgery became popular, was received into the text-books, and goes on to be quoted even at the present time.

To the seventeenth century belongs the famous forgery of the "*Eikon Basilike*," which like the "*Casket Letters*" is memorable for its association with one of the great tragedies of history. It was put forth as the genuine work of Charles I. The examination of the printer, Richard Royston, before the Council of State, shows that it was originally intended to issue it under the title of "*Suspiria Regalia*," or "*The King's Plea*," during the King's trial, in the hope of influencing public opinion in his favour. It must have been carefully designed to this end. The body of the book consists of a retrospect, apparently by the King's own hand, of the events since the calling of his last Parliament. It deals in a spirit half of vindication, half of apology, with the more dubious parts of his policy such as the sacrifice of Strafford. Inserted at intervals are appropriate prayers and religious musings, while other prayers, together with a somewhat pathetic letter to his son, written in the presence of imminent death, form a sort of appendix. The printer was not ready in time, and the book did not appear until February 9, 1649, ten days after the execution of Charles. Viewed apart from the circumstances of its production, the literary value of the book is small; it is composed in a style of second-rate rhetoric, but it was received with favour by the Royalists. Forty-seven editions appeared in the course of 1649, and the efforts of the Government to suppress it were ineffectual. On the Republican side, it was not long before doubts of the royal authorship were plainly hinted, and in August a pamphlet called the "*Eikon Alethine*" boldly suggested that it was

written by a prelate. This contains a curious frontispiece in which the King is shown writing at a table, while a divine dictates to him from behind a curtain. These accusations were promptly answered in "The Princely Pelican." As the best way of neutralising the effect of the "Eikon," Milton had undertaken to write a counterblast. This, the "Eikonoclastes," appeared on October 6. It was Milton's primary object to refute the theory of the King's character and actions put forward in the "Eikon Basilike"; therefore he hardly touches upon the question of its authenticity, except in stray phrases aimed at the "secret coadjutor" and "household rhetorician," and in a doubt whether the style was Charles's. The most famous passage in the pamphlet is that in which Milton points out that one of the appended prayers is a plagiarism from Sidney, "stolen word for word from the mouth of a heathen woman praying to a heathen god; and that in no serious book, but in the vain amatorious poem of Sir Philip Sidney's 'Arcadia.'" The point is noteworthy, because the prayer of Pamela is not found in every edition of the "Eikon," and certain Royalists asserted that it was interpolated by Milton himself.

The secret of the real authorship of the "Eikon Basilike" is revealed by the correspondence of a certain Dr. John Gauden, "a churchman," says Mark Pattison, with one of his keen touches, "whom his friends might call liberal, and his enemies time-serving." Gauden had been rewarded by the Parliament for an attack on the policy of Laud; he had afterwards adopted the Royalist cause, and during the Commonwealth had again turned his coat and signed the Covenant, thus retaining all his benefices. The claims of such a record upon the Court party could not be great, but upon the Restoration in 1660 Gauden received the bishopric of Exeter. With this he was not content, and in the course of the next year he began to write to the Lord Chancellor (Clarendon) and the Secretary of State (Nicholas), dwelling upon his services to the late King, and demanding further recompense. His early letters are filled with hints of some extraordinary "service and merit," and with veiled threats to apply personally to Charles II. Presently he becomes more explicit. On January 21, 1661, he definitely claims to have written the "Eikon"; "this book and figure was wholly and only my invention, making, and designe." He asserts further that it was conveyed to the King in the Isle of Wight by the Duke of Somerset and Dr. Duppa, Bishop of Winchester; that Charles II. knew of the fact through the Duke of York; and that Dr. Morley, Bishop of Worcester, had imparted the "arcanum" to Clarendon

himself In his reply Clarendon practically admitted the truth of Gauden's assertion, and in May 1662 Gauden was translated to the see of Worcester. He had hoped, however, for the wealthy bishopric of Winchester, and it is said that vexation at having missed the aim of his ambition brought on a violent attack of illness, to which he succumbed in the following September. There can be no doubt that Gauden's story is the true one. The evidence in support of the royal authorship is mainly hearsay evidence, and was first produced some forty years after the Restoration.

Like the Gnostic heretics of old, the Protestant sectaries of the seventeenth century cannot be acquitted of attempting to prop up their doctrines by forgery. The London printers were ready enough to accommodate them. Texts were omitted altogether, or sufficiently perverted to bear the desired interpretation. The most famous instance is afforded by the "Pearl Bible," printed by John Field in 1653. In the authorised version, Acts vi. 3 runs as follows: "Wherefore, brethren, look ye out among you seven men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom, whom we may appoint over this business." In the "Pearl Bible" "ye" takes the place of "we." This may of course be a mere misprint—there were 6,000 *errata* in one Bible of the day—but there is also a story that Field received £1,500 from the Independents to make the change, in order that the text might appear to sanction the appointment of ministers by the congregation.

The success of the first part of "Hudibras" led to the concoction of a spurious "second" part, which ran through three editions in the same year. After Butler's death a rumour that a large quantity of his unpublished manuscript was in existence encouraged the production of three volumes of so-called "Posthumous Works in prose and verse"; they are, however, all forgeries, with the exception of three pieces.

The bibliography of Rochester's poems is difficult, owing to the numerous verses fathered on him in contemporary miscellanies, in which appears all his obscenity without his sprightliness.

The popularity of some of Tom D'Urfey's songs—such as "The Kind Lady"—caused them to be Scotticised and assigned to Scottish song-writers, among others to Francis Sempie of Beltrees. Similarly, Sir Charles Sedley's lyric "Ah! Chloris, that I now could sit"—first published as early as 1668 in his comedy of "The Mulberry Garden"—has been stated to have been composed by Lord President Forbes in 1710. These and other vagaries of Scottish editors have been denounced in his own unique style by the



Rev. J. W. Ebsworth, our greatest living authority on ballad literature (prefaces to "Roxburghe Ballads," vols. iv. and vi.).

Edward Cocker, "the famous writing-master," whose name has become proverbial, is associated in popular memory with a work in the production of which there is every probability that he had nothing to do. Between 1657 and 1675, when he died, he published many books on penmanship and the rules of arithmetic. In 1678, three years after his death, John Hawkins issued the famous "Cocker's Arithmetick," and stated that it was printed from Cocker's own manuscript; but Professor De Morgan pronounced the work to be a forgery by Hawkins (see also article "Who was Cocker?" in the "Bibliographer" for July 1884, vol. vi. p. 25). The book became so popular that in 1685 Hawkins published what he styled "Cocker's Decimal Arithmetick," probably another fraudulent treatise. There are some quaint glimpses of Cocker's personality in Pepys's "Diary."

The supposed letters of Louise de Kéroualle, Duchess of Portsmouth, to the hapless Duke of Monmouth, in the British Museum, are regarded by her brilliant biographer, M. Henri Forneron, as forgeries. The fair Breton, who directed the policy of Charles II. for so many years, spelt, it has been truly but ungallantly said, like a serving wench who has taken to gallantry and, apt to write love letters, is not mistress of her pen. The "big, sprawling handwriting of the woman is as full of significance as her spelling; it is that of a child who has hardly got beyond writing *m*'s and *n*'s in large copy-book characters; this is to some extent a sign of an inactive mind and a poor heart." Wealth and luxury were the grand objects of her life, and she certainly attained them.

The prevalence of literary frauds is a characteristic trait of the eighteenth century. An eminent French critic maintains that "many of the fictions of Defoe were intended to be read as veracious narratives and in various indirect ways to aid the cause of Nonconformity, of which their author was so prominent a champion. Such would be the 'Memoirs of a Cavalier,' and that curious 'True Relation of the Appearance of Mrs. Veal,' which served to puff the sale of Drelincourt's dreary 'Consolations against Death.' The *vraisemblance* of Defoe's fiction is great, and, whatever his intent, it was certainly taken in many cases for fact. Thus a learned physician quotes medical details in a grave book, taken from the 'Journal of the Plague Year.' Defoe was less fortunate in his 'Shortest Way with the Dissenters,' which, though conceived in a spirit of the bitterest satire, was taken in earnest and highly extolled

by several churchmen. When the truth leaked out, it brought him to the pillory."

Since Defoe, and largely through his influence, the fictitious memoir has become a recognised literary type. At this period, and for long afterwards, fictitious autobiography, put forth for political motives, abounded. "Captain Robert Parker," to cite one example, may have actually existed, and therefore merits a niche in the "Dictionary of National Biography," but it is at least suspicious that his "Memoirs of the Most Remarkable Military Transactions from 1683 to 1718," which is mainly an attack upon the Duke of Ormonde, while Marlborough is the hero of the book, should have been published by his "son" immediately after Ormonde's death.

To cite another instance. In the able article on the famous military commander, Charles Mordaunt, third Earl of Peterborough, in the "Dictionary of National Biography," it is pointed out that almost all the notices of him are compiled from "The Memoirs of Captain George Carleton," a fictitious work probably by Swift, in which the parts relating to Lord Peterborough were probably supplied by the Earl himself.

"One side of the Nonconformist movement," it has been well said, "is represented by Defoe ; another, the hostility to the Jesuits, by the quaint impostor George Psalmanazar." His real name and country are not revealed, but he was probably a native of the South of France. The name by which he is alone known he fashioned for himself from Shalmaneser, an Assyrian prince mentioned in the second book of Kings (xvii. 3). In his youth he led a vagabond life, passing himself off first as a persecuted Irish Catholic, then as a Japanese. After a time he enlisted at Cologne in a regiment belonging to the Duke of Mecklenburg, which was in the pay of the Dutch, and consisted mainly of Lutherans. He now first called himself Psalmanazar, lived on raw flesh, roots, and herbs, in accordance with what he represented to be the customs of his native land, and invented a language which he pretended was his native tongue. At Sluys the imposture was detected by a rascally Scotch army chaplain named William Innes, who suggested to the youth a mode of developing it which might profit them both. The first step was for Innes to publicly baptize Psalmanazar as a Protestant. Thereupon Innes described the ceremony in a letter to Henry Compton, bishop of London. To render the story of Psalmanazar's early life more plausible, Innes declared that the convert was a native, not of Japan, but of the neighbouring island of Formosa, of which he safely assumed that very few Englishmen had heard.

Jesuits, Innes said, had abducted him from his native island, and had carried him to Avignon, in the South of France. There the young man had withstood all persuasions to become a Roman Catholic, and the Jesuits, angered by his obstinacy, threatened him with the tortures of the Inquisition. In order to escape persecution he fled to Germany, where he suffered the direst poverty. The bishop accepted the story without question, and bade Innes bring his convert to London.

In London, which he reached at the end of 1703, Psalmanazar at once attracted popular interest. He presented Dr. Compton with a translation of the Church of England catechism into his fabricated language, which he now called "Formosan." The bishops and clergy regarded him with compassion, and promoted a fund for his maintenance and education at Oxford; he was furthermore "invited to every great table in the kingdom." He held spellbound large assemblies of ladies and gentlemen at the University by vivid accounts of the human sacrifices which formed part (he said) of the Formosans' religious ritual. He thought it no sin, he assured his hearers, to eat human flesh, but owned it was a little unmannerly. To further improve his position, Psalmanazar, at Innes's instigation, prepared a detailed account of what he alleged to be his early life and experiences. It was issued before the end of 1704, with a dedication to Bishop Compton, as "An Historical and Geographical Description of Formosa." He took every opportunity of abusing the Jesuits, a policy which commended the book to English churchmen. The following is given as a specimen of the language of Formosa: "Gistaye, O Israel, Jerh vie oi Korian sai Pagot, dan bayneye sen tuen badi tuen Egypto, kay tuen kaa tuen slapat," *i.e.* "Hear, O Israel, I am the Lord thy God, who brought thee out of the land of Egypt, and out of the house of bondage."

But when, in 1707, Psalmanazar's mentor, Innes, was rewarded for his zeal in converting and teaching him by his appointment as chaplain-general to the English forces in Portugal, Psalmanazar felt incompetent to sustain the imposture unaided. His credit was shaken, his patrons gradually deserted him, and after 1708 he was the butt of much ridicule. He thereupon retired into obscurity, and sought to live by various occupations. A serious illness in 1728, during which he read Law's "Serious Call" and Nelson's "Methods of Devotions," led him to renounce his past life and errors, and to begin "a faithful narrative" of his deceit, which was to be published after his death. Thenceforth Psalmanazar gained a laborious livelihood as a hack-writer, and the sanctity of his demeanour was held

to be convincing proof of the thoroughness of his repentance. His fame for piety reached the ears of Dr. Johnson, who "sought after" him, and "used to go and sit with him at an ale-house" in the city. Johnson never contradicted him. He would, he said, "as soon have thought of contradicting a bishop."

Swift's "lie children" are fairly numerous. It has been conjectured that he was the real author of a volume published in 1725 as the "Miscellaneous Works" of Dr. William Wagstaffe, a learned physician of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. The pieces which make up the volume had appeared separately, and include much able political writing from a High Church and Tory point of view. Among the most deceptive and least known of the Dean's many inventions must be reckoned "The Life and Character of Harvey, the Famous Conjuror of Dublin," issued in 1727. To our own knowledge a grave historical student has been heard to express disappointment at finding Harvey's achievements unrecorded in that mine of research the "Dictionary of National Biography," but he supposed that difficulty was found in procuring exact dates. It is to be feared that our friend's sense of humour is ill-developed. "Credite, posteri," is certainly the motto chosen by the anonymous biographer, but sceptical people may suggest that Harvey is as imaginary a person as Peter Wilkins, "a Cornishman," or Philip Quarll the Hermit.

The next offence against literary morality to be recorded was the outcome of a desperate attempt to gain fame and fortune by a needy Scotch pedagogue named William Lauder. Early in 1747 Lauder startled the learned world by publishing articles in the "Gentleman's Magazine," in which he showed that Milton's "Paradise Lost" was largely constructed of paraphrases of a Latin poem entitled "Sarcotis," by Jacobus Masenius (1654). By long quotations from Grotius's "Adamus Exsul" and Andrew Ramsay's "Poemata Sacra" (1633) he went far to prove, if his quotations merited reliance, that Milton was a very liberal and a very literal borrower. In August he issued proposals for printing by subscription Grotius's poem, "with an English version and notes, and the lines imitated from it by Milton subjoined." Edmund Cave, who consented to receive subscriptions, probably introduced Lauder to Dr. Johnson, who wrote the prospectus of the undertaking. But Lauder suspended his labours on this publication in order to complete an expanded version of his essays in the "Gentleman's Magazine," which appeared at the close of 1749. With Dr. Johnson's consent, the little essay that formed the prospectus of Lauder's



promised edition of "Adamus Exsul" was employed as the preface, and Johnson also appended a postscript appealing to the benevolent public for "the relief of Mrs. Elizabeth Foster," Milton's granddaughter. In this curious volume, "An Essay on Milton's Use and Imitation of the Moderns in his 'Paradise Lost,'" Lauder quotes from eighteen poets, chiefly modern writers of Latin verse, and pretends to prove Milton's extensive debt to all of them. Public excitement was aroused, and, in order to take full advantage of it, Lauder announced proposals for printing the little-known works whence his quotations were drawn. But suspicion was soon expressed as to the accuracy of Lauder's quotations. Richard Richardson, who from the first had contested Lauder's conclusions in the columns of the "Gentleman's Magazine," now showed in a letter sent to the same periodical that the crucial passages which Lauder placed to the credit of the poets Masenius and Staphorstius were absent from all accessible editions of their works, and had been interpolated by Lauder from William Hog's Latin verse rendering of "Paradise Lost." The fraud was also exposed by the Rev. John Bowle, the learned editor of "Don Quixote"; and in fuller detail by Dr. John Douglas, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury. Dr. Johnson, who had been deceived "partly by thinking the man too frantic to be fraudulent," obtained from Lauder a confession of his guilt, and Lauder readily consented to sign an abject apology which Johnson dictated to him. He, however, added (unknown to Johnson) a postscript impudently denying any criminal intent, and treating his performance as a practical joke aimed at the blind worshippers of Milton. But his reputation was now irretrievably lost, and he emigrated to Barbados, where he died in poverty in 1771. Lauder's forgeries, although their motive was palpable enough, have been strangely attributed by some writers to the "hatred of a Jacobite and Tory for the genius of the Puritan Milton."

Contemporary with Lauder was Charles, or as he occasionally called himself, Charles Julius, Bertram, who has been justly designated the "cleverest and most successful literary impostor of modern times." He was born in London in 1723, the son of a silk dyer, who subsequently migrated to Copenhagen. Here young Bertram became English teacher in the school for naval cadets. Being ambitious of literary distinction, he resolved to achieve it by means of a forgery, and selected credulous Dr. Stukeley as his medium for introducing it to the learned world. In June 1747 he intimated to Stukeley that he knew of a manuscript work on Roman antiquities, by a monk named Richard of Westminster, "which included a

copy of an ancient itinerary of Britain, in many points correcting and supplementing the itinerary of Antoninus." In subsequent letters he favoured Stukeley with what purported to be copies of successive portions of the work, with a facsimile of a few lines of the manuscript, the writing of which was pronounced by the English palæographers to be "over four hundred years old." Meanwhile Stukeley had discovered that Richard of Cirencester, a chronicler of the fourteenth century, was a monk of St. Peter's, Westminster, in 1355, and Bertram found no difficulty in accepting him as the author of the spurious treatise, which was henceforth known as "*Ricardus Corinensis de Situ Britanniae*." When in 1756 Stukeley read before the Society of Antiquaries a paper containing an analysis of the "newly discovered work" by "Richard of Cirencester," it was hailed by that learned body as an invaluable source of information on the Roman geography of Britain, and Bertram was elected F.S.A. by acclamation. Stukeley's paper was printed in 1757, accompanied by a copy of Richard's map. During the same year Bertram published at Copenhagen the full text of his forgery, with an elaborate commentary and map, in a small volume which included the chronicles of Gildas and Nennius; it was entitled "*Britannicarum Gentium Historiæ Antiquæ Scriptores Tres*." It was suspicious, to say the least, that the map given in this volume differed very considerably from that in Stukeley's paper. Stukeley, however, unhesitatingly adopted Bertram's map in his account of Richard's work, published in his "*Itinerarium Curiosum*" in 1776.

"The ingenuity and learning displayed in the forgery," writes Bertram's latest biographer, "are really extraordinary, and fully account for the unparalleled success which the imposture obtained." The injury which the forgery has inflicted on the study of the Roman geography of Britain can scarcely be overestimated. Two instances out of many may be cited. To Bertram's forgery are to be attributed the errors with which the map of Britain in Dr. William Smith's "*Classical Atlas*" abounds; while on the ordnance maps are to be found many of Bertram's imaginary names of Roman stations.

When the fact became known that a careful search at Copenhagen to find some trace of the original manuscript had proved fruitless, a suspicion arose that the work might possibly prove to be of recent fabrication. It was not, however, until about the middle of the last century that any serious doubts were entertained as to its genuineness. The publication of a series of articles in the "*Gentleman's Magazine*" for 1866 and 1867, by the late Bernard Bolingbroke Woodward, librarian at Windsor Castle, finally settled

the question. Despite Mr. Woodward's masterly exposure of the fraud, a translation of the work was published in 1872 by Dr. J. A. Giles—"with no expression of doubt as to its genuineness"—as one of the "Six English Chronicles" in Bohn's "Antiquarian Library." Ill-informed students of British antiquities are still misled by Bertram's forgery, although it is now rejected by all competent scholars.

Bertram did not long survive his triumphs, for he died at Copenhagen in 1765, at the early age of forty-two.

Despite the fact that most of his books were compiled in the depressing atmosphere of debtors' prisons, William Rufus Chetwood, bookseller, prompter, dramatist, and hack author, could occasionally gull his readers with much cheerfulness. One instance of his waggishness may be given. In his account of Thomas Middleton, the dramatist, in a "Select Collection of Old Plays" (Dublin, 1750), he tells us that Middleton "lived to a very great age. . . . We may judge of his longævity by his works; since his first play was acted in 1601 and his last in 1665. . . . That he was much esteem'd by his brother poets we may judge by four lines of Sir William Lower upon his comedy call'd 'A Michaelmas Term, 1663.'" The four lines given by Chetwood are:

Tom Middleton his numerous issue brings,  
And his last muse delights us when she sings;  
His halting age a pleasure doth impart,  
And his white locks show Master of his Art.

As a matter of fact "Michaelmas Term" was printed in 1607, and there is no edition of 1663; while Middleton himself died in 1627 at the by no means patriarchal age of fifty seven. The ingenious lines ascribed to Sir William Lower (who died in 1662) are of course a forgery.<sup>1</sup>

The youthful Burke's "Vindication of Natural Society" was called forth by the publication of Bolingbroke's works in 1754, and is a satirical imitation both of his philosophy and his style, so skillfully executed that even such a capable critic as Warburton believed the satire to be a genuine work.

One proof of the extraordinary popularity enjoyed by Laurence Sterne in his day lies in the many spurious works published under his name, and in the many barefaced imitations of his writings that appeared before or immediately after his death. From the list

<sup>1</sup> We owe this and other instances of the literary *supercherie* to the kindness of Mr. A. H. Bullen.

compiled by the scholarly assiduity of Mr. Sidney Lee we find that the fraudulent "third volume" of "Tristram Shandy" (1760), by the impudent hack-writer John Carr, was followed by Samuel Paterson's "Another Traveller" (1767-9). John Hall-Stevenson, supposed to be one of his most intimate friends, issued a disreputable "continuation" of the "Sentimental Journey" in 1769. These heralded a very long series of contemptible imitations of Sterne's travels. "La Quinzaine Angloise à Paris, ouvrage posthume du Doctor Stearne" (1776) was in reality an original work in French by James Rutledge. Probably the most shameless of the deliberate forgeries undertaken by literary hacks was that entitled "The Posthumous Works of a Late Celebrated Genius, deceased, A. M." (1770), which consisted of a work in two parts called "The Koran." It was by Richard Griffith, and there was some clever parodying of the style of thought and language of "Tristram Shandy." Reprints were frequent, and it was actually included in the first collective edition of Sterne's works (1779); it was even translated into French. Needless to say the love affairs of the distinguished writer afforded a fruitful source of inspiration. In 1779 William Combe fathered on Sterne a fictitious collection of "Letters between Yorick and Eliza." "Letters from Eliza to Yorick" (1775) and "Original Letters of the Late Rev. Laurence Sterne" (1788) came from similar manufactories of fraud, and showed varying degrees of adroitness in the art of literary forgery.

Towards the wane of the eighteenth century there "became visible the beginnings of a new epoch of poetry—the dawn of the romantic movement." Among those in whom this new spirit first found expression must be set for ever the names of Thomas Chatterton and of James Macpherson.

Chatterton (to quote the eloquent words of Mr. Chambers) "is the greatest of all forgers, not because of his success, for after all he deceived nobody except Dean Milles and a few stupid provincial pedants; all the real critics of his day, Gray and Mason, Warton and Tyrwhitt, were against him. As a man he is interesting for the tragic close that throws a glamour over the whole of his short life; as a poet for the undeniable touch of genius, crude and immature enough, which yet bears the 'promise and potency' of a new song unknown to his contemporaries. He is one of the greatest of those 'inheritors of unfulfilled renown' who star the pages of our literature, and later poets have never been slow to hail him as a pioneer." Shelley celebrated him in "Adonais"; Coleridge dedicated to his memory his most impassioned "Monody"; Keats inscribed to him



lovingly his maiden poem "Endymion" and a tender sonnet ; while Southey, Wordsworth, Byron, Moore, Scott, Campbell have all written in praise of his genius ; and Dante Gabriel Rossetti, besides inditing in his honour a noble sonnet, spoke of him as "the absolutely miraculous Chatterton," and declared him to be "as great as any English poet whatever." It is hardly needful to recount the familiar story of the Rowley poems. They were the "work of extreme youth, and it seems scarcely conceivable that they were ever credited out of Bristol. The genesis of the Rowley dialect has been conclusively traced in the inaccurate dictionaries of the day. The manuscripts, too, which still exist, will not bear a hour's examination."

Macpherson stands to Gaelic poetry in somewhat the same relation that Chatterton does to that of Middle English. But probably the extent of Macpherson's forgeries has been greatly exaggerated ; it is clear that the general charge of forgery, in the form in which it was made by Dr. Johnson in his "Journey," is unjustifiable. It was in 1760 that Macpherson published his first translations from the Gaelic, and in 1762 and 1763 he followed these up with the twin epics of "Fingal" and "Temora." These were the result of a tour through the West Highlands, taken with two other Badenoch men, in search of poetic material. They are poems written, according to the translator, by the last of the Fienne, Ossian, or Oisín, the son of Finn, and preserved by tradition. Since Macpherson wrote, the labours of Celtic scholars have proved the existence in Scotland and Ireland alike of a mass of literature of the Ossianic type, some of which has lingered in the memory of the peasantry until quite recent times, while other specimens are preserved in the commonplace book of James Macgregor, Dean of Lismore, who died in 1551, and abundantly illustrate the relations between Western Scotland and Ireland from an early date. But Johnson, in his arraignment of Macpherson, denied, as the result of local investigation, the existence of any originals. It is, however, unlikely, from the character of Macpherson's other writings, that he could be the sole author of the poems, or that he could have written so much original poetry in so short a time. On the other hand, the epics cannot have been found by Macpherson in their present form ; he undoubtedly "arranged" what he found, and inserted passages of his own, and in the process he occasionally combined legends of two different epochs. Still, it is a pity that Macpherson's papers should have disappeared so mysteriously, especially his journal, which, according to Sir David Brewster, who married one of his

daughters, contained important information as to the composition of the Ossianic poems, and was known to be in existence so recently as 1868.

Macpherson's "Ossian" exerted much influence on the romantic movement in Europe. Goethe acknowledged its sway in his *Sturm und Drang* period, and introduced from "Fingal" the song of Selma into his Werther's "Leiden"; Schiller admired Ossian's "great nature"; Coleridge wrote in 1793 two poems in imitation of "Ossian"; while in Byron's "Hours of Idleness" (1807) appeared another imitation, with a note appended, in which, while admitting the discovery of "the imposture," Byron declared "the merit of the work" to remain undisputed, despite its "turgid and bombastic diction." The Ossianic poems in the Abbé Cesarotti's Italian translation were the favourite reading of Napoleon I.

George Steevens's Shakespearean antics have already been mentioned. Some of his miscellaneous diversions show him to have been a past master in the art of mystifying and, it may be added, tormenting contemporary men of letters. To the "Theatrical Mirror" he contributed a forged letter purporting to be a description by George Peele of a meeting at the Globe with Shakespeare and others. This was unsuspectingly transferred to Birkenhout's "Biographia Literaria," and has led later investigators into needless perplexity. His pretended description of the deadly upas tree of Java, in the "London Magazine," on the authority of a fictitious Dutch traveller, was conceived in a like vein of saturnine humour. Another jest of a more elaborate kind was devised to "play off" a trivial score against Richard Gough, an able but somewhat irritable antiquary. Steevens, having procured a block of marble, and having engraved upon it by means of aquafortis some Anglo-Saxon letters, placed it in the window of a shop in Southwark, and caused it to be represented to the Society of Antiquaries that it had been dug up in Kennington Lane, and was the tombstone of Hardicanute. A drawing of the stone was made and published in good faith in the "Gentleman's Magazine" (1790, i. 217). Another prominent antiquary, Samuel Pegge, falling into the trap, read a paper on the inscription before the Society of Antiquaries, but the deception was discovered before the disquisition was printed in the transactions of that learned body. Steevens finally committed the stone to the custody of Sir Joseph Banks (the only man with whom, it is said, he never quarrelled), and it was regularly exhibited at his assemblies in Soho Square.

Steevens, it should be mentioned, was for a time a believer in

the so-called Rowley poems ; but as soon as he had detected that they were forgeries he attacked the champions of Chatterton's honesty with unrelaxing fury.

With the exception of such as have been already mentioned, the last century was productive of but few forgeries—few, at least, that have been as yet discovered.

The publication of Bishop Percy's "*Reliques*" was answerable for numerous imitations of the ancient ballad, notably by John Pinkerton, who, in his volume of "*Select Scottish Ballads*" (1783), inserted many from his own pen, and was severely castigated on that account by Joseph Ritson, that terror to literary ill-doers. Pinkerton frankly confessed the spuriousness of the ballads, affirming at the same time that he had never directly asserted their antiquity, but had purposely expressed himself with ambiguity. It is perhaps worth noting that, while himself a literary forger, Pinkerton avowed his belief in the authenticity of the Shakespeare papers forged by W. H. Ireland.

Another Scot of finer gifts, Allan Cunningham, readily supplied R. H. Cromek with "old songs" of his own manufacture, to be subsequently published as "*Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*." It may be mentioned, in passing, that Allan's son, Peter Cunningham, otherwise an able antiquary, deliberately falsified (as has been recently discovered) entries in State papers in order to suit his theories concerning the "*Story of Nell Gwyn*." He certainly doctored the "*Accounts of the Revels at Court*" (which he edited for the old Shakespeare Society) in regard to early performances of Shakespeare's plays. These have been exposed in various places, but we are not aware that anybody has done for Peter Cunningham what Mr. G. F. Warner did (in the "*Dictionary of National Biography*") for Payne Collier. Though his manipulating of the "*Revels' Accounts*" was his most serious offence, we fancy that he was constantly tampering with any documents that came under his hands. There is a tradition that at one time he lived next door to Payne Collier, and that the pair used to make up their forgeries together.

Another apt ballad-maker was Robert Surtees of Mainsforth ; indeed, he may be said to have been imbued with the very "spirit of romaunt lore." In his "*History of Durham*," which for a county history is really quite readable, the fragments of poetry interwoven with the notes, and the poems generally entitled "the superstition of the North," are of his own invention. Then he inaugurated his acquaintance with Sir Walter Scott by imposing upon him an "old ballad" of his own composition called the "*Death of Feather-*

stonehaugh," and descriptive of the feud between the Ridleys and Featherstones. Scott published it as genuine in the notes to "Marmion" (edition 1808), and was not made aware of the imposture until after Surtees's death. Surtees had artfully contrived to give his manuscript an air of antiquity by leaving lacunæ to be filled up by conjectures of his own.

During the last century a number of letters purporting to be by Byron, Shelley, and other great writers have been forged. The volume of Shelley letters printed in 1852, with a preface by Robert Browning, are mostly fabrications by a person claiming to be a natural son of Byron. Among other minor forgeries of this period may be mentioned one devised by the late James Crossley of Manchester. Having been forestalled in his intention of bringing out a complete edition of Sir Thomas Browne's works by Simon Wilkin, he rendered the latter valuable help. But one of the pieces which he sent as being copied from a manuscript in the British Museum—the clever "Fragment on Mummies," which Wilkin printed in good faith—was undoubtedly written by Crossley himself.

But the supreme artist of the nineteenth century was undoubtedly William Squire, of Norwich, the creator of the famous "Thirty-five Unpublished Letters of Oliver Cromwell" and Auditor Squire's journal, known collectively as the "Squire Papers." His methods were of the simplest, yet he succeeded in hoaxing—Thomas Carlyle. He was born at Norwich in 1809, the eldest of the twelve children of a merchant who had the misfortune to fail in business. In early manhood young Squire was not remarkable for anything save a fondness for playing practical jokes and a partiality for the society of shady sporting characters. In 1840 he married a widow with some property, upon which he lived, and thenceforth employed his very considerable leisure in antiquarian studies of an elementary kind. He began to correspond with Carlyle in January 1847, when he intimated that he had in his possession thirty-five letters of Cromwell addressed to an ancestor, one Samuel Squire, a subaltern in the famed regiment of Ironsides, who belonged to "the Stilton Troop," and had served with Cromwell "from the first mount" of that indomitable corps as cornet, and then as "auditor"; and also a journal kept by this Auditor Squire from about 1642 until the latter end of 1645. These documents, if genuine, would have proved invaluable for the light they threw on the early and obscure part of Cromwell's military career. Later in the year Squire sent Carlyle copies of the letters, together with some scraps of information from the journal. Carlyle eagerly accepted the papers as genuine,



especially as the facts they contained—displaying Oliver as a most truculent hero—fitted in with his views ; but he begged for a sight of the originals. By return of post Squire informed him that he had judged it best to destroy the journal, “which went to 200 folio pages,” along with the letters contained in it, lest, forsooth its publication might shock the susceptibilities of his kindred at Peterborough. Their neighbours, too, descendants of Cromwell’s men, were, he declared, ashamed of their sturdy sires ; they had, in fact, a positive dread of being connected with the great Protector. One would have thought that this ridiculous story might have awakened Carlyle to the fact that he was being grossly deceived. On the contrary, he published the letters and extracts from the journal in “*Fraser’s Magazine*” for December 1847, as documents “of indubitable authenticity,” and added them as an appendix to the second volume of the third (1850) and subsequent editions of Cromwell’s “*Letters and Speeches*.”

Elated by his success, Squire visited Carlyle in January 1849, and again in the following April, and on both occasions fooled his host to the top of his bent. His demeanour was variable, sometimes excitable, sometimes obtuse, as became a man whose skull at the age of seven had been broken “into 37 pieces.” The papers, he informed Carlyle, were found by him when a boy in an ancient window chest, where lay an old buff coat and a very big brass pistol. He professed to have never heard of Rushworth, Whitelocke, Sprigge, or other compilers of Civil War history. Carlyle, after giving him an old folio copy of Whitelocke’s “*Memorials*,” which he carried about “joyfully under his arm,” took him to the London Library to show him the other books, at the sight of which he gave way to much “ignorant babble and wonderment.” The whole correspondence on the subject was published in the “*English Historical Review*” for April 1886, and very curious reading it is, especially Carlyle’s brilliant and most Carlylean picture of perplexed, honest Mr. Squire.

But although published with Carlyle’s “explicit testimony to their authenticity,” the letters and extracts were regarded with suspicion at the time, and it was even hinted that they were forgeries, and that Carlyle had been made the victim of a “glaring and palpable hoax.” Soon after his death the question was reopened, more particularly in the columns of the “*Academy*” for 1885. Eminent scholars, with the late Professor Samuel R. Gardiner at their head, considered the “*Squire Papers*” to be either clumsy forgeries or genuine documents so much tampered with as to be wholly un-

available for historical purposes. But it was reserved for Mr. Walter Rye to finally demolish this mischievous myth, which had so long annoyed Civil War students. In a series of masterly papers contributed to the "English Historical Review" for 1886 and 1887, Mr. Rye proved that William Squire had been party to previous hoaxes, and was author of several minor forgeries; and that, so far from being an "entirely ignorant," "inarticulate" man, and unable to concoct these letters and journal, he had, prior to their issue, been for twenty years a constant contributor to the Norwich Museum and a compiler of catalogues of some of its antiquities, and for ten years specially interested in Cromwell and the Civil War, and had been thanked in 1839 in the printed report of the Norwich Museum (of which he was afterwards a committeeman) for the time he had expended and the skill he had displayed. Moreover, he had been for years a subscriber to the local library, which contained a very good collection of Civil War literature, including Whitelocke, Rushworth, and Sprigge, of which he had "never heard," and over which he affected afterwards to burst into such "ignorant babble and wonderment" when shown them by Carlyle in the London Library in 1849. Mr. Rye further showed that no such person as "Cornet" or "Auditor" Squire ever existed; that the Squires of the period were ardent Royalists; and that the family had not been at Peterborough for one hundred years. He also gave it as his opinion that Squire was aided in the hoax by a "very well-known and able local antiquary," who possibly resented Carlyle's perpetual railing against all antiquarian work, "Dryasdust printing sources," and so forth. It remains to add that, after the death of his wife in 1851, Squire appears to have become impoverished, and ultimately to have emigrated to New Zealand, where he died about 1869.

In conclusion it may be said that the literary forger is "emphatically the child of his time." He is always in touch with the main current of ideas; the "chief interests of the epoch to which he belongs are his chief interests." But as knowledge grows, the ingenuity of the forger must grow too. The crudities of a Chatterton, the absurdities of an Ireland, or the impish tricks of a Steevens could not in our own day enjoy even a momentary success. The enormous advance within recent years of historical knowledge (derived from first sources) would render impossible the paltering of a Squire. It was the microscope that finally demolished Collier.

## TABLE TALK.

### BROWNING AND SHAKESPEARE.

NEVER surely was poet less happily inspired than was Browning when in *The Lost Leader* he claims Shakespeare as a poet of the people. He draws, it is true, a distinction, marked by the employment of different prepositions, between Shakespeare and Milton, Burns, Shelley, and himself.

Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,  
Burns, Shelley, were with us, they watch from their graves.

Many other poets of mark, only less high, might be counted in the ranks of lovers of the people. To include Shakespeare as among the number is extravagance or perversity. The entire range of literature can scarcely furnish opportunity for a claim more preposterous. I suppose that if arraigned for his utterance Browning would say that it meant no more than that Shakespeare was by birth one of the people. Conceding that he was so, he was not anxious to remain among them. His chosen associates outside those fellow-craftsmen, dramatists, actors, or managers, with whom he must necessarily consort, were men such as the Earl of Southampton and the Earl of Pembroke. Mr. Sidney Lee says that "the sole biographical inference deducible from the Sonnets is that at one time in his career Shakespeare disdained no weapon of flattery in an endeavour to monopolise the bountiful patronage of a young man of rank." It must necessarily be attributed to the poet's prompting that after his resumption, presumably in 1596, of life in Stratford, his father, though then in a state of pecuniary embarrassment, applied to the Heralds' College for a coat-of-arms. This was conceded, and the Shakespeare arms are displayed, "with full heraldic elaboration," on the monument in Stratford church. This assumption of coat armour alone is sufficient to dispose of Browning's assertion, and to establish that if Shakespeare was at his birth in the ruck he was desirous to get out of it.

### SHAKESPEARE'S ATTITUDE TOWARDS THE WORKING CLASSES.

I HAVE been tempted to deal with this matter, since I have received from an unknown correspondent in America an opuscle on the subject. The work, which is anonymous, is issued by Ernest Crosby from the Mason Press, Syracuse, U.S.A., and is

entitled *Shakespeare's Attitude towards the Working Classes*. In this it is clearly shown, what was always beyond dispute, that Shakespeare's mental attitude was in the highest degree aristocratic, or at least anti-democratic, and that to him the public was always what is now expressed in the term "the great unwashed." Artisans are vile, low, mutable, untrustworthy, unclean. When the followers of Jack Cade come on the stage Sir Humphrey Stafford calls them

Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,  
Marked for the gallows.

When for England is substituted Athens in legendary times, we hear of Bully Bottom and his associates as

A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,  
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls.

Cleopatra speaks with loathing of the time when

Mechanic slaves,  
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall  
Uplift us to the view ; in their thick breaths,  
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,  
And forced to drink their vapour.

In *Coriolanus*, dislike and contempt for the rabble find their supreme utterance, and, to quote one passage only, the banished soldier addresses them :

You common cry of curs, whose breath I hate  
As reek of rotten fens, whose love I prize  
As the dead carcasses of unburied men  
That do corrupt the air, I banish you.

#### SHAKESPEARE ARISTOCRATIC IN CONVICTION.

THESE passages, and scores of others that might easily be advanced, prove that Shakespeare, 'even though his utterances be taken as dramatic, which, of course, they often were, was at heart an aristocrat. This is further supported by the fact, on which the author of the pamphlet before me insists, that almost all the characters of ungente birth introduced in the plays are false, disloyal, and treacherous. In spite of Browning's claim, I fear it must be conceded that Shakespeare was a Court poet, and that there is something almost servile in his adulation of royalty. He was before all things an artist, and he puts redeeming traits into some of his most despicable personages. Old Adam, in *As You Like It*, is heroic in his affection for his master, and stands apart, illustrating

The constant service of the antique world  
When service sweats for duty, not for meed,



and a being so crapulous as Bardolph even obtains condonation for all offences and a place in our affections when, hearing of the death of Falstaff, he utters the impious but loyal aspiration, "Would I were with him wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or hell!" It is, however, no use being indignant with Shakespeare for his views, as my American correspondent seems disposed to be. Scott was as great a worshipper of rank as Shakespeare; while Dickens, on the contrary, was all on the side of the people.

#### COURT INFLUENCE ON THE DRAMATIST.

AFTER all, the atmosphere of a Court is scarcely that in which the sterner virtues can be successfully cultivated or the lessons of freedom learnt. Virgil and Horace at the Court of Augustus acquired no very robust sentiment of republicanism, and the latter wrote words concerning the *profanum vulgus* which Coriolanus would scarcely have repudiated. In this, as in other cases, it is fair to judge Shakespeare by his fellows and his successors. If he could not attain the ardent love of country of a Milton—in his time the possibility of a conflict between authority, monarchial or ecclesiastical, and the people had not presented itself—Shakespeare is at least no abject upholder of "The right divine of kings to govern wrong." In the century in which Shakespeare died we can find a poet such as Crowne to say:

But make him know it is a safer thing  
To blaspheme heav'n than to depose a king.

Subjects or kingdoms are but trifling things  
When laid together in the scale with kings.

Dr. Johnson says concerning Dryden: "In the meanness and servility of hyperbolic adulation, I know not whether, since the days in which the Roman emperors were deified, he has been ever equalled except by Aphra Behn in an address to Eleanor Gwyn." Dryden's sycophancy can, however, be paralleled in many writers of an epoch immediately preceding that in which he wrote. Crowne, from whom I have already quoted, says in his *Calisto, or the Chaste Nymph* (1675), which was played at Court by the Lady Mary and the Lady Anne, afterwards Queens of England, by the Duke of Monmouth and other aristocrats,

Of what delight  
Is sovereign power: 'tis that determines right.  
Nothing is truly good but what is great.

In his prologue addressed to King Charles, Crowne, who is happily named, says, with astounding impiety :

You, Sir, such blessings to the world dispense  
We scarce perceive the use of Providence.

Here, surely, a climax of blasphemy is reached !

Crowne, it may interest my correspondent to know, was a Nova Scotian by birth, and is said by Dennis to have been the son of an Independent minister.

#### A CRITICISM ON SYLVANUS URBAN.

WHAT I wrote concerning linotype operators in a previous number has been fortunate enough to attract the attention of a gentleman on "Sketch" whom it has roused to indignant, if inarticulate, utterance. The gentleman in question tells me that I am "talking through my hat," whatever that may mean. So far as he contradicts my assertions, he is wrong ; my statements rest on much personal experience, and on the authority, among others, of the manager of a leading London daily newspaper. The fact that some of the writer's personal friends, who are linotype operators, are "people of culture and education" does not prevent others undignified with like intimacies from being the contrary, and even when I learn that "some of them earn more than their sub-editors," stupendous as that fact is, it does not impress me so much as it ought, since I am unhappy enough to know some sub-editors who would be the better for a little elementary education. It is doubtless true that my own knowledge must be limited, since I find my critic is possessor of a vocabulary which, in spite of its picturesqueness, is to me totally void of significance. Personally, I do not talk "through my hat" except when I go to church, and what I then say is mostly inaudible. "To be serious, however"—I am again quoting—it is against the appearance in a periodical making pretence to be scholarly or literary of such supposed persiflage as that in which my critic indulges that I am most concerned to protest. There are, no doubt, linotype operators and linotype operators, just as there are sub-editors and sub-editors, and—may I add?—critics and critics.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE  
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

DECEMBER 1903.

*IN SEARCH OF A PEDIGREE.*

BY E. G. WHEELWRIGHT.

OLD Jacob Goodsall stood leaning against the wicket-gate at the western end of the churchyard, smoking his pipe at leisure. The various duties which followed in the wake of his profession as sexton and parish clerk were ended for the day, and he was free to spend the evening hours in the manner most suited to his temperament. Jacob Goodsall was confessedly a man of contemplation. It was his custom to retire from the family or social circle whenever opportunity offered, and to spend the time thus gained in contemplation. And inasmuch as in village life reputations are wont to be acquired with comparative lightness, Jacob had established a name for profound and far-reaching wisdom; which reputation was no doubt augmented by a certain oracular habit of speech. He was somewhat of a cynic by nature, and prone to air his cynicism in occasional cryptic utterances which awoke an uncomprehending reverence in the rustic mind. But apart from this, what could be thought of a man who habitually filled all the pauses of life with contemplation? It was clear that the resources of his own intelligence must furnish him with inexhaustible material for thought.

So Jacob leaned against the wicket-gate and smoked his pipe and enjoyed his thoughts—profound or otherwise—in the still evening air. It was March, and all the day a fierce, fickle wind had blown from the west, and swept the drifting vapours—grey and shapeless—across an angry sky. But now the breeze was slackening, and purple masses of almost stationary cloud hung above the

bare round shoulders of the South Downs which encircled the distant view. The mid-distance showed a fertile tract of wooded country, bare as yet and colourless, awaiting the spring that tarries so sorely but bursts at length so joyously upon the high woods and valleys of the Weald. Only along the water-brooks, here and there, a daffodil reared its solitary crown among the whispering leaves, and celandines strewed gold along the hedgerows. A little patch of them blossomed at Jacob's feet and were crushed as he shifted his position; but he paid no heed to celandines. His meditative glance was bent upon the landscape before him, abstractedly, like that of a man whose thoughts are turned upon important issues. But this evening an interruption was at hand. An elderly man of gentlemanly appearance was slowly making his way along the narrow path on the other side of the hedge; and on reaching the wicket-gate, he stopped before it, and accosted Jacob with a mildly diffident air:

"This is, I believe, Haverston Church?" he observed tentatively.

Jacob withdrew his gaze from the landscape and surveyed the stranger. A sharp note of interrogation leapt into his eyes, which were very bright and keen beneath their shaggy eyebrows. He noted first the frank kindliness of the stranger's expression; then the well-made clothes and massive watch-chain which adorned his person; and finally summed him up rapidly and shrewdly as a "furreigner and well-to-do."

"Ay, this be Haverston, sure enough," he answered encouragingly. "And I be sexton of Haverston these forty year," he added, shaking the ashes from his pipe as he spoke with deep complacency.

"Oh, really!" The stranger smiled a little, and fidgeted with a note-book that he carried in his hand. "You are probably the very person to help me. I—I—am in search of some information." His glance, half eager, half nervous, wandered again in the direction of the churchyard. Jacob opened the wicket-gate, and he entered.

"I'll give the matter my best attention," said the old man, gravely, "and if so be as it's a matter of the *register*, now——"

"Ah! thank you; I'm afraid it's hardly that," said the stranger, hurriedly. "I—really think—in fact I quite hope that the tomb-stones will give me what I require."

He stooped over a moss-grown monument as he spoke, and Jacob eyed him suspiciously. "A bit soft, maybe," he said to himself during the pause. Then he too bent over the headstone.

"They be mighty instructive reading to a man of an understanding mind," he observed. "Leastways, when there's anything



left to read of 'em. I reckon there's one or two farther on that's a bit clearer."

The stranger looked up, and again his frank smile appealed to the sexton.

"I may as well tell you exactly what I am seeking," he said. "I have been informed that this churchyard contains relics of certain families bearing my name. It is of special interest to me to trace them. I am, in fact, trying to gather up the broken links between the present and past. I am convinced that such links exist, and that with careful search I shall be able to make clear my own connection with a once illustrious family."

He paused and adjusted his gold-rimmed spectacles. He was obviously moved by his own enthusiasm. The sexton's sharp wit leapt up in sudden comprehension of the problem involved. He rapped his pipe sharply upon the mossy gravestone.

"It's a mighty interesting business, to be sure," he answered, "and one as many a man might envy as has got relations above-ground a worriting of his heart-strings night and day. I never heerd of no good to a man as found a pile of relations above-ground; but them as is underground, and is turned into *ancestors*—I reckon that be the right word for such as they—why, there's no more harm as can come of 'em, let 'em be what they may. If so be as I knowed the name of they *ancestors*"—he turned his shrewd old eyes upon the visitor's somewhat embarrassed face—"I might help on a bit with the business."

"Thanks. Very kind, I'm sure," said the stranger. "I—I really imagine that the records of the family of Druett would be such as to be readily discovered. There was an estate, I believe, belonging to the family in the neighbourhood here."

"Ay, ay, for sure. My grandfather, he knowed the time when Sir Nicholas Druett lived in the old house—begging your pardon, it bean't no more than a barn nowadays; and he worn't no good neither, as I've heerd say. Nor wor his son after him. And then the old place was sold, and a farmer, he took it; the son, he ruined hisself with the racing and the cock-fighting, and maybe other things as well. Not that they sort of things isn't natural-like to the gentry, for they be as God made 'em, and haven't the understanding of the lower folks. But my grandfather, he could have told ye some wonderful curious tales about that 'ere family. More's the pity, the old gentleman be turned into an *ancestor* now hisself."

Mr. Druett had followed the course of the narration with eager interest, passing over the less creditable insinuations with the mag-

nanimity of a generous mind. What were these trivial blots upon a venerable escutcheon? Did they not merely enhance the lustre of a once honourable name?

"Any details respecting this family will be of great interest to me," he answered after a pause, during which they had proceeded along a well-kept pathway to the eastern side of the churchyard. Here were some monuments in massive marble encircled by iron railings; and near them, at intervals, some simpler slabs and crosses in different stages of preservation retained inscriptions legible to the eye.

Jacob and his visitor stopped before one of the monuments, and the latter opened his note-book as he bent down. Yes; here it was, sure enough, the family vault of the Druetts, surmounted by a plain and unostentatious block of stone. Here was the simple record of Sir Nicholas Druett, Baronet, who died in eighteen hundred and ten, and of his wife Eliza, who survived him fifteen years; of their son, who died in early manhood, and of two daughters, Adelaide and Anne. The records were brief, with no flattering epitaphs to adorn them: only beneath the wife's name ran in gilt lettering the suggestive reminder that they that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

Mr. Druett carefully jotted down dates and names, while Jacob watched him.

"There be a deal o' history sometimes to be picked up from one of they textes," he observed, darkly, when the entries were made. "The poor lady, she wor one of them as finds their only hope and joy in the consolations of religion."

"Ah! no doubt," murmured Mr. Druett, absently. "Her son—the young Sir Nicholas—seems to have died at a very early age. Sad, to be sure! And to think that the title died with him!"

His pale blue eyes surveyed the monument abstractedly; his gaze was shadowed by an immense regret.

"If you'll please to step on here," said Jacob, gravely, "there be more o' the same lot—a generation afore these others, if my memory be right."

It was right; and the descendant of the Druetts made another entry, though with a sigh. "No nearer to the missing links," he said, sorrowfully. Then, turning to Jacob: "You have an excellent memory it seems to me," he said.

"I reckon that come natural from the burying business," answered Jacob, modestly. "It be a matter of bones and names, and a man of understanding gives his mind to such matters." Then his old face wrinkled into a smile. "It be an uncommon

interesting occasion, this finding of they *ancestors*," he continued, genially ; "and if so be as you'd like to see the registers with the names of 'em, and the marriages and deaths, in pen and ink, why, here we are."

He produced a large iron key as he spoke. The stranger's face wavered.

"It would certainly be interesting," he said. "Oh, yes ; most certainly. I will follow you."

They spent twenty minutes poring over the ancient yellow pages ; when finally they came out from the vestry, Jacob turning the great key in the lock behind him, it was growing dusk. Michael Druett turned his face slowly in the direction of the wide, grey landscape encircled by the ridge of downs.

"Then I shall be able to find the house over there, you think, to-morrow morning?" he said, brushing a cobweb from his shirt-cuff with a large silk handkerchief. "Well, I shall set out early, and, with the good farmer's permission, take a look over the place. In the meantime, you think you will be able to get that young fellow's address for me—Sir Nicholas's nephew, I mean. You won't forget it?"

"I bean't the sort for forgetting," said Jacob, promptly. "And I'll get it for sure."

And Michael Druett walked back to his quiet room in the "Red Dragon," the kindly heart of him throbbing with a quite unaccustomed pride. There was a certain childlike satisfaction in his attitude, a large simplicity, only to be discerned in those who cherish one particular hobby in a sheltered corner of their lives—a hobby which, when by chance it is shaken out before the unsympathetic eyes of the majority, is apt to be labelled as "a mad point," or a "mania." And thus into the prosaic, money-making life of Michael Druett a little idol had somehow found its way ; was cherished, worshipped, and finally made responsible for the quest that had brought him from New Zealand to Haverston churchyard. That idol was pedigree.

Money he had, and a fair average position he had obtained in the colony ; but while his common sense approved, his imagination scorned these commonplaces. Back and back, through obscure beginnings and debatable endings, with infinite trouble, he had traced the line of his forbears until it had merged or seemed to merge with that of the Druetts of English soil and established ancestry whose arms were at the Heralds' Office and whose descendants were in "Burke." And so this evening's experience,

bringing him for the first time within measurable distance of his desired ancestry—albeit without the possibility of personal intercourse—awoke in him genuine delight. His thoughts dwelt yearningly upon the dilapidated and deserted dwelling which on the morrow he was to inspect. What if he were to buy the old estate, and spend his time and fortune in rebuilding it? What if once again the ancient name of Druett should arise, phoenix-like, from the ashes of its degradation and become a power in the land? Then, he had heard for the first time that evening of his young kinsman's existence—the nephew of the late Sir Nicholas—who was believed to be living in London; there were some in the village who knew where. Here was the chance for which he had longed, the golden door of opportunity through which he should pass to a recognised relationship, an established claim.

His sleep that night was strangely broken; a fact for which the gambols of mice in the old wainscoting could not be wholly deemed responsible.

In the meantime Jacob Goodsall, with covetous fingers thrust deep into his pocket, clutching a piece of gold, made his way to the "Mason's Arms," to interview the landlord of that time-honoured hostelry, who was also smoking a pipe at ease.

"I want the address of young Mr. Drewitt," he said, pleasantly. "Him as was staying along of you last summer—if so be as you can call it to mind."

"Ay, ay. I mind it well enough," growled the landlord. "And I mind him too, the young jackanapes. Kept me till Christmas, he did, waiting for the fag-end of my bill. What'll you be wanting with the likes of he, Master Goodsall? I reckon he'll be like the rest of that lot—good for nought."

"Ay, ay; they was allers good for your trade, master," responded Jacob, mildly; and a laugh greeted this announcement from behind the bar. The address was written and presented to him, and with a brief good-night, the man of contemplation turned his steps homewards.

"Bean't no good to tell the tale to such as they," he muttered to himself, scornfully. "It takes a man of some understanding to puzzle it out, for a puzzle it be for sure. If it were money now he wanted, a raking up of they *ancestors*, one could see the thing clear; but to come from furrin parts to hunt up nought but bones, and they no credit to no one, why, there's more in that than a man can see without some special wisdom. A wonderful curious business, anyhow, to be sure."



As he neared his home—a long, low cottage only a stone's-throw from the churchyard—the sound of high-pitched voices reached him ; evidently an altercation going on within. His face clouded and he turned aside sharply, walking once more in the direction of the churchyard.

His eye rested thoughtfully upon the graves. "If only," he said to himself in a sombre undertone—"If only one's wife's relations could be turned into ancestors, such as they !"

He relighted his pipe with something like a groan, and fell into deep abstraction.

A few days later, Michael Druett sat in a dingy lodging in Islington, awaiting his young kinsman's return. It was past five o'clock, and he was expected shortly. This the landlady had volunteered, surveying the stranger as she spoke with curious eyes. In about ten minutes' time the young man arrived according to prophecy, and Michael Druett proceeded to introduce himself without more ado. The nervousness that sometimes marked his speech fell away from him as he began the explanation which he had pretty well by heart. In a few simple words he told his story—how he had come from New Zealand with the object of proving the family connections which he had studied for so long ; how, after minute search in genealogical registers, in the "Heraldic Journal," and in many other documents bearing upon the case, he had traced his own immediate forbears through six generations back, thereby discovering the Hampshire Druetts, from whom Sir Nicholas was descended, to be a branch of the common stock. The connection was to his mind perfectly clear, though it was true that certain links were missing. He was exceedingly anxious that these links should be supplied. He hoped to find in this young kinsman one who, like himself, venerated the history of the past, and who in a democratic age would stick to the traditions and memories of an established ancestry. To all of which the young man listened, his hands thrust deep in his pockets, his countenance expressive of an astonishment not unmingled with perplexity.

"Awfully good of you, I'm sure, to take so much trouble," he observed, as he threw himself into a shabby easy-chair. "Shows you've plenty of time to do what you like with. I can't say I've thought much about my family—my father's family, that is. They don't seem to have done much for me. Do you think you could hunt us up some cash out of all this? Strikes me that's what we're wanting." He laughed a little and threw back his head with a

boyish gesture. He had dark eyes and hair, with a young moustache rather lighter in hue. Though not exactly handsome, he had an attractive face, and Michael Druett returned the smile with ready sympathy.

"Ah, you don't get much pay, I'm afraid," he said. "You're in a bank, aren't you?"

"Yes; a beastly grind with a miserable screw at the end of it, and not much prospect on the top of that. Still, what's a fellow to do in these hard days? You see, my father died when he was only a captain—his pension's not much; and my mother has got Lilian on her hands to educate besides me. She's gone over to Lausanne with her, and I have to shift as best I can. Here, I'll show you my mother's portrait. She's been a real beauty; she was Irish, you know. And Lilian's got eyes just like her. I don't think my father was much to look at from what people say, but I dare say the family was all right. I know there is a coat of arms inside his Bible. But, as I said before, if there's no cash, I can't see the good of a pedigree."

Michael Druett smiled indulgently.

"There speaks the democracy of the age," he said. "You young fellows have all caught it. Well, anyhow, I hope you'll help me if you can; or perhaps your mother will."

"Are you come over here to live?" asked the young man, suddenly.

"I? Oh! I hardly know. I might, perhaps. Certainly, my friends are all in the colony; but I have no nearer ties anywhere."

"I see. You are not married?"

"I have been a widower twenty years. But, tell me now—you were sketching in Haverston, I hear, last summer—haven't you ever visited that grand old ruined mansion that was once your ancestors' home?"

"Oh! you mean Long Barrow—the old farmhouse? Oh, dear, yes. I know that—er—uncommonly well."

"Grand old place," said Michael Druett, enthusiastically. "I went there, and the old man showed me all over it. Do you know, I should like to buy that place!"

"Would you, though?" said the young man, blankly. His face betrayed more emotion than hitherto.

"Well—as a matter of principle," continued his visitor. "I think it so very sad that it should have passed away from the family."

"Er—well, you see, they don't seem to have been great hands

at keeping things together. Not that I need talk, because I find it jolly difficult myself," added the bank clerk, regretfully.

Michael Druett rose and held out his hand. "I like your frankness," he said. "Upon my word, I do. I hope we shall be friends. We must talk again over this matter of the pedigree." He drew some papers from his pocket and turned them over casually but with a loving hand. "I've got it all here," he continued. "Some day I shall ask you to give me your attention. The six generations are all traced, with the collateral branches. Only, in the one case—that of a certain Anthony Druett, who married a Hutchinson in 1640—the chain breaks down. There is uncertainty as to the issue; though I feel confident myself that it is from their son Jeremiah that *my* branch of the family is descended. But we must find the link. Somewhere, I am certain, we shall find it. That Miss Hutchinson, by the way, came of a very good family. She was a distantly removed step-cousin of——"

"Oh, bless my soul!" cried the young man, suddenly. "Why, what a head you must have! You ought to have been Lord Chancellor. I should end in a lunatic asylum if I went in for all that."

"Oh, it's quite simple to anyone interested," said Michael, patiently; but he put away his beloved papers a little sadly as he spoke. The hobby rider's reproach is handed down through every generation to which he pipes—in vain.

Early in June, Michael Druett took up his quarters at the "Mason's Arms" in Haverston; and there, on one hot and dusty afternoon, his newly found cousin broke in upon him, unannounced. The elder man greeted him joyfully:—

"My dear fellow—delighted to see you. I've only just returned from a pilgrimage to Ecclescombe, and I've been regretting the whole time that you were not with me. I think you would have been really interested, upon my word. I found another churchyard with undoubted relics of a branch of our family. I may say with confidence that two of the missing links are supplied."

Henry Druett sat down in an easy-chair and mopped his face with his pocket-handkerchief.

"You don't say so," he replied. "Is it Jeremiah?"

'Ah! no; not Jeremiah. I grieve to say it is not Jeremiah. But we are one step nearer to him, and that is a great thing accomplished. All stages in genealogical research are necessarily slow."

"So they are, by Jove!" said the young man, heartily. "But I'm awfully glad you are getting on so well. I'm certain some day you will find Jeremiah—his bones, that is; and then we shall know where we are and all about it. Meantime, how goes the house-building? Getting on?"

"Famously. You must come with me to see it. The plans are all laid. It is to be restored just in the old form—the perfect E. It will be one of the most admirable specimens, I hope, in the kingdom."

"Ah! quite so. And the old people—the Gassons—where are they?"

"They are comfortably settled in the village; they seem quite satisfied and happy. As a matter of fact, I think the farm was getting too much for the old man, and he was glad of a good bargain."

"Humph. Yes, I dare say. Pretty little girl, Polly Gasson, don't you think?"

"Polly! Oh! the daughter! Yes, I thought her very well-mannered."

"Oh! very. She has been sensibly brought up, don't you know? She'll make a good wife for some chap presently."

"Oh! no doubt; in her own class—yes. She won't be above working in her proper sphere. That is the great fault of the agricultural class nowadays. But I should like you to come with me and see the place. Won't you stay the night here?"

"Thanks. I might just manage till Sunday evening. The fact is I wanted to—to make a suggestion to you about all this pedigree business. I've been thinking it over, and it seems to me a confounded pity that all the trouble you're taking should end—well, end with you, as it were. Don't you think the family history would make an uncommonly interesting book?"

Michael Druett brought his hand down upon the table enthusiastically.

"The very thing I've been thinking of for years!" he cried. "A wonderful history; and so many materials collected. Such research! Such a thousand pities not to have the record printed, if only for the sake of the historical interest involved. I've thought of it. But it is a task to which I am unequal. I can collect and organise, but I have no literary skill."

"Well, if I had the time," said the young man, slowly, "I would have a try at it."

"You would?"



"That I would, and I think I'd make something of it, too. Oh ! hang modesty, you know ! I don't want to brag, but I know I'm a fair hand at putting things together. Only, you see, it would take all my time, and I couldn't afford it."

Michael Druett rose and grasped the hand of his unclaimed cousin. His face, which had been flushed with the heat, became crimson with excitement.

"You shall do it !" he cried. "We will be partners in this admirable undertaking. You shall supply the brains and the work ; I will supply the material and the money. You give up your clerkship at once ; I will make it worth your while. Come and live here for the time, and I will provide you with the means of living. We ought to be near together for consultation."

"Just so—but——" There was an embarrassed pause. Michael Druett surveyed his companion kindly ; he seemed to be also affected by the heat.

"Don't mind me," he said, gently. "We've all been young once. If there is any difficulty you're in, I dare say we'll be able to see you through it. I feel as if you were my own son, don't you know ?—only—of course—there should be confidence."

"Yes, of course." Henry repeated the words mechanically. For the first time his glance fell before the mild, patient gaze. "It isn't much," he continued, hurriedly. "It's only a few debts and little things. It's been a difficult year, rather. And the screw is awfully little, you know, for a chap to manage on, and I dare say I haven't been an extra good hand. But, you see, if I give it all up it will be like starting fresh, and I should have liked to start clear, and have a little something to back me up. I couldn't throw myself thoroughly into the thing otherwise."

"Think it over," said Michael Druett, "and let me know how much you want to clear you. I don't say I would do this sort of thing constantly—you understand ? But this once, and in consideration of the immense service you would render me, I would do it. You must think it over and let me know. And meantime I should like you to come to the house with me. By-the-bye, a serious question has arisen in my mind respecting the coat of arms. You may remember the Druett arms are engraved in the stonework over the old south door. I should, of course, like them restored with the rest ; but if the links can be supplied, and my branch of the family is once for all recognised in its proper place in the pedigree, those arms should be differenced—you understand me ?—and I must see that this is done."

"Quite so," said Henry, readily. "That will be simple enough, as I understand it, after the finding of Jeremiah."

In the dusk that same evening, Polly Gasson waited under the lengthening shadows of the yew hedge outside the churchyard. The twilight augmented the charm of her pretty face and girlish figure, hiding the somewhat too obvious attempt at fashion in the badly cut gown, and reducing the gaudy lustre of imitation jewels at her throat and waistband. Her bright, dark eyes searched the distance anxiously as she stood there, waiting, with an expression more wistful than gay. But suddenly it broke into a smile, and with a little run she advanced to meet Henry Druett, who caught her promptly in his arms.

"Sharp little girl. Always up to time. This is splendid. So you got the note I sent by that little urchin. By Jove ! I was at my wits' end to-day to know how to get at you. It's no fun having a sweetheart in a village street with everybody's windows between us. I miss the jolly old sheds and orchard."

"So do I. Oh ! so do I, ever so much." There was a note of genuine pathos in the girl's voice, which was, moreover, free from the blemish of a too-pronounced rusticity. "So do I miss it, and the cows and the dairy. It is so miserable in that little shut-up place ; and father, he's that cantankerous ; I'm sure it's nothing but having lost interest in things, and with nothing to do. I wish that horrid old man had never come from across seas to turn us out of house and home. It's nothing but a shame, I call it."

Henry Druett bent and kissed the tearful face, his own impulsive nature swayed immediately by the depression of her mood. "It's a rotten business, all of it, of course," he said, emphatically. "And he's just as mad as they make them—on that point, anyway. But don't cry, sweet, for we sha'n't mend it. We must make the best of it, and go on waiting for something to turn up."

He spoke half-heartedly, in some preoccupation, for, in truth, that afternoon's transaction, which had ended in the present of a cheque for two hundred pounds, with the understanding that the literary work to which he had pledged himself should begin straightway, was weighing upon his mind. He felt, with the quick reaction of a versatile temperament, that he would do anything to get out of it.

"It strikes me I'm in a devil of a mess," he observed, moodily.

The girl continued her own train of thought unheeding. She had heard the above statement so often that it failed of its due impressiveness.

"There was something to look forward to," she said, mournfully, "in the old days. We could meet and talk in the orchard, and have good times, and no one knowing. But that's all done now. And someone's bound to see us one of these days, and what'll be said then? My father, he's always saying as no good comes of a girl like me keeping company with a gentleman, especially when nothing's said open about it. And I don't see how it's going on like this," she added, conclusively. "It 'ud break my heart to hear folks' ill-natured chatter."

"The brutes!" said Henry, mechanically. He was looking straight before him with puckered brows.

Then the girl, not ill-advised by the Goddess of Persuasion, put soft arms round her lover's neck entreatingly.

"Don't you think you could let us be married soon?" she whispered, "and take me away from it all somewhere."

Thus did temptation in the insidious guise of shy speech and rustic beauty lay siege to the heart of Henry Druett in his unguarded hour. And because with all his faults he was a decent fellow, unwilling to place at a disadvantage the girl whom he honestly loved, the said temptation was too strong for his moral courage to resist. Something and somebody must be sacrificed, he determined hurriedly; and what matter if only he could make a fresh beginning, with a prospect of happiness for his sweetheart and himself?

"Tell me, Polly," he said, hastily. "I had an offer the other day from an old pal of mine to go out and join him at the Cape; that's South Africa, you know. It didn't sound a bad thing, but I said nothing, for I couldn't see my way—then—clearly. Would you—supposing that I took it—would you really go too?"

"Yes," said the girl, steadily; "I would go."

A week later, Jacob Goodsall sauntered up to the wicket-gate of the churchyard to smoke his usual pipe of meditation; and as he stood leaning against the wooden post, Michael Druett came by.

"Ah! Jacob," he said, kindly, and would have passed on with few words; but the old man detained him.

"No business in this quarter to-night, I take it," he observed, throwing a backward glance at the tombstones.

Mr. Druett shook his head with a faint smile. He looked, as in truth he was, depressed and saddened; and there was no object in hiding the fact from curious eyes. For by this time all the village knew that young Henry Druett, like many another inglorious scion of a once distinguished race, had run away with a damsel of low

degree ; while some knew also that he had appropriated the money delivered to him for other purposes in the payment of a passage to South Africa for himself and his bride. What they did not know, however, was the real extent of the elder man's mortification. He could have forgiven the throwing up of an undertaking which upon mature reflection seemed too hard. He could even have forgiven the lapse from honour after the candid and penitent letter which made no attempt at justification or excuse. But he could not, and never would, forgive this last discredit upon the ancestral name. That the "*clarum et venerabile nomen*" which had become the idol of his later years should be thus dishonoured by an alliance with a daughter of the people seemed to him the unpardonable sin, and the circumstance had robbed his new enterprise of much of its charm and interest.

"Thanks, no," he said, in answer to Jacob's inquiry. "I have no 'business' any more with the relics in Haverston churchyard ; but there are still other places awaiting investigation. I am travelling to Scotland to-morrow."

The old man's glance rested shrewdly upon him.

"Do ye mind what we was saying that night as ye first came to these parts?" he asked ; "when I told you as I reckoned it wor better to find *ancestors* underground than relations on top?"

"Yes, Jacob," said Mr. Druett, gravely.

"Ah ! and I reckon my words has come true," he continued, with a chuckle ; "and if you don't think it now, there'll come a time when you will. There's nought profitable in the finding of relations, save that it brings a man of understanding to a patient mind."

"And patience is an excellent thing," said Michael Druett, smiling. "I am sure you're a lesson to us all. By-the-bye, there was a funeral to-day, I think. Didn't I hear—some—connection of yours——"

"My wife's sister, thank the Lord.!" said Jacob, piously. "And there warn't no stronger proof nowhere of what I said about relations. I never took no interest in the diseased wife's sister bill," he added, darkly ; and Michael Druett, thinking that comment or criticism would be superfluous, bade him a genial good-evening and went his way.



## BRET HARTE:

### *FIRST AND LAST TALES OF THE ARGONAUTS.*

**A**N error of indiscretion at the onset of a man's career is apt to shadow his after life; in the same way, a sudden success in early youth is not always the unmitigated boon it seems to be. Poets, dramatists, authors, sculptors, musicians, and even the scientists, when they have produced in adolescence some work that has gained for them a rapid and extensive popularity, will find themselves constantly confronted with that initial success, and their subsequent efforts critically compared with it. The public, so quick to set up an idol, is equally prompt to seek for the feet of clay, and to cavil at unfulfilled promises.

Bret Harte has had both the instantaneous recognition of his talent and the disadvantage of being constantly compared with himself. His literary reputation was practically founded on a short story and a topical poem: "The Luck of Roaring Camp" and "Plain Words from Truthful James" (rechristened by popular choice "The Heathen Chinee.") He became known to fame as the author of the former; and while his busy pen was never idle, still, as time passed, it was with "The Luck of Roaring Camp" that his later writings were disparagingly contrasted. Known in France by the inadequate title of *La Chance du Camp Rugissant*, in Spain sonorously as *La Fortuna del Campo Clamoroso*, translated and extolled in Germany, the story remains an admirable sketch and nothing more. A number of the subsequent tales are as good, many are better, and a majority show—as it is only natural that they should—the gradual development and maturing of a talent which, extraordinary in youth, required and imperatively demanded a more thorough knowledge of life, a wider conception of humanity, to realise all that the world had a right to expect from its early achievements.

Bret Harte's stories are unequal in merit; when a man writes much, be he ever so conscientious and his workmanship ever so

good, the subjects he chooses are not always quite so happy, nor do they lend themselves to an equally satisfactory treatment, and that is more especially the case with the short story ; some must appeal only to one set of readers, while others are preferred by a different audience. Still, it must be noted that when, during the past fifteen years, a fresh book of collected stories by Bret Harte appeared, the critics, always on the look-out for it, were never unanimous in their judgment. The tale chosen for pre-eminence by one was relegated to the last rank by the next ; what was considered a blemish by some was praised by others ; and if in this plausible and mercantile age a fact has some weight in proving that Bret Harte's popularity was not on the wane, it is that the public and the intelligent publishers were equally eager to obtain his work at his own price, and that he had more applications and commissions for stories than he could entertain or write. When he died, he left unfulfilled several promises he had made.

A common complaint was that the author ever trod the same ground and drew from the same sources, and yet he was invariably censured by his critics when he momentarily forsook his old haunts and laid his scene in Germany or England ; he was told with some acerbity that what was wanted from the author of "Tennessee's Partner" were his reminiscences of the "Argonauts."

It has been repeatedly averred that he was incapable of writing a really good long novel, basing this judgment on the early story "Gabriel Conroy." To a certain extent this was true of this particular book, only it should be remembered that "Gabriel Conroy" did not suffer from paucity of plot or poverty of imagination, but from undue length and a prodigality of material which hampered the action and overlaid the rare beauty of certain passages with a profuseness of irrelevant matter and an exuberance of vitality. Since then, among his longer works one finds "Maruja," founded on a true episode ; "Cressy," with its varied characters ; the "First Family of Tasajara," with the rise of a group of citizens ; the "Argonauts of North Liberty," with the revolt of a young wife against the narrowness of her surroundings ; "The Ward of the Golden Gate," with its charming Yerba and the quaint Southern Colonel Pendleton ; and the "Crusade of the Excelsior," with the central figure of Perkins, adventurer, liberator, revolutionist, boastful and unscrupulous, kind-hearted withal, and chivalrous at times—a character to live in the long gallery of portraits limned by Bret Harte and belonging to the types he had made his own. Such, and all in a greater or less degree, annul the criticism passed on "Gabriel Conroy," and refute the charge that

he could write only short stories. But above all these stands out the trilogy of the "Waif of the Plains," "Susy," and "Clarence," three distinct parts of a complete whole. The author takes the principal figure as a forsaken child on the Prairie, and carries him through his youth, manhood, loves, manifold adventures, failures, and ultimate success, with an unerring precision. He never loses his hold on the character of "Clarence," he develops it logically, consistently, to the crowning scenes, and in this literary *tour de force* triumphantly asserts his capability of writing a long novel.

I do not think it heresy to say that if the breathless episodes of the "Luck," "Miggles," or "Tennessee's Partner" had appeared fifteen years *after* instead of *before* some of Bret Harte's later works, they would have challenged unfavourable comparisons with the pathetic episode of "An Apostle of the Tules," "Left Out on Lone Star Mountain," "Barker's Luck," or "A Sappho of Green Springs," notwithstanding their rare merit and originality.

De Quincey has said that all novels, "the best equally with the worst, have failed almost with the generation that produced them." This severe judgment can only apply to the ephemeral literature flooding the market at the present time, but it is not borne out by fact. "Don Quixote" is immortal, "Notre Dame de Paris" cannot die, the "Vicar of Wakefield" and "Manon Lescaut" are ever young and fresh. The figures that we remember are not necessarily the heroes, the soldiers, the *grandes amoureuses*, the martyrs of Fate or guilty passion; they may be a child like Little Nell, an orphan like Jane Eyre, a gypsy like Esmeralda; but they are the essence of the different natures of their species, all absolutely true, only requiring the hand of genius to mould them into imperishable shape, and they will continue to be the generic expression for others of the same species long after their creators have disappeared. Of such are Colonel Starbottle, John Oakhurst, Jack Hamlin, the wayward girls and reckless miners of Bret Harte's stories, drawn thirty years ago, vivid still because they are *real*, and felt to be so even by those who are ignorant of the conditions to which they owe their existence.

Bret Harte had the faculty of evolving his types alike from nature and imagination. The influence of journalism and the editorship of magazines, to which he devoted some of his earlier years, is traceable in his first writings; they were published day by day, and were, therefore, necessarily short, sketchy, and abrupt in their terminations; it was only with the later repose of greater leisure and immunity from uncongenial labours that he began to

elaborate his subjects. In using the word "elaborate," I am far from implying that he ever once departed from his characteristic and conscientious sobriety of methods, his condensing of superfluous matter, his terse expositions and logical endings; but the frame was wider, the material more complex, the *dramatis personæ* were more numerous; the thumb-nail sketches had become pictures, the brief episodes had grown into stories, and their outline was firmer and broader.

In spite of the hackneyed assertion of resemblance between Bret Harte and Dickens, there is far more similitude between the American author and the French writer, Prosper Mérimée. Both have the same instinctive perception of character, both can in a few lines, delicately yet incisively traced, evoke personalities, scenery, dialogue; the reader is at once interested, and before he closes the book he feels almost as if those people he has never seen, those surroundings with which he was hitherto unacquainted, are familiar and old friends.

Undoubtedly the good fortune of Bret Harte lay in having discovered and presented to his contemporaries of all nationalities an absolutely new world, and in having invested it with heroism and poetry, pathos and humour, a wild grandeur and strange romance, without attempting to gloss over its coarseness, unbridled excesses, its vices and crimes; but he explained and excused them by showing the inevitable struggle between unfettered nature and an encroaching but still incomplete civilisation, and by the grain of goodness which leavened the whole mass. He availed himself of this juxtaposition to produce effects as remarkable as they are unexpected, and their fascination lies in the certainty that they were taken *sur le vif*. To his credit also is the undisputed quality that, however sordid, wild, or godless his models, he himself is never coarse and always moral; the inherent gentleness and charity of his disposition takes the venom out of the sting, and shows the redeeming feature in the worst cases.

It was decidedly fortunate that he left California when he did, never to return to it; for his quick, instinctive perceptions would have assimilated the new order of things, to the detriment of his talent. As it was, his singularly retentive memory remained unbiassed by the transformation of the centres whence he drew his inspirations. He did not see the roughly built towns growing into fashionable cities, desolate mining camps become prosperous settlements, nor the reckless, happy-go-lucky miners develop into wealthy merchants and financiers. California remained to him the Mecca



of the Argonauts ; he always saw it with its sierras, its cañons, its adobe cabins, its picturesque failings, its rough virtues, its easy mirth and brave endurance, its encompassing fogs and pitiless sunshine. As he had loved it in his hopeful boyhood, he loved it still in his manhood ; absence and time did not dull its charm, and he was able after the long separation to paint it from memory with his old realism and truthfulness. To its freshness and originality fifty years ago he owed his freshness and originality of style.

*Le style, c'est l'homme*, and Monsieur de Buffon's maxim is distinctly applicable to Bret Harte. Like himself, his is concise, correct, conscientious, self-contained, sincere, expressive, and graphic. He never allows himself superfluous digressions, philosophical or metaphysical dissertations ; his language is plain, direct, audacious at times, frequently humorous, more often pathetic, and occasionally touching in its simplicity. He does not pose for the gallery, or strive to surprise emotion or mirth ; he has a story to tell, and tells it without metaphors or personal comment. The author is consistently effaced behind the actors ; he allows their movements and words to speak for themselves, only now and then a short satirical or descriptive sentence accents the action.

The peculiar felicity of his style compels our toleration and often our sympathy (which he never attempts to claim) for those outcasts whom justice and morality would unhesitatingly condemn. The indulgence which he evidently feels becomes contagious, and we no longer have the inclination to lift the mantle of broad charity which he throws over his offenders. He does not preach or plead, but pity soon becomes involuntary sympathy for the gambler, the fallen woman, the irresponsible sinner, and we recognise the extenuating circumstances the more readily that they are not forced upon us.

Bret Harte read much and forgot nothing ; he was well acquainted with American, English, and foreign literature. Catholic in his tastes, he gave generous and unstinted praise to those of his fellow authors whom he liked : Victor Hugo, Dumas the elder, Alphonse Daudet, Tourguenieff. He considered Zola a powerful genius, although no two men could have been more dissimilar in their feelings and expressions. That he loved Dickens we know ; he enjoyed the quaint conceits of Jacobs, the descriptive charm of Hardy, notably in the "Woodlanders," the last book he ever read, and of which he was often heard, as he laid down the volume, to say with heartfelt appreciation, "That is fine—very fine." Nevertheless, it is characteristic of his strong individuality that he was never unconsciously

betrayed into imitation of form, matter, or treatment. That he had the faculty of assimilating any given style we gather from the clever parodies and skits of the "Condensed Novels," in which he reproduced with amazing fidelity the salient traits of the authors he so good-naturedly burlesqued.

By temperament or from deliberate purpose, Bret Harte has eliminated from his work the all-pervading factor of modern fiction—passion. Love, legitimate or otherwise, plays a subservient part in his stories, and is always inferior to friendship, devotion, and fidelity. Possibly on account of that omission his stories have caused some disappointment to a fraction of his readers who expected that sooner or later the American author would depart from his reticence and deal with love supreme, love irresistible, love irrational, love forbidden, love guilty even ; but he never pandered to a morbid excitement, and he suffered the penalty of his unvarying resolve. As a consequence, his heroines, with a few brilliant exceptions, are not as convincing as his heroes. His girls and young women are pretty, frivolous, flirting, irresponsible, light-hearted, and often empty-headed creatures ; they are handled with more tolerant gentleness than real approval, although presented as obtaining the worship and exacting the services of the male members of the community ; notwithstanding many graceful tributes to their charms, they remain mostly colourless and endowed only with negative qualities. Gustave Doré could not paint a perfectly beautiful face ; Bret Harte did not create a perfectly noble, superior, commanding woman. Was it because such a model had never offered itself to him, or because other memories clouded his perception of womanly excellence ? Whatever the reason, the result is regrettable, for it is a chord missing on his lyre. But where he excelled, where his masterly hand wrought miracles, was in the presentation of the harsh, hard-featured, loveless, and unlovely women who pass their hopeless life in the dreariest surroundings, and whom he could make picturesque and pathetic for the very want of picturesqueness and pathos about them. Of these is the widow Hill in "The Apostle of the Tules," an unforgettable portrait ; dwelling with her three unhealthy children in coarse poverty, prematurely old, prematurely disappointed, in the midst of misfitting furniture, and clad in misshapen garments, with only the stultifying comfort of a narrow, bigoted religion. To her comes the young enthusiastic revivalist Gideon ; his heart melts with pity, and in his inability to give her other help he offers to marry her. She accepts in a sullen, stubborn fashion, and then when alone in her room a hitherto untouched spring is opened, and in her first

burst of real womanliness she moans, "Oh ! he might—he might have said he—loved me !"

The widow is only one of equally disgraced and equally interesting beings, and the tales in which they appear have surely reached as high a level of excellence as those that made Bret Harte's fame nearly half a century ago ; and I maintain that only a man who has seen, and maybe suffered, grief and disappointments could graphically and convincingly depict feelings and experiences hidden from the eyes of a young man, even if he were a genius.

Bret Harte is indulgent to the frailties and errors inherent to human nature when mixed with a certain frankness and dash, but has a scathing contempt for the hypocrites of religion and morality ; he ruthlessly divulges the sterility of the narrow creeds that prohibit enjoyment, denounce happiness, and teach only the hard lessons of repression and punishment, atonement without charity, impeccable virtue without grace. The Elders and Brothers of a narrow faith, heroes to a narrow following, are shown up to censure and even ridicule with a remorseless fidelity which is more damning than expressed censure. He places them in the scale far below the unregenerate sinners who play so large a part in his writings, for in the former he does not see that redeeming feature of sincerity which gives a hope of redemption.

But Bret Harte was too thorough an artist not to realise at the long distance that separated him from his own California that circumstances had changed, that to the troubled turmoil of the early days, lifting to the surface the scum of lawlessness and crime, had succeeded a more wholesome condition of things ; that a purer atmosphere had arisen with the growth of industry, education, progress, and with it a sense of responsibility, a strengthening of social ties, a greater stability, and a more civilised if less picturesque status. He has done justice to the transformation in several of his tales and novels ; in the "*Mæcenæ of the Pacific Slope*," "*Snow-bound at Eagle's*," "*A Phyllis of the Sierras*," and others too numerous to mention in detail. He has given touching and charming pictures of the priests and padres of the old Spanish missions of the coast range ; as one instance only I must mention Father Pedro, of "*The Mission of San Carmel*," whose "rare smile had an ecclesiastical as well as a human significance," who, at the decline of a long, solitary existence spent in his monastery, adopted the small waif stranded on the shore in a fog, reared her, loved her, and saw her leave him and the mission, the only home she had known—without a pang or spoken regret. The broken-hearted Padre was left behind, a



desolate, lonely watcher of "the murmuring breakers, the slowly lifting fog, and the slow coming of the dawn."

Reminiscent of the days when Bret Harte associated with the descendants of Las Casas and Juniper Serra, he has retained a grateful partiality of their hospitality, as also of the dispossessed, silent, uncomplaining Spaniard maintaining in the midst of uncongenial interlopers his stately traditions and hereditary pride of race. Those old-world survivors appear at intervals, always interesting and dignified, in "A Blue Grass Penelope," as Don Jose, in the "Devotion of Enriquez," and several others, contrasting picturesquely, always sadly, and generally favourably with the shrewd, practical Americans who superseded them and gradually annexed their patrimony and heritage.

Bret Harte's children are invariably delightful; they constitute an audience mutely cognisant of the intentions of their elders, weighing them by a process of their own, and reserving their veto with the instinctive wisdom of their species. They are not the product of over-education and premature philosophy which modern fiction has made too familiar; they are sturdy, healthy, untutored, imaginative young animals, rude at times and impertinent frequently, succumbing freely to the instincts of their years, apt to lie, to steal, to take summary revenge, but susceptible of gratitude, blind devotion, and cheerful service to those they—with or without grounds—take into their favour.

Who will not remember Johnnyboy, Rupert Filgee in "Cressy," Sarah Walker, the irrepressible, May "The Mother of Five" (dolls), Peggy and her four-footed protégés, the idyllic "Queen of the Pirate Isle," Leonidas, the "Mercury of the Foot Hills," and his snake, all members of the same large family, closely allied in their salient characteristics, and yet made individual by the hand that presents them? It behoved an author whose work has been invariably clean and wholesome to be the biographer of pure, clean, and innocent beings, and to lend them the added graces of his gentle imaginings.

And now we come to the types of manhood which have become inseparable from the name of Bret Harte. Not only the sturdy miners, the bold adventurers, the ever-hopeful and ever-disappointed gold seekers on whose fortunes he has lovingly dwelt, but those more finished types of higher grade—John Oakhurst, Jack Hamlin, Colonel Starbottle, who stand out conspicuously from the crowded background. They have been introduced over and over again, and always felicitously, in tale and novel during the last twenty years, and have ever been hailed with pleasure. Bret Harte has made Oakhurst



the exponent of a nobler code among his peers. Jack Hamlin has the complex nature of gambler, musician, artist, and adventurer; he would have degenerated into a *roué* had he not been restrained the brink of more unpardonable errors by an innate sense of chivalry to women; he might have become an infidel were it not for the poetic fibre in him which made him keenly susceptible to the sudden impulses of religion, prayer, and repentance. We have him fathering his "Protégée," counselling "The Jay of Mariposa," using his influence in his "Mediation," and appearing—alas! for the last time—in the story of his "Convalescence."

Colonel Starbottle, a more humorous but no less popular figure, has become familiar, with his bombastic presence, his pompous and verbose utterances, his imperviousness to sarcasm, his prompt readiness to resent and avenge affronts real or imaginary, and his conspicuous interference in the affairs of his "Client," his "Ward," and "for the plaintiff." The public never tired of him, and the publishers, who gauged the popular taste, often asked the author to introduce the "Colonel" in future stories. He intended to do so, and the few last lines he ever wrote were headed "A Friend of Colonel Starbottle's."

Nevertheless, there are other minor characters that appeal insidiously to the fastidious reader: they are the gentle, innocent, youthful, inexperienced men with more tenderness than intelligence, more dependence than energy, strong only in their power of self-sacrifice, of unselfish friendship, their dogged fidelity to stronger partners, entirely lovable, and sometimes by the irony of fate becoming the *dei ex machina* in the affairs of the level-headed companions whose butt and plaything they had been. No more touching instances can be named than "Old Man," the younger partner in "Left Out on Lone Star Mountain," or Barker, in "Barker's Luck"; they stand out luminously among the crowds of names that *will* come under my pen and tacitly reproach me for omitting them.

Men, women, children, priests, hidalgos, framed in picturesque scenery or grouped in the wilderness of prairie and the isolation of distant camps, seem to protest against possible oblivion and to declare that they will keep green before the world of to-day the name of him who evoked them out of the world of yesterday.

By accident, or perhaps by one of the inexplicable premonitions that control our actions, the last volume of Bret Harte, appearing under the title of "Trent's Trust" a twelvemonth after his death, contains the representative types of his creation. We have the

quick-witted, independent child of half-Spanish origin in "The Pupil of Chestnut Ridge," the lovable, sentimental, boyish miner in "Prosper's Old Mother," Colonel Starbottle with the independent bewitching little creature he accepted as his ward, and Jack Hamlin, convalescent and using the leisure of his restoration to health in charming the boy and girl of his hosts, in melting the hearts of a bigoted Presbyterian community with the strains of his music, and inducting the supercilious elders of the church into the sinful mysteries of Poker and Bluff!

As we bid a reluctant farewell to these, with the other creations of the author of "New and Old Tales of the Argonauts," we confidently leave it to them to verify the prophecy of Alfred de Vigny:

"Sur la pierre des morts croît l'arbre de grandeur."

M. S. VAN DE VELDE.

## A CHAPTER ON NAMES.

**T**HOUGH surnames in England and France would appear to have had an existence of less than a thousand years, yet among the Romans, at any rate, they may be traced back to a long antiquity. Formerly a distinction was made between the sirname, *i.e.* the sire's name (as for example Macdonald=son of Donald, Robertson=son of Robert), and the surname (from French *sur*=Lat. *super*, *i.e.* over and above), which is a name given *over and above* the Christian name, of which we find instances in the ancient names of Artaxerxes Longimanus, Harold Harefoot, Malcolm Canmore, &c., in some of which they are more strictly nicknames (from Old Eng. *neke* name, *i.e.* *eken* name, Germ. *Ekel* name, though some derive it from Germ. *necken*=to tease, *i.e.* a teasing name, or one used in playful contempt) than surnames in the present sense of the term. Among savage tribes, the earliest form of the family name seems to have been what is called totemistic (from the Indian word *wuhtohtimoin*=that to which a person belongs, usually some animal, as a snake, wolf, kangaroo, &c., which the savages regarded as the emblem of a clan or individual, on account of their being supposed to be sprung from or related to it, which was also made an object of worship amongst them, and called a totem). Parkman, in his "History of the Jesuits in America," states that each clan has for its emblem the beast, bird, reptile, plant, or other object from which its name is derived. This emblem, called *totem* by the Algonquins, is often tattooed on the clansman's body. It has been urged, however, by Herbert Spencer that totemism arose from a misinterpretation of nicknames, for savages, having first assumed the names of natural objects, confused these objects with their ancestors of the same name, and then revered them as they did their ancestors. It seems certain that totemism existed among the ancient Egyptians, and probably among the Semitic race, as well as the Greek<sup>1</sup> and Latin races. But in

<sup>1</sup> Families traced their origin to Zeus, who as a bull or swan was the father of their race.

addition to these family designations involving blood-relationship, special names were given to bodies of men collected together in some locality, *e.g.* Hill-men, Plain-men, Coast-men, Bush-men, &c., analogous to the Diacrioi, Pediacoi, and Paraloi of the Athenians. At an early period in the history of the human family it became necessary to adopt some method of distinguishing the individual from his fellows, which would naturally precede the necessity of distinguishing one family from another, and then one clan from some other in the vicinity. Natural phenomena, and objects of, or qualifications for, the chase would most readily suggest an opportunity, and so we find savage tribes of Indians enlisting in this service the names of the sun, moon, clouds, winds, and animals. Readers of Longfellow's wonderful Indian epic "Hiawatha," son of the West Wind, will recall many names like those adopted by various Indian tribes at the present day, such as "Laughing Water" (wife of Hiawatha), "Great Bear," "Strong Man," or like those which we find in Cooper's Indian tales, such as "Pathfinder," "Deerslayer," "Big Serpent," often suggested by the special skill developed by the individual, this honourable appellation being either appended to, or substituted for, the name given at birth. Mr. Lang says that, if we could get an Iroquois to explain his titles, we might find him to be "Morning Cloud" (birth name), "Hungry Wolf" (confirmation name), "He that raises the white fellow's scalp" (honour-giving name), of the Crane totem (family name). But in process of time this rude system of totemism naturally yielded to a sort of hero-worship, which procured a name for the entire clan or tribe claiming descent from some hero or chief instead of from an animal, so that in place of being the group called "Bears" or "Snakes," they would become the clan whose name was derived from the chief, *e.g.* supposing it to be Fabius, they would become the clan of the Fabii (to use a Roman example). On turning to the very ancient records of Biblical history, we find the individual distinguished at first by a single name, Adam, Noah, Enoch, Abram, and so on, and the gradual growth of the surname by appending the father's name to that of the son, as Caleb the son of Jephunneh, Joshua the son of Nun, just as we find in Homer, Achilles the son of Peleus, or Ajax son of Oileus, Ajax son of Telamon, and among the Romans Æneas son of Anchises, which find their counterpart in the old Norman patronymic Fitz (= *filius*) in Fitz-Walter (son of Walter), Fitz-Herbert (son of Herbert), &c., and the Irish O', as O'Neal (son of Neal), O'Connor (son of Connor), &c., and the Scotch Mac, as MacDonald (son of Donald), MacLeod (son of



Leod), MacPherson (son of Pherson), &c., while the Saxons added, instead of prefixing, the son's name to that of the father, as Williamson (son of William), Richardson, Johnson, &c. The use of surnames in England dates from the time of Edward the Confessor, though they seem to have been comparatively few and far between until the reign of Edward II., up to which period the names of sons were simply modified forms of the father's name, *e.g.* if the father was called Roger the son would receive the name of Hodgson, if Richard the son would simply add *son*, and so for John, William, &c. However, after the reign of the aforesaid Edward II., the question of surnames is said to have been settled by the legislature of the realm. The oldest surnames are those recorded in Domesday Book (from Ang. Sax. *domes dæg*, day of doom or decree), which is a record of the statistical survey of England, made by command of William I. in 1085-6. The two volumes, written on vellum, contain, amongst other facts, the names of the most important landholders of the country. The surnames occurring therein are for the most part local names with the prefix *de* ("of"), such as Walterus de Vernon, Robertus de Oyly, &c., though some are patronymics, like Gulielmus filius Osberni, while others again are official names added to the Christian name, as Eudo Dapifer (=the Server or Waiter, one who carries up dishes at a feast), Gulielmus Camerarius (William the Chamberlain), Gislebertus Cocus (Gislebert, a Saxon name=bright, the Cook), &c. As opposed to the landowners, the inferior class of people are recorded in that book by their Christian names only. In France, previous to A.D. 987, surnames were unknown; but in that year the territorial lords began to assume as surnames the designations of their demesnes. In Scotland, surnames were introduced at the time of the Conquest by those English who accompanied Edgar Atheling when he fled into that kingdom. Among these are found such surnames as Lisle, Lovell, Moubray, &c., with the prefix *de*, which makes it probable that these names were taken from the properties which they or their forefathers possessed. Two centuries and a half previously, *i.e.* about A.D. 800, in the reign of Kenneth II., the nobles called their lands after their own names, which, however, were merely personal distinctions ending with themselves. At that time we also find such patronymics as John the son of William, or official designations as surnames such as Stewart, or trade names such as Tailor (Taylor), Weaver, Barber, &c., or from such accidents as complexion or stature, such as Black, White, Long, Short, &c. (*cf.* the Red Comyn, the Black Douglas, &c.).

In Wales, a long period elapsed before surnames came into fashion, the common form being *ap* prefixed to the father's name, as Evan *ap* Howel (son of Howel), Evan *ap* Rice, which altered in course of time by elision of *a* and connection of the *p* with the following letter, so that Evan *ap* Rice becomes E. Price, and E. *ap* Howel assumes the form of E. Powell. In Sweden, surnames appear to have been unknown so late as the reign of Henry VIII. in England, viz. about the year 1514; and it is said that the common people generally have none even at the present time, as is the case with the Bohemians, Poles, and others. In ancient times, as we said before, each person had only one name, *e.g.* in the book of Genesis we find the first man called simply the "man" (Adam), who says of his wife, "She shall be called Woman, because she was taken out of Man" (Gen. ii. 23)—rather she shall be called "Isha," because she takes her name from "Ish"—Adam or man, the English word "woman" being simply a corruption of "wife-man." Later on (Gen. iii. 20), "Adam called his wife's name Eve" (*i.e.* Chavah=Living), "because she was the mother of all living." So in Egypt we read of the tyrant called Busiris (son of Neptune), who gave his name to the city which he built; in Assyria we read of Ninus, husband of Semiramis, who gave his name to Ninus or Nineveh about B.C. 2182; in Median history we read of the first king Deioces, son of Phraortes (B.C. 709); in Persian history, of Cyrus, the founder of the Persian Empire, son of Cambyses, just as in Grecian history we read of Æacus, who was said to be the son of the god Zeus (*cf.* St. Luke's genealogy of Christ (iii. 38), where Adam is called "the son of God"); in Roman history, of Romulus, founder of Rome (B.C. 754); while among the Gauls we read of Divitiacus, of the Æduan tribe, brother of Dumnorix; and among the Germans, of their celebrated chief Ariovistus; and among the Britons, of the chief Cassivelaunus (or Cassibelan), who was defeated by Cæsar B.C. 54, and of the kings Vortigern and Vortimer, Caractacus (or Caradoc), also of Rowena (white skirt), Gurth, Ginthelin (bishop of London) under British rule; and among the Saxons, of their chiefs Hengist and Horsa (=horse), Uther (father of Arthur), who, however, exceptionally bears a second name, Pendragon (a name given by Arthur also to his golden helmet), Mordred, Guenever, Ceawlin, Ethelbert (=Albert, "nobly bright"), Edwin (=valuable friend), Edwy (=rich war), Edgar (=rich spear), Cymbeline (a Celtic name=lord of the sun), King Lud, who called his town Caer Lud (=Lud's town, *i.e.* London), Imogen, Bertha (=bright), Egbert (=formidably bright), Ethelwulf (=noble wolf), Ethelbald (=noble prince), Ethelred

(=noble council), Alfred (Elf=council), Edward (=valuable guard), Athelstan (=noble stone), Edmund (=valuable protection); while the Danes supplied English history with other names, such as Sweyn, Canute (=hill), Harthacanunte, Osgod (from which the English surname Osgood is derived), while the Teutonic also supplies us with Harold (=warrior strength), Godwin (=divine friend), &c. Simultaneously nicknames came into fashion to distinguish those who bore the same name from one another, hence the surnames or sobriquets "Unready," "Ironsides," William "the Bastard," Henry "the Fine Scholar" (Beauclerk, which a noble family still possesses as its surname), "Longshanks," "Breakspeare" (*cf.* Shakespeare), as in France we have Louis "the Saint," "the Great," "the Well-beloved," &c. The Britons, who painted their bodies with woad, seem to have had a predilection for colours in selecting their names, some of which still survive in Welsh; but when they bowed under the yoke of the Roman they in many instances adopted Roman names, some of which may be recognised in corrupted forms, while the majority became extinct under the Saxon invasion, when such names as Penda, Oswald, and Edward came into fashion. The Normans introduced many German names, as might be expected from their Teutonic origin, such as Henry, Hugh, Richard, Robert, William, which became surnames by the patronymical addition; just as Greek names like Boethius, Symmachus, &c., were introduced into Italy after the separation of the Roman Empire into east and west. But some time after the Conquest, foreign names were regarded as ill-omened, and so it became customary to introduce Hebrew names, such as David, Matthew, Samson, Eli, &c. We may remember how under the Puritans these were enlarged even into texts, and while one was called "Assurance," "Tribulation," and "Mahershalahhashbaz," another would be called "If Christ had not died for you, you would have been damned, Barebones!"<sup>1</sup> A word may be said on the change of names. (1) Names might be changed at confirmation; *e.g.* we find that Henry II. of France had two sons christened respectively Alexander and Hercules, which heathen names yielded to Henry and Francis at their confirmation. (2) New names were taken on professing a monastic life, such as Henry of the Holy Sacrament, Mary of the Incarnation, Agnes, Ignatius, &c. Pope Sergius, whose original name was "Swine's Snout," took the more euphonious appellation of Sergius, on the ground that Simon's name was changed to Peter, and Saul to Paul, and this became a practice on elevation to the pontificate.

<sup>1</sup> Another man received the name "Blast him Godly."



Again, among the ancients the ordinary name was changed on deification, whether in mythology or in history, *e.g.* Melicertes and his mother Ino became marine divinities under the names of Palæmon and Leucothea, while Romulus was deified under the name of Quirinus.

Among the Romans names were changed (1) on adoption, as C. Octavius (subsequently the Emperor Augustus), on being adopted by his uncle C. I. Cæsar, assumed the name of Caius Iulius Cæsar Octavianus (the termination *-anus* pointing to adoption); (2) on enfranchisement into new cities, as Lucumo (afterwards fifth King of Rome) assumed the name of Tarquinius, from the Etrurian city Tarquinii; (3) on manumission, as Publius or Publipor, who was the slave of P. Terentius Lucanus, assumed his patron's name Terentius (Terence) and became famous as a dramatist. Among the early Christians also it was usual to change the names of catechumens. Some writers state, for instance, that the celebrated Greek writer Lucian (or Lucianus) was, prior to his baptism, called Lucius, though his apostasy is doubtful.

In the fifteenth century, learned men, moreover, often substituted some classical form of name for their own, as Jacopo Sannazaro assumed the name Actius Sincerus Sannazarius, and Philip Platina at Rome took that of Callimachus. For doing so he was tortured and imprisoned by the Pope, who considered that no man would change his name unless he had some sinister design. So again Philip Schwartzerde (Black-earth) assumed the Greek equivalent Melanchthon, by which he is commonly known; and Gerard combined both the Latin and Greek equivalents for that name in the form Desiderius Erasmus (as Gerard in Dutch = amiable, though others explain Gar = all, and aerd = nature). So Reuchlin (= smoke) took the Greek equivalent Capnio, and the Italian doctor Senza Malizia assumed the name Akakia (= innocence), and the Italian poet Trapasso (= "passing over," "decease") received from Gravius the Greek derivative Metastasio. So a certain Gaucher (= left-handed) adopted the name of Scævola,<sup>1</sup> who had burnt his right hand; one De la Borgne (= one-eyed) adopted the better-sounding equivalent, Strabo; and one who unfortunately bore the name "Du bout d'homme" (= a bit of a man) preferred to be called Virulus. It may be mentioned that the poet Shenstone thanked God that his name was not liable to a pun! When we come to examine Hebrew names we shall find that in consequence of some great event in their life men's names similarly underwent alteration. Thus we learn

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.* in Latin, "left-handed."



that the patriarch who was at first called Abram (= father of a height), on receiving the promise, had his name changed to Abraham (= father of a multitude), at the same period Sarai (= my princess) having her name changed to Sarah (= princess); so Jacob (= "taking by the *heel*" or "supplanter") had his name changed to Israel (= a prince with God); Benjamin (= son of the right hand) received from Rachel the name Benoni (= son of my sorrow), Jabez (= sorrow). Sometimes names were given owing to some circumstance attending the birth or after-experience, as Isaac (= laughter), Ishmael (= heard of God), Jacob, who afterwards *supplanted* Esau (= hairy), Edom (= red), Ichabod (= the glory is departed), Naomi (= pleasantness), whose troubles made her take the name Marah = Maria, Mary (= bitterness), Cain (= gotten or acquired), Abel (= feeder), who kept the sheep, Seth (= appointed), who was appointed to take the place of the murdered Abel, Joseph (= addition), a name given by Rachel because God had added to her another son, David (= beloved), Moses (= drawn out), Joshua (= the Lord, the Saviour), other forms of which are Hoshea, Oshea, Jesus (by which the Septuagint, as well as the New Testament, renders the name Joshua). Again we find simple significant names as Dan (= judge), Saul (= asked for), Jonah (= Eng. Dove), Judah or Judas (= praise), Melech (= Eng. King), Melchizedek (= king of righteousness), the names prefixed with *jod* being especially ancient, Miriam (= bitterness of the sea). Many names owe their origin to the household, such as those beginning with *abi* or *ab*, *e.g.* Abiezer (= father of help), Abigail (= father of joy), Abram, &c.; so in Arabic we find Abn Aijuba (= the father of Job, *i.e.* the camel, because of its patient nature), Abinadab (= father of willingness), beside Nadab (= free gift), Abner = Abiner (= father of Ner = lamp); so we find also *achi* (= brother) prefixed, and from *ram* (= elevated) we have Abiram and Achiram, Achinoam, &c. We also have the prefix *Am* (= people), *e.g.* Amminadab (= one of the noble people), like the Greek Aristodemus, or used as affix, as Jeroboam (= enlarger of the people); so in Greek *demos* is either affix, as above, or prefix, as in Demosthenes. Many Hebrew names have a religious aspect, as we might expect in a theocracy, as Nathaniel (= God gave), *cf.* Theodotus, Theodorus, Dorotheos, Eliezer (= God is help), Elijah (= God the Lord), Elisha (= God is help). The names of women are of the simplest kind, as Rachel (= ewe), Deborah (= bee), Hannah (= favour), Tamar (= palm-tree), though later names are found like Hephzibah (= my delight is in her), Keren-Happuch (= horn of beauty). The influence of the

Dispersion may be also traced in some names, as Zerubbabel (= scattered to Babylon). In Eastern Palestine a god Hadad (= powerful, *cf.* Eng. Strong, Armstrong) was worshipped, and by the side of that name we find Benhadad (Ben = son) and Hadadezer (= powerful is the help). When in process of time certain names, like Simon, Judas, &c., became common among the people, further distinction grew needful, and this was met by the sobriquet, patronymic or local designation, as Simon Barjonas (= son of Jonas), Simon the Zealot, Simon of Cyrene, Judas of Galilee, Judas Iscariot (= man of Kerieth), just as in Greek we have Dionysius the Tyrant, Diogenes the Cynic, Socrates son of Sophroniscus, Thucydides son of Olorus, to distinguish the historian from Thucydides son of Melesias. The Jews gave names to their children eight days after birth (circumcision answering to Christian baptism), as did the Romans in the case of girls, while boys received their names on the ninth day, when they held the "Name Festival" ("Nominalia"). The Greeks gave the name on the tenth day after birth, as a rule, hence "the tenth day" = the naming-day feast. Since the introduction of Christianity most nations followed the Jews, giving the names on the eighth day, when baptism took place, whereas the early English used to baptize and give the name on the day of birth. The only exception seems to have been the savages dwelling near Mount Atlas, whom Pliny describes as "nameless." Among other Hebrew names we may mention Jonathan (= gift of God, *cf.* Theodore, Deusdedit), Daniel (= God's judgment), Eleazar (= help of God).

In the case of the Greeks, the father chose or altered the child's name as he pleased. It was usual for the eldest son to be called after his grandfather, in other cases the names of some of the near relatives being selected, though boys sometimes were called after their father, as *e.g.* Demosthenes. Each individual had but one name, and no nation has ever shown greater ingenuity and taste in the selection. To avoid ambiguity they sometimes added the father's name, as Alcibiades son of Cleinias, or the name of his country, as Herodotus of Halicarnassus, Hecataeus of Miletus, Dicæarchus the Messenian, Charmantides the Pæanian, *i.e.* of the Attic deme or district Pæania, or the name of his trade, as Cleon the Tanner (*cf.* Simon the Tanner, among the Jews), or a nickname was given, as Demosthenes the Stammerer. The Greeks had no family or clan names. So we find one poet Dionysius nicknamed Farthing, because he advised the Athenians to use this coin, another Theognis called Snow, being a frigid tragic poet; one Menippus was nicknamed Swallow, Chærephon, a Bat, and so on. Names were often

chosen because they signified a good omen, both among Greeks and Romans, and Plato counsels that we should be careful to give a lucky name, while Pythagoras said that men's minds, actions, and success depended largely upon what they were called, and hence arose the Latin proverb "A good name brings good fame" ("Bonum nomen, bonum omen"). Thus the Romans affected the names Faustus (=lucky), Probus (=honest), Victor, &c., and men who bore such names were the first enrolled and called upon to serve at the sacrifices. Their dislike of ill-omened names is shown by the remark of Plautus, "You may imagine what sort of a man he is who is called Lyco" (*i.e.* wolf). In Homer most names express success in war, or physical and moral excellences, as Archepolemos (=directing the war), Tlepolemos (=supporting war), Amphimachos (=fighting around), Antimachos (=fighting against), Telemachos (=fighting from afar); so Agapenor (=loving manliness), Agenor (=very manly), Agamemnon (=very steadfast), Astyanax (=lord of the city), Lycomedes (=wolf counselling), Alcathoes (=swift), Cleobulus (=gloriously advising), Iphigeneia (=strong-born).

Several Greek names begin with Poly (=much, many), as Polycarpus (=much fruit), Polygnotos (=well-known), Polybios (=with much life), Polycrates (=very mighty), Polynices (=frequent conqueror), Polycletus (=called from many a land), &c. Others begin with Eu (=well), as Eubulus (=well-advised), Eupolis (=abounding in cities), Euphorbos (=good shepherd), Eumolpos (=sweetly singing), Eugenius (=of good birth), a name assumed by four Popes of Rome, Eumenes (=well-disposed), &c. Others begin with Hippos (=horse), as Hippocrates (=conquering with horses), Hipparchos (=ruling the horse, commander of the horse), Hipponax (=king of horses); while some take this as a termination, as Philippos (=fond of horses, hence Eng. Philip), Aristippos (=an excellent horseman), &c. Many names likewise prefix Arche (or -i) (=chief, ruling), as Archelaos (=chief of the people), Archilochos (=chief of the ambush), Archimedes (=chief in council), &c., or else use it as a suffix, as Aristarchos (=best ruler), Plutarchos (=master of riches), &c. A common prefix, as may be gathered from the foregoing, is Aristo (=best), so also is Nico (=conquering), as Nicolaus (=conquering the people), Nicander (=conquering men), Nicæarchos (=chief in victory), &c., *cf.* Deiphobos (=foe-scaring), Calliphon (=with beautiful voice), Plato (=broad-shouldered), though the philosopher was originally called Aristocles after his grandfather, Timotheos (=honouring God).

Theophilos (=beloved of God=L. Amadeus), Theocles (=God's



glory), Theocritus (=chosen of God), Theodoros, Theodoret (=given by God); so Dorothea (Eng. Dorothy).

From mental qualities: Agathias, Mnemon, Terpander, Thraseas.

From physical qualities: Megasthenes, Socrates, Plato.

From colour: Chryses, Chloras, Pyrrhos.

From rank: Archias, Archelaos, Basilios.

From points of compass: Anatolios, Zephyrios.

From fish: Phocas, Ichthyon.

A curious fact in Greek and Roman nomenclature is that one class of women were addressed by neuter names, usually Greek, *e.g.* Nicion, Leontion (=little lion), Melissarion (little bee), Glycerium, Phronesium (both these latter being Greek names transliterated).

The Roman nomenclature is at once fuller and more precise, as it was usual for each individual to possess three names: (1) the *prænomen* (=first name) or personal name, corresponding to our baptismal name, as Marcus, Lucius, &c., these being usually represented by the initial letter; (2) the *nomen* (name), which was the clan name, as Tullius (=one of the Tullian clan); and (3) *cognomen*, or surname, as Cicero (=chick pea). On the fall of the Western Empire simple appellatives were restored, such as Alaric, Arminius, Caractacus, &c. The Romans adopted the peculiar custom of calling people after the numerals, as Secundus, Tertius, Quartus, Quintus, Sextus, &c., usually as *prænomen*, *e.g.* Quintus Horatius Flaccus (=flabby or flap-eared), Sextus Pompeius, &c., which was imitated in later times, as the Dutch poet received the name of Joannes Secundus; *cf.* also the name given to the French humorist Muret, Marcus Antonius Muretus. Other examples of the three-fold name are Publius Cornelius Scipio (=staff), where P. corresponds to our John or Duncan, and Cornelius corresponds to the Scotch clan-name MacGregor or Campbell, which was the name borne by all the retainers of the Duke of Argyll, just as those of the Duke of Hamilton were called Douglas; while Scipio denoted the particular branch of the Cornelian clan from which the individual Publius had sprung. Of course, in the earliest period of Roman history we meet with many who bore only one name, as Romulus (the founder of Rome=strong, or a pap), Remus (perhaps another form of Romus), Latinus (=the man of Latium), Ascanius (=name of a Bithynian rider), &c., though we also find double names at an early period, as Numa Pompilius, Geminus Metius, Vitruvius Vaccus, &c., as among the Sabines and Etruscans, *e.g.* Titus Tatius, Lar<sup>1</sup> Tolumnius. The Sabines sometimes combined the clan names

<sup>1</sup> Lar or Lars = Lord.



of father and mother, as Minius Cerrinius, the first being "of the (maternal) Minian clan," and so probably Attius Navius, &c. But single names are common among the Etruscans, as Porsenna, Cæcina, Perperna, &c., where the termination *-na* corresponds to Sabine and Roman *-ius*. Beside the Roman names Hostilius, Quintilius, &c., we find their diminutives in use, as Hostillus, Quintillus, &c. The *prænomen* (Caius, Lucius, Cneius, &c.) was at first usually given to boys when they reached their fourteenth year, though at a later time it was given, as we have said, nine days after birth. It was usually taken from the father's name, sometimes from the grandfather's or great-grandfather's, as C. Octavius, C. F. C. N. C. P., *i.e.* Caius Oct., son of Caius, grandson of C., great-grandson of C. We are told that there were only about thirty *prænomina*, while clan names were numerous. Plebeians generally had only two names, as C. Marius, Cn. Pompeius, &c. At first women had only the clan name, as Cornelia, Sempronia, &c., though at a later time they had also the *prænomen*, as Caia, Lucia, Publia, Prima, Secunda, Tertia, &c. The Roman surnames, like English, were often derived from physical or mental peculiarities, as Plautus (=splayfoot), Verres (=hog, *cf.* Eng. Hogg), Mus (=mouse), Pansa (=broad-footed=Plautus), Tubero (=bump), Brutus (=stupid), Ovidius Naso (=big-nosed, like Nasica=high-nosed), Labeo (=big-lipped), Poplicola (=honouring the people), Piso (=mortar), Aper (=wild boar), &c. Sometimes an *agnomen*, or second surname (confined to the individual), was given, commemorating military exploits in different lands, *e.g.* Scipio Africanus, Asiaticus, Numantinus, Metellus Macedonicus; or descriptive, as Cæcus ("blind"), Cunctator ("Lingerer"), &c. In the early ages of the republic a man was usually called by his *prænomen*, with or without the *cognomen*, sometimes with *nomen*, but never *nomen* and *cognomen* only, *e.g.* Scipio would be called Publius, or P. Cornelius, or P. Scipio, but not Cornelius Scipio, as Julius, &c., but never in our way, Julius Cæsar. On adoption, the person adopted took the names of his adoptive father, adding the name of his own clan with the termination *-anus*, as the son of Æmilius Paullus, on adoption by Scipio, took the names P. Corn. Scipio Æmilianus, with one or two exceptions, when the termination *-inus* was used, as Flamininus. Under the empire, in cases of adoption, the two clan names were retained, as C. Plinius Cæcilius Secundus. Women rarely had surnames, though we find Livia Ocellina (=with the little eyes), Rufa (=red), Pusilla (=little), and from the husband's surname Cæcilia Metella, *cf.* also Arria, wife of Arrius Pætus, where the woman takes the husband's clan name.

Similarly the daughter takes the clan name of the father, as Fulvia, Cornelia, Julia, &c. In the case of a manumitted slave, he assumed the first name and clan name of his former master, adding his own name, as Marcus Tullius Tiro, freedman of Cicero. Besides the instances above given of surnames taken from personal peculiarities, we may add the following, Ancus (=crooked-armed), Cæsius (=grey-eyed= Greek Glaucus), Capito (=big-head), Cocles (=one-eyed, Fr. Le Borgne), Labeo (=Gk. Chilo =big-lipped), Fronto (=beetle-browed), Galba (=maggot or fat paunch), Ruga (=wrinkle), Ocella (=little eye), Pulcher (=Eng. Fair), Carbo (=coal), Sura (=calf of leg), Pedo (=splay-foot, *cf.* Plancus=flat-foot), Pætus (=blink-eyed), Scaurus (=club-foot), Silo=Simo (=snub-nosed), Strabo (Gk. and Lat.=squinter), Varus (=bow-legged, *cf.* Valgius), *cf.* also Torquatus (=adorned with a collar), Calvus (=bald), Crispus (=curly-headed, so Cincinnatus), Longinus (=long), Minutius (=little=Paulus).

2. From mental qualities, &c., as Asper (=rough), Cato (=Wise, *cf.* surname of Scipio Corculum=wisdom), Constans (=firm), Lepidus (=charming, as we speak of Prince Charming), Pius, Prudentius, Tacitus (=silent, *cf.* our William the Silent), Bibulus and Bibaculus (=drunkard, *cf.* nickname of Nero=Biberius Caldus Mero=drinker of hot new wine), Severus, Commodus (=obliging), Felix, Magnus, Vindex.

3. From age, as Juvenalis (=youthful, *cf.* Junius), Senecio (=old man, *cf.* Virginius=maidenlike).

4. From time of birth, as Manius (=born in the morning), Lucius (=born at dawn), Festus (=probably born on a festival), Vergilius (=born at the rising of the Vergiliæ or Pleiades).

5. From dress, as Fimbria (=fringe), Caligula (=boot), Caracalla (=mantle), Lænas (=cloak), Trabea (=robe).

6. From colour of complexion, hair, &c., as Albinus (=White), Flavius (=flaxen-haired, *cf.* Gk. Xanthus), so also Fulvius, Fuscus (=dark), Niger (=Black), Nigrinus (=swarthy), Rufus (=red-haired), Cæsar (=long-haired).

7. Local names: Atticus (from Attica), Gabinius (from Gabii), Tarquinius (from Tarquini), Vatinius (from Vatia), *cf.* also Fonteius (=of the spring), Fundanius (=of the farm).

8. From rivers, as Aufidius (Aufidus), Tiberius (Tiber).

9. From fruits, &c. : Cæpio (=onion<sup>1</sup>), Lentulus (=lentil), Fabius (*cf.* Eng. bean), Cicero (chick pea).

10. From birds: Buteo (=buzzard, falcon), Corvus, Corvinus (raven).

<sup>1</sup> *Cf.* Eng. Onions.

11. From rank or office, as, Rex, Regulus, Flaminius (*cf.* Eng. Priestly), Curio (*i.e.* priest of a Curia, or division of Roman people).

12. From trade, &c. : Agricola, Figulus (Eng. Potter), surname of father of Emperor Valentinian ; Funarius (=rope-man ; he was so strong that five men could not pull a rope out of his hands), Pictor (=Eng. Painter), Salinator (=Eng. Salter), Scribonius (*cf.* Eng. Scriven).

13. From animals : Catulus (*cf.* Heb. Caleb, so Persian Cyrus = dog), Lupus (Eng. Wolf), Ursus, Taurus (Eng. Bull), Capella, Caprius, Ovinus (*cf.* Lamb), Porcius (*cf.* Hogg, Swinburne), Vitulus (Eng. Bullock).

14. From birds : Aquila (Eng. Eagle), Aquilius, Corvinus (*cf.* Eng. Raven), Falco (*cf.* Eng. Hawkes), Gallus (*cf.* Eng. Cocks), Livia (=stock-dove), Milvius (=kite), Picus (=woodpecker, griffin), Phoenix.

15. From fish : Muræna (=lamprey), Aurata or Orata (=gilt-bream).

16. From prænomen : Spurilius (Spurius), Statilius (Statius), Titius (Titus).

17. Patronymics : Lucipor (=puer, *i.e.* son of Lucius), Marcipor, Publipor (*cf.* Richardson).

18. Nicknames : Cornelius Asina, Norvelli Tricongius (=three galloner), Tremellius Scrofa (sow), Sarmentum (twig, sprig, a name given by Augustus to a dwarf), Pertinax (firm, obstinate, a name given to that Emperor by his father because of his resolution to be a woodseller).

From trees, &c. : Stolo (branch, shoot), a name given to Licinius, who first taught the lopping of vines.

From gods, &c. : Iovius, Iovianus, Martius.

Let us proceed to consider Saxon, Teutonic, and English names. We shall find that these names were all significant of physical or moral characteristics. Such were Ethelwulf (the noble wolf), Edward (happy keeper), Alfred (all peace, *cf.* Greek prefix in Panætius), Harold (warrior strength), Botolph (ship-helper, *cf.* Greek Naucrates), Wilfred (much peace, *cf.* Greek Irene). William is formed from German Wilhelm (helmet of resolution), which from the time of William the Conqueror has been a favourite in this country. Camden relates that in the reign of Henry II., on a certain festival, Sir William St. John and Sir William Fitz-Hamon commanded that none should dine in the great chamber with them at the Royal Court except those who bore this name. However, there was no lack of guests, as 122

Sir Williams were entertained on that occasion ! So Dunstan (hill stone), Osbern (house-child), Osmund (house peace), Owen (well-born = L. Eugenius ; hence Irish Co. Tyrone is explained by Camden as equivalent to Tir-Oen, and appears in Latin documents under the name Terra Eugenii). The name Randall is contracted from Randolph or Ranulph, and means "house wolf." At first sight it would hardly appear that Herrick, the poet's name, was merely an inverted form of the Saxon name Richard (stern ruler—a suitable appellation of some of our kings). The "weeping St. Swithin," bishop of Winchester, whose festival is usually attended with rain, bears a name which means "lofty" (Lat. Celsus). Theobald, contracted into Tibald or Tybalt, means "people's prince."

On examining English surnames we shall find that a great many are taken from various places in Normandy, which appear to have given their origin to such names as Devereux, Percy, Tankervil, Mortimer, Warren, d'Auvergne, de Paris, &c. Belgian towns supplied others, e.g. Gaunt, Tournay, Grandison (or is this from Grandson on Lake Neuchâtel?—cf. name Treves with the town on the Moselle). Local names are numerous, being supplied by countries, towns, and villages. Others, as among the ancients, sprang from physical appearance, and even from members of the body, from disposition or capacity, weakness or strength, &c. The animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms supplied their quota. So also men's crafts and occupations furnish a large contingent. Examples of some of these will show how diversified and varied are the sources from which most English surnames have sprung. Many persons derive their names from various countries of Europe, as England, Ireland, Wales, English, Irish, Welsh, Scot(t), Norman, &c., or from counties, cities, and towns, as Kent, Wiltshire, Cumberland, Somerset, Galway, Flint, Stirling, London, Lancaster, Peebles, &c. ; so Pemberton (the town of the Pembers), Billington (the town of the Billings).<sup>1</sup> Names with the prefix *At* are also local, and were adopted by the lower middle class in contradistinction to the *de* ("of") of the overlords, as Attree, Attwood, Attwater, &c. Under the same category are found those which are called after trees or woods, as, Tree, Ash, Birch, Box, Thorn, Grove, Wood, Bush, Heath, Leaf, Cheyne (Fr. *Chêne*=oak), &c., some being contracted, as Tash (=the ash), cf. Tabbey (=the abbey), Toly (=St. Olave, so Tooley Street=St. Olave's Street, analogous to Welsh Price), &c. Others adopted names from rivers, as Rivers, Burns, Brooke, Lake, Flood, Waters, Shannon, Jordan, &c. So Surtees=sur Tees (cf. Surridge). The house and

<sup>1</sup> The name Dowdall is by some derived from Dovedale.



family, moreover, suggested surnames, such as House, Home, Hall, Chambers, Kitchen, Lodge, Gate, Hussey (=housewife). Others selected names from their proximity to the sea, as Seaman, Seaborne, Bythessa, Morgan (Welsh=L. Pelagius, man of the sea), Delamere (Fr.). The Norman castles, which were so rapidly built after the Conquest, furnished other names, as Castle, Hardcastle, Tower, Drawbridge, &c. Men even went into the country to find appropriate names; hence we find such as Field, Croft, Lane, Hay, Hedges, Stone, Trench, Meadows, Marsh, &c., while others preferred the town, as Town, Street (Fr. De la Rue), Townsend (*cf.* Italian Villavecchia), &c. The points of the compass suggested others, as North, South, East, West, Northeast, Southward, &c. People of a commercial turn of mind revelled in such nomenclature as Money, Penny, Farthing, Shilling, Pound, Cash, Purchase, Sale, Bond, Pledge, &c. Others courted more lugubrious themes, as Death, Coffin, Grave(s), Deadman, Mould, &c. The aspirations of others made them choose such titles as King, Queen, Duke, Earl, Lord, Baron, Noble, Knight, or else their positions suggested them, as Warden, Howard (=High Warden), Mayor, Provost, Demster (=Deemster), Greatrex (a hybrid compound of English and Latin). Others again preferred ecclesiastical dignities, as Pope, Cardinal, Bishop, Priest, Deacon, Dean, Abbot, Prior, Monk, Nun(n), Saint, Angel, Vicar, Parson, or even ecclesiastical buildings and furniture, as Temple, Church, Chapel, Abbey, Parish, Rood, Cross, &c. Names also were chosen from the offices or crafts which were held by their owners, as Steward (Stewart, Stuart), adopted by the first of that Scottish line, Chambers (in the full form De la Chambre =Chamberlain), Marshal, Constable, Sheriff (=shire reeve), Faulkner (=falconer), Page, Smith (a name so ancient that it has been found, it is said, in old Egyptian records), Fowler, Catchpole, Barber, Carpenter, Tailor, Piper, Singer, Butcher, Cheeseman, &c.

Another source of surnames was age and condition, as Suckling, Young, Younghusband, Child, Littlechild, Fairbairn, Senior, New, Old, Newman (in Lat. *novus homo* was a term of reproach), Batchelor, &c. The army furnished others, as Archer, Bowman, Champion, Major, Kempe (=soldier), Shields, Gun, &c. Other names spring from days, seasons, time of birth, &c., as Day, Weeks, Munday, March, May, August, Spring, Summer, Winter, Pascal (=Paschal), Noel, Pentecost, Morning, Early, Late, Eve, Moon, &c. Nor was the body itself unfruitful in this respect, as we find it and its various members supplying such surnames as Body, Head, Pate, Hands (*cf.* Fr. De la Main), Foot, Back, Shoulder, Leg(g), Tooth, Blood,

Bone, Tongue, Chin(n), Beard, and Voice. From the body men turned for suggestions to its clothing. Hence we find such names as these : Bonnet, Hood, Cape, Ruff, Tucker, Mantle, Cotton, Silk. In French history we read of Hugh Capet, who is said to have earned the name from his way of pulling off the caps of his youthful companions. From the dress of the body the transition is easy to the colour of the complexion or possibly even that of the dress. Hence we find persons called Black, White, Brown, Gray, Green, Deeprise, Alban (L.=white), Whiteman, Redman, Scarlet, also Blunt (*i.e.* flaxen), Rous (*i.e.* red) with its diminutive Russel, Pigot (=speckled), Flud (Flood, *i.e.* russet), and so forth. Then again physical qualities suggested other names, as Long, Short, Strong, Armstrong, Big(g), Little, Fair, Quick, Small, Speed, Savage, Wild, Slaughter, Lightfoot, Fleet, Fortescu. (L *forte scutum*=strong shield). Next mental qualities were requisitioned, hence we find such names as Good, Thoroughgood, Goodfellow, Wise, Wiseman, Best, Plain, Proud, Sharp, Still, Sweet, Sweetman, Spelman (=scholar), Merry, Craven, Coward, Tidy, Smart, Faith, Faithful, Clever, Reason, Wisdom, Sage, &c. Even God and Christ suggested such names as Osgod or Osgood (Dan.=as God), Godfree, Godwin, Godson, Godley, Christ (Germ.), Gilchrist (Keltic)=servant of Christ, Christian, Christmas. So in Arabic we have the name Abd-Allah (=servant of the Almighty).

It was natural, of course, in the early stages of civilisation, when hunting and the chase provided the means of subsistence, that the names of animals should be selected to furnish names for those who hunted them, just as among the redskins we read of names like Great Bear, analogous to William the Lion. Thus we find the following surnames : Wolf, Fox, Lion (or Lyon), Leopard (or Lepard), Bull, Badger, Rabbit, Coney, Hare, Cat(t), Otter, Hart, Doe, Roe, Lamb, Lambkin, Hog(g), &c. We even find men named after animals' flesh, as Bacon, Mutton, Veal, and such like. Under the same category of hunting we may place names selected from those of birds, as Eagle, Hawkes, Finch, Goldfinch, Duck, Drake, Dove, Gander, Gosling, Nightingale, Lark, Cock(s), Capon, Crow, Gull, Hen, Raven, Daw, Jay, Peacock, Sparrow, Wren, Woodcock, Partridge, Crane, Rook, Kite, to which we may add Gladstone, which that statesman himself explained as meaning the habitat of the glade (or kite).

Next to these come names suggested by fish, as Fish, Salmon, Roach, Dolphin (hence Fr. Dauphin), Herring, Whiting, Haddock, Crab(b), Sturgeon, Sprat, Cod, Tench, Fry.

It will be observed that many of the foregoing names either double the final consonant or append *s*, making plurals.

Nay, men did not disdain the names even of reptiles and insects ; hence we have Leech, Slug, Worm, Grub, Fly, Moth, &c. More attractive names were suggested by fruits and flowers. Thus on the one hand we have Grain, Berry, Peascod, Pear, Lemon, Gage, Rice, Barley, Cherry, and on the other these names of flowers and plants—Flowers, Pink, Rose, Ivy, Lilly (=Lily), Clover, Moss, Lavender, Privet, Dill, Fennel, to which we may add their combination in Garland.

A common source of surnames was the Christian name with or without an appended *s*, as James, George, Charles, Edward, Duncan, Howard, Christopher, Jeffrey, Giles (it may be interesting to note that this name is contracted from the Greek and Latin *Ægidius*, equivalent to Kid). Here we may give a list of a few more contracted surnames in common use, *e.g.* Cole (an abbreviation of Nicholas, *cf.* Collins), Jessop from Joseph, Terry from Theodoric (also from Terence), Amory from Almeric, Nele or Neal from Nigel, Bennet from Benedict, Bets or Betts from Beatus, Bottle from Botolph (another form is Biddulph). Furthermore, from the abbreviated Christian names we get such surnames as Dicks, Thoms, Robins, Saunders from Alexander, Gibbs from Gilbert, Hodges from Roger, Watts from Walter. Many surnames appear as patronymics, for instance, Benson<sup>1</sup> (*i.e.* son of Bennet), Colson (*i.e.* Cole's son), Nelson (*i.e.* Nigel's son), Pattison (*i.e.* Patrick's son), Pierson (*i.e.* Peter's son, *cf.* Fr. Pierre), Matson (*i.e.* Matthew's son), Dawson or Davison (*i.e.* David's son), Gibson (*i.e.* Gilbert's son), Lawson (*i.e.* Lawrence's son). A considerable number of names have the termination *-kin* or *-kins*, which is a diminutive, as Perkins = Peterkins (little Peter), Higgins or Hitchins=Hughkins, Atkins=Arthurkins, Jenkins, Jennings=Johnkins, Lovekin, Hopkins=Hobkins, Tompkins, &c. Many, too, have the termination *-in* or *-ins*, which are patronymics, as Gilpin (son of Gilbert), Rawlins (son of Raoul or Ralph), Collins (son of Cole). A common ending, both in English and Teutonic names, is *-man*, as Trueman, Steadman, Sharman, Woodman, Norman (*cf.* German Kaufmann, Herman, &c. &c.).

We may here add a few other diminutive endings in *-et* and *-ot*, as Bartlet (from Bartholomew), Collet (from Cole), Eliot (*i.e.* little Elias), similarly Huet or Hewitt seems a diminutive of Hugh.

It seems a little strange that when people had exhausted most of

<sup>1</sup> It is a curious coincidence that *ben* is the Hebrew for "son."



the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, they even selected the names of drugs and spices for proper names, as Alum (or Allum), Spice, Pepper, Salt, Ginger. Sometimes they chose women's names as surnames, as Virgo, Jane, Lucy, Madge, Rosamond.

Cornish names. Their prefixes are given in the rhyme—

“By Tre, Ros, Pol, Lan, Caer, and Pen  
You may know the most Cornish men.”

Tre=town, *cf.* Trelawney, Tremain, Trevoire (Trevor?), Treliving; Ros=heath, as Roscarrec; Pol=pool, as Polhill; Lan=church (*cf.* Welsh Llan), as Landell, Landon (don=hill,) Lanfranc (*cf.* Ital. Lanfranchi); Caer=city, as Carden (dene=valley), Carminow, Carmichael; Pen=promontory, as Pendred, Penn (?), Pennefold (?), Penfold (?).

Many old names have been corrupted or altered in different ways, as D'Arcy from Adrecy, Austin from Augustine, Greenfield from Grinvile, Harrington from Haverington, Devil from D'Avill, Darell or Dairrell from Le Daiherell, Rainsford (Rainford) from Ravensford, Moon from Mohune (*cf.* Bethune, pronounced Beton), Chawort (Chaworth) from Cahors (a town in France), D'Oyly from De Oileis, Poly (Polley) from Pogli, Fenner from Veinour, Harcourt from Harecourt, Montague from Montacute, Puleston (pronounced Pilston) from Pulliston, Cholmondeley (pronounced Chumley), Marjoribanks (pronounced Marchbanks), Mannering (Manwaring) from Maisnilwarin, MacLeod (pronounced Mac-Cloud), Udall from Uvedale, Askow (or Askew) from Ascuith (Lat. Hastulphus=speedy help).

Many compounds occur suggestive of family or private history, home life, personal idiosyncrasies, &c. We may instance Turnbull, Bythessea, Golightly, Findlater, Digweed, Tugwell, Treadwell, Onslow, Playfair, Cowstick, Lovejoy, Lovegrove, Dangerfield, Wagstaff, Upjohn, Shakespeare. Probably no country produces such odd names as the English language can show, the origin of which it is impossible to guess. Let us adduce a few examples. Why, Buss, Tickle, Dance, Chew, Wait, Mock, Muddle, Shore, Kettle, Cake, Dose, Tune, Ball, Bliss, Luck, Chance, Image, Goad, Alway, Dine, Every, Card, Glass, Block, Bolt, Dart, Dash, Hide, Caddy, Pain, Pardon, Tipple, Beer. We venture to think that no foreign nation can compete in grotesqueness with the above list.

On the other hand, some famous achievement has procured a name which properly was limited to the man who first bore it, but still perpetuates his renown in his descendants. The following



instances may be mentioned : Lockhart, a name given to Sir Simon Lockhard of Lee, who brought back the *heart* of Robert Bruce padlocked in a silver casket, after Douglas was slain, who was commissioned to carry it to Palestine. Again, Barlass was the name given to Catherine Douglas, who substituted her arm as a bar in a door to save the life of King James I. of Scotland. Though the bar was broken and the monarch murdered, the history of her noble deed remains.

“ What’s in a name ? ” says the bard of Avon. The reader of the foregoing pages will, we think, allow that there is much more in a name than appears at first sight. When we compare them, we see the history of our ancestors set forth in their methods of utilising natural objects, religion, physical, mental and moral qualities, for the purpose of distinguishing their individuality and perpetuating memorials of themselves to succeeding generations.

LAUNCELOT DOWNING DOWDALL.

*JAMAICA WIT AND WISDOM.*

A PROVERB has been defined by some one or other (Lord John Russell, I think) as being the product of the wisdom of many and of the wit of one. The negro is not usually given credit for possessing a superfluity of either of these commodities, but I think this is more because he is shy of showing them before white folk, than that he is really deficient of them. I have often noticed how very apt he is with a terse phrase or expression, generally in his own peculiar dialect, which seems to exactly hit off what he wishes to convey; and especially is this observable in the nicknames that he is fond of giving to his white masters, for he has a perfect genius for pouncing upon their peculiarities and idiosyncrasies. How often have I, on having accidentally become acquainted with one of these nicknames, exclaimed to myself, "There now, that exactly sums up So-and-so!" Moreover, he has a fund of quaint sayings and proverbs, with which he is wont to illustrate his conversation, and I propose to introduce my readers to some of these latter; and I hope, before I have done, to convince them that they entirely fulfil the definition of a proverb as given above. It is a trite observation that the proverbs of all peoples are practically the same, and convey the same ideas, wrapped up in different imagery and language; and it will be seen that Jamaica forms no exception to this rule, and that, for nearly all the proverbs quoted, I shall be able to give a corresponding English equivalent.

Take, for example, the saying "Rock a 'tone a ribber bottom no feel de sun hot," viz.: "A stone at the bottom of the river does not feel how hot the sun is," or, as it sometimes runs, "Rock a 'tone a ribber bottom no feel what dem one 'pon top feel" (*does not feel what the one on the top does*). We have the equivalent of this saying in "Nobody knows where the shoe pinches but the wearer," and I am not at all sure that one who has lived beneath a tropical sun would not, on a comparison between the two proverbs, give the palm for expressiveness to the Jamaica version. Another, which is hard to beat, is "Sa-aftly, sa-aftly, catchee monkey" (*softly, softly, catches the*

*monkey*), for which we have two or three equivalents such as "Slow and sure," and the colloquialism, which perhaps is even closer to its meaning, "Gently does it."

An amusing saying is "If cockroach gib ba-all party (*gives a ball*) you t'ink him ask fowl?" (*do you think he invites the fowl?*), alluding to the well-known partiality of the domestic fowl for cockroaches as an article of food, and for which we have an English counterpart in "It is a foolish sheep that makes the wolf his confessor." Another version of this runs, "If cockroach ebber so fool, him no go (to) a fowl dance." "When fowl drink water, him lift up him (*his*) head and say 'T'ank (*thank*) God,' when man drink water, him say—nutting" (*nothing*) hits off the way a fowl raises its head after drinking to let the water run down its throat, and has a remarkably sly cut at the ingratitude of human nature at the same time.

"Woman's rain nebber stop" is another variation of the eternal theme of woman's loquacity, in which accomplishment the Jamaican negress is no whit inferior to her white sister. The sentiment is universal, but I cannot remember that in English it has ever been crystallised into a proverb. The Jamaican, I fear, has not a high opinion of his woman-kind, but is apt to take a somewhat cynical view of her virtues, for here is another adage which seems to read to her detriment: "Kutokoo (*knapsack*) full; woman laugh," which hints at a woman's amiability only enduring so long as the money lasts; and gives expression to the same thought as our "When poverty knocks at the door, love flies out of the window," and "A full purse never lacks friends."

The copy-book aphorism "Appearances are deceitful" gains much in picturesqueness when it is translated into its Jamaican counterpart and becomes "Alligator lay egg, but him no (*he isn't*) fowl." "Trouble catch (*befall*) you; piccaninny's (*a child's*) frock fit you," is a delightful way of saying that when a person is in trouble he is apt to take a more humble view of his own importance. There is another version of this which, I think, pleases me even more: "When bull-dog catch trouble, den monkey's breeches fit him."

The dog, the "faithful friend of man," figures, as may be expected, in many of these proverbs, and I can recall two more instances besides those already given. The meaning of "Dog drink water, him say 'Fee you, fee you'" is not at once apparent, but may be given as "When a dog drinks water (in default of something better) he says it is his own, his own;" the words "fee you,

fee you" (*for you, for you*) illustrating the sound made by a dog in lapping; and it may be paraphrased in the Shakespearian saying, "A poor thing but mine own." "Ashes cold, dog sleep there," alludes to the fact that so long as the fire is alight it is treated with respect, but when it has gone out and the ashes are cold, even the dog will go and sleep on them, and hence comes to mean that, so long as you are prosperous men will treat you well, but, when adversity comes, this will be no longer the case. Almost exactly the same meaning is attached to "Man dead, grass grow in him door-mouth," the word "dead" here not necessarily implying actual death, but adversity.

In "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," Dr. Watts supplies me with the English equivalent to my next proverb, "When man lib (*live*) well, him go a pasture, go tell cow howdee" (*how d'ye do*), which may be freely translated as "When a man has nothing else to do, he goes into a pasture and tries to shake hands with the cow," the cow being here regarded as a likely animal to resent such familiarity. Our "Curses, like chicken, come home to roost," has the advantage in elegance but hardly in expressiveness of "You 'pit (*spit*) in the sky, it fall in your face;" but I think perhaps "A rolling stone gathers no moss" is better and more pithy than "Crab walk too much, him lass him claw" (*The crab has walked about so much, that he has lost his claw*).

The dog comes to the fore again in the following: "Dog have too much owner, lass him dinner" (*the dog which has too many owners loses his dinner*), or, as we should more prosaically put it, "What is everybody's business is nobody's business." The Jamaicans add a little to, and, I fancy, improve our saying, "A new broom sweeps clean," for they say "New broom sweep clean, but old broom search corner;" and they also intensify our saw, "A burnt child dreads the fire" in saying "Sneak (*snake*) bite you, you see lizard you run" (*if a snake has bitten you, when you see a lizard you run away*), the point being that while a snake's bite is usually poisonous, a lizard is absolutely harmless. "Seven years no too long fee pull (*are not too long to pull*) peckie-peckie (*the speckled feathers*) off a guinea-hen's back," and "time longa an rope" (*time is longer than a rope*) are two different ways of expressing the same idea, which is "that no matter how long I may have to wait, it may be for seven years, I will be even with you," and is quite Corsican in its nursing of vengeance.

It is hard at first to realise that the formidable-looking sentence, "Monkey say 'Wha da a me belly a fee me, but wha da a me jaw-



bone a no fee me,'” which being interpreted is “The monkey says ‘What is in my belly is mine, but what is in my jaw-bone (*i.e. a monkey's pouches*) is not mine,’” is our old friend “A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,” but so it is; and anyone who has noticed how a monkey, on being frightened, drops the food out of his pouches, will recognise the fidelity to nature of the idea. There is deep insight into human frailties in “When man say him no mind, den him mind fe true” (*when a man says he does not care, is just the time he does care*), as there is also in “See me a wan ting, but come lib with me anudder” (*to see me occasionally is one thing, but to live with me is quite another*), for which latter we have two equivalents in “Familiarity breeds contempt” and “No man is a hero to his valet.”

Here is another which has rather a weird look until it is explained: “Sensay say ‘Me cry fee long life, but no fee feather, for, if me lib, feather will grow.’” Sensay is the name given to those fowls whose feathers appear to grow the wrong way. Originally they were, I believe, an importation from Japan, but are now sufficiently common in Jamaica to give point to the saying. The English of the above, then, is, “The sensay says, ‘I ask for long life, but not for feathers, for, if I live long enough, the feathers will grow;’” and the meaning is that it is a mistake to envy anyone his prosperity, because, if you live, you may become in time just as prosperous; in fact, it is the exact converse, taken from a more cheerful point of view, of our “Call no man happy till he is dead.”

“Finger say ‘Look yonder;’ him nebber say ‘Look yah’” (*it never says “look here”*) may be paraphrased as “You point at other people, but never at yourself,” and illustrates the same idea as is conveyed in the parable of the beam in your own eye and the mote in your brother's eye; while “If your finger 'tink (*stinks*) you can't cut an t'row 'way” (*you can't cut it off and throw it away*) inculcates the lesson that one must accept one's own responsibilities. “Beg (borrowed) water nebber boil cow-foot” only needs the remark that a cow's foot is, I am told, an article *de cuisine* that requires an inordinate amount of boiling; while “Bull ole, plantain bark tie him” means that when a bull gets old a rope made of twisted plaintain bark, a very insecure kind of fastening, will suffice to tie him up with.

“Man da eat, dead da watch him” (*white man is eating, death is watching him*) is the form that our saying, “Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow you die,” takes in Jamaica; but it has also a further meaning, for the word “dead” is used too in the sense of “adver-

sity," and the proverb thus comes to sometimes mean that while a man is enjoying himself adversity is dogging his steps, and hence nearly approaches in sense our "Pride goeth before a fall." "Nebber call centipede names," is a warning not to annoy any person who may hereafter be able to do you an injury, and conveys almost the same idea as the precept to "agree with thine adversary while thou art in the way with him." A very similar one is "No call alligator long'mout till you pass him" (*never call an alligator "Long mouth" till you have passed him*). "When man belly full, potatoe hab 'kin" (*have skins*), or, in other words, when a man's appetite is satisfied, he is apt to become critical of his food, is almost exactly the same as our "To a full stomach all meat is bad," though not quite so polite.

It will be sufficient to give the corresponding English expressions in order to elucidate the meaning of the following: "If you raise the wind you will reap the whirlwind" becomes in Jamaica parlance "Quattie (*a penny halfpenny*) buy trouble hundred pound no pay for;" while "No fe want of a tongue mek cow no talk" (*it is not the want of a tongue that makes a cow silent*) is used much in the same way as we should use "I could an I would a tale unfold," and "Man take pin, him will take needle" is our "He that will steal a pin will steal a better thing."

I cannot help thinking that there is a longing for greater opportunities betrayed in the following: "When black man tief, him tief half-a-bit; when buccra tief, him tief de whole estate" (*when the black man steals, he steals twopence farthing; when the white man steals, he steals the whole estate*). I think we have a similar saying anent the poor man and the rich man, but I cannot now recall its exact terms. I hardly like to say what with us corresponds to "Parson christen him own pickney (*child*) first," but I think it undoubtedly is "The devil looks after his own." "Man hate you, him gib (*he gives*) you basket fe (*to*) carry water" (*if a man hates you he sets you an impossible task*), is not improbably a legacy from old slavery days, and may possibly have had a more practical application then than now. "Man poor, him word low" (*the poor man's word is of little account*), and "Man can't do better, him say 'nebberr mind,'" require no explanation beyond that for the latter our expression is. "Do your best, you can't do more."

We say "One half the world does not know how the other half lives," but the negro has apparently solved the question as to what the other half is doing, for he says, "One part of de world want to mek de tarra one fool" (*make the other one fools*), and I dare say he is right. "Tree ebber so sound, woodpecker know what will do fe

him" is the manner they have of expressing that there is a way to be found out of every difficulty, just as a woodpecker can always find some flaw in the soundest tree. It is frequently employed by parents in alluding to their children, in the sense that, however troublesome or stupid a child may be, they will make it turn out well, or will know the reason why. I find great difficulty in conveying the actual meaning of the curious saying, "Dog run for him character, hog run for him life," which is in very general use. It signifies that what a man of coarse nature, symbolised by the hog, must be made to do for fear of consequences, the man of noble disposition, symbolised by the dog, will do of his own free-will for the sake of his reputation, or because it is his duty to do it; but I think perhaps its sense is best summed up in the terse French adage, "Noblesse oblige."

The Jamaican negro, like all of his race, is inordinately fond of what the Americans hyperbolically term "chin-music," and, if he can get no one else to talk to, will frequently and with great apparent satisfaction hold long conversations with himself, so the warning embodied in the following proverb is by no means unnecessary, and it would be to his advantage if he more frequently remembered that "man talk too much, pay his daddy's debt" (*if a man talks too much, he lets out his family secrets*) or, as we should say, a long tongue is apt to get a man, or woman, into trouble.

Still some more about the dog. "Unthankful dog eat dirty pudding," or ingratitude must expect no further favours, and "Behind dog it is 'dog,' before dog it is 'Mr. Dog,'" which latter of course alludes to people who speak civilly before your face, but behind your back refer to you with less respect.

"Buccra work nebber done" (*the white man's work is never done*) may seem at first sight to refer to the energy with which the white man's burden is taken up; but I fear it is rather the incessant nature of the work that the "buccra" expects the poor black man to do for him that is meant and correspondingly resented. "Cuss-cuss nebber bore hole in a you 'kin" (*swear-words will never bore a hole in your skin*) takes the place of our familiar "Hard words break no bones." "'Ceitful like a 'tar apple leaf" (*deceitful like a star apple leaf*), applied to a double-faced person, will be seen to be very apposite, when it is explained that the leaf of the star apple is green on one side and red on the other.

When I first came across "Garramighty no lub ugly," I was startled, for I naturally translated it "God Almighty does not love ugly people," a sentiment utterly at variance with all the teaching

of our youth ; and I did not quite understand its gaining admittance among the proverbs of Jamaica : but there it was. I was reassured, however, subsequently, when I learnt that “ugly” must be here taken as synonymous with “wickedness,” an explanation which of course removes any doubt as to the morality of the saying.

Though I have by no means exhausted my stock of proverbs, I fear I shall tire the patience of my readers if I add to this already long list ; but I trust that I have given sufficient instances to show that the Jamaica negro is not at all the dull-witted fellow he is generally supposed to be, but that in his own way he is capable of both wise and witty sayings, and that one only requires the patience to make oneself acquainted with his peculiar train of thought to discover many such.

A. R. LOSCOMBE.



## *HISTORY IN FICTION.*

IT would be an interesting, though a somewhat laborious, task to examine carefully into the works of our most popular historical novelists, with a view to ascertaining how far such writers have striven to make, or have succeeded in making, incidents recorded in their pages coincide with facts, and how far the portraits of famous personages depicted by them may be taken as fairly faithful representations of their originals. I propose here to deal briefly with the historical novels of the following authors (for the purpose of obtaining, if possible, some answer to these inquiries), namely, Sir Walter Scott, Charles Kingsley, Harrison Ainsworth, W. M. Thackeray, Bulwer Lytton, and J. H. Shorthouse—a representative batch, I consider, we may safely say, so far as English fiction, at any rate, be concerned.

The result of this investigation will, I contend, conduce to establish an important point which literary critics are far too prone to ignore, namely, that as a rule the writer of the historical novel who ventures upon no attempt to stick to dates and facts, but blindly goes out of his way to produce historical personages alive at impossible dates, and to perform impossible deeds, fails to compile so interesting and valuable a narrative as he who, without wearying the reader with dryasdust historical or antiquarian information, keeps, nevertheless, the groundwork of his plot in consonance with the records of the era which he has laboured to describe. Over and over again, it is easy to detect the damage done to a book of widespread popularity by this resort to absurd exaggeration. Take, for example, the case of one of the most popular novels ever written, "Kenilworth," and consider how great an opportunity even such a genius as Sir Walter Scott missed by falsifying the chronology of his story. Amy Robsart, his heroine—but who was not Countess of Leicester, as Scott calls her—appears on the scene in the uneventful year of 1575; but had the author produced her in the correct year (1560), when her residence at Cumnor was the focus of sensational plots to which the history of those related in his pages are tame in

comparison, he would have been enabled not only to absorb still further the attention of his readers, but to have provided some valuable footnotes to historical research as well.

Against one historical novel that has achieved enormous popularity it is safe, beyond doubt, to charge its writer with having damaged the literary value, as well as the interest, of his narrative by going out of his way to commit inaccuracies and to narrate a most untrustworthy and partial story. I refer to Charles Kingsley's "*Westward Ho!*" Without holding, indeed, a brief for the defence of the Church of Rome, it is impossible, nevertheless, for a fair-minded reader not to regret the ultra-Protestant tone which pervades the pages of this romance. All sense of fairplay and judicial impartiality is thrown to the winds, and the Roman Catholics of Elizabethan England, real and imaginary, who figure among the characters are painted in colours of so dark a hue as to be little less than absolutely grotesque. Let us take, for example, the case of the two famous Jesuits, Fathers Parsons and Campion, whom Kingsley introduces as travelling in Devonshire, a county which neither ever entered. Here is a fine chance thrown away. Such men as Parsons and Campion, of remarkable, but so diverse abilities and disposition, should have been described true to life, and the interest in the plot would have been rendered all the stronger. Unfortunately, Charles Kingsley, in his hatred of the Jesuits, made no attempt to study either the careers or characters of these priests, and did his best to portray them as mere vulgar scoundrels—half knaves, half bullies. About Campion, the gentle and the learned, he can hit upon nothing better to tell than mere scandalous stories. In Parsons he finds a strong touch of the buffoon, as well as of the rogue. Imagine Edmund Campion giving vent whilst riding on horseback (an exercise to which he was well accustomed) to such extraordinary ejaculations as "*Mater intemerata! Eripe me—Ugh! I am down! Adhaesit pavimento venter! No! I am not! Et dilectum tuum e potestate canis—Ah! Audisti me inter cornua unicornium! Put this, too, down in—Ugh! thy account in favour of my poor—oh, sharpness of this saddle! Oh, whither, barbarous islanders!*"

Father Campion here talks like a clown in a pantomime, and why he, the son of a London citizen, and a graduate of Oxford, should feel constrained to dub his fellow-countrymen "*barbarous islanders*" it is most difficult to conceive.

Other historical personages in "*Westward Ho!*" fare almost as badly as the two Jesuits. Kingsley's praise is often as dangerous

as his abuse. It is hard to recognise the Raleigh of the story as anything at all approaching the Raleigh of real life. The rough sea-dog, Drake, is endowed with all the virtues and graces of a mediæval saint. Sir Philip Sidney rants like a Dissenting parson preaching from the pulpit. Queen Elizabeth is depicted as the very incarnation of all holiness and wisdom, whilst during her stormy reign we are rashly informed that those who lived through it were "the freest subjects England had ever seen," and so forth! With the original accounts of the fight of the English fleet with the Invincible Armada Kingsley appears to have possessed but the very flimsiest acquaintance. According to him, the English seamen did not suffer from starvation or privations, such as to cause them to cease pursuit of the Spaniards. The Spanish sailors, too, were, one and all, abandoned ruffians, officers and men, and fought in the most unfair manner. In the midst of stumbling upon such wholesale blunders one is hardly surprised at coming across the preposterous statement that tiny Bideford sent out seven warships to fight the Armada, and that "the little white town" was then "one of the chief ports of England."

It is a pleasure to pass from the inaccuracies of Charles Kingsley to the shortcomings of Sir Walter Scott. The historical errors of the "Wizard of the North" are more easy to forgive, for they are the mistakes of a greater writer and of a tranquil mind. "Kenilworth," in spite of its chronological blunders, its mythical Sir Richard Varney, and its outrageous Anthony Foster, is so far superior in every respect to "Westward Ho!" as to render all comparison between the pair out of the question. But here again we have the case of an author damaging his own work by declining to pay any concern for his dates. As argued above, had Scott told the tale of the unfortunate wife of Lord Robert Dudley's last days as they were passed at Cumnor in the eventful year 1560, he could have made his plot infinitely more interesting than by extending his heroine's character to 1575. Moreover, so daring a departure as Scott's statement that the festivities at Kenilworth Castle were brought to an abrupt termination by the death of Amy Robsart is unpardonable.

But "Kenilworth" is not the only novel in the "Waverley" series in which Scott has exceeded the bounds of prudence in falsifying history to unwarrantable limits. In "Peveril of the Peak" there was no need to challenge criticism by presenting the heroic Charlotte, Countess of Derby (a staunch Protestant), as a Papist suspected of complicity in the Popish Plot; heedless also of the fact that the Countess died long before the proceedings of Titus Oates and his

confederates began. In "Ivanhoe," the association of the disguised King, Richard I., with the mythical outlaw, Robin Hood, is somewhat absurd, to say the least of it. In "Rob Roy," the quiet, unassuming wife of the Macgregor is transformed into a murderous amazon of the most bellicose type.

Of all our novelists, the writer who has sought the most regularly the history of England for his theme is, we may safely say, William Harrison Ainsworth. Ninety per cent. of his stories are of the historical type. In many instances he has adhered as rigorously as possible to historical truth in preparing the groundwork of his plot; in some instances, however, the reverse has been the case. In "The Tower of London," his best book, we find the historical blended with the fictional, but the result is, without doubt, highly favourable to the author's integrity of purpose. The annals of the ancient fortress are recorded with strict fidelity (excepting notably the siege by Sir Thomas Wyatt and the burning of Edward Underhill, the "Hot Gospeller," neither of which ever took place), while the brief history of Lady Jane's ten days' reign is admirably compiled. Of his other books, in which, on the whole, no decided liberties are taken with the historic muse, we may mention as brilliant examples "Guy Fawkes," "Old St. Paul's," "James the Second," and "The Star Chamber." On the other hand, we have to quote a couple of Ainsworth's novels that rival, if they do not far excel, Kingsley's romance in their inaccuracies, namely, "Ovingdean Grange" and "Rookwood," two of the most exciting and fascinating of the whole series. In "Ovingdean Grange" we have actually described for us the sojourn in hiding at that little house of Charles II., oblivious of the fact that the King never visited Ovingdean during the whole course of his life. In "Rookwood" the blunders are of a different description. Here the author has deliberately seized upon one of the most ruffianly characters of the age which he portrays, a thief and murderer, named Richard Turpin, or Palmer, and has essayed to convert him into a *preux chevalier* after the fashion of a Chevalier Bayard or an "Admirable Crichton." On this common cut-throat's felonies Harrison Ainsworth expatiates in terms of fulsome flattery. "O rare Dick Turpin!" he exclaims, and with a sigh laments elsewhere that "such men are not bred nowadays!" Surely, the novelist in search of a "knight of the road" fit to play a leading part in so popular a romance as "Rookwood" might either have pitched upon a more reputable robber than the brutal Turpin, or might at least have refrained from holding him up to his readers as a model of valour, chivalry, and horseman-



ship ! The famous episode of the ride from London to York is a pure fabrication from beginning to end. It is as much a myth as is the existence of that wonderful mare, "Black Bess." The only connection that Dick Turpin had with York was, so far as we know, his being hanged there, the particular crime which brought him to the gallows having been the theft of a horse. Commencing public life as a smuggler, he became in turn burglar, footpad, highwayman, horse-dealer, and horse-stealer. As in his "Jack Sheppard," Ainsworth seems to have lost all regard for the moral character of his hero in his admiration for the ruffian's fabulous exploits.

Let us next consider the case of a novel which, as a masterpiece of historical fiction, can lay serious claim to be regarded as one of the greatest romances written in our language. In W. M. Thackeray's "Esmond" we get, beyond all doubt, a work which reproduces with scrupulous fidelity the era concerning which it was written. If you wish to obtain—it has been well said—an insight into the social life of aristocratic London under Queen Anne, don't trouble to consult an ordinary history-book, but read "Esmond" ! "Not only Thackeray's best work, but so much the best that there is none second to it," is the verdict of a great author and critic. It is a pleasing task, therefore, to note that Thackeray's errors in "Esmond" are few compared, numerically, to those occurring in the books previously mentioned. Lord Mohun had not "Henry" as his, or one of his, Christian names, for he was called "Charles." Lady Mary Wortley Montagu had not (as stated in "Esmond"), during the reign of William III., brought home the remedy of inoculation from Turkey, for her discovery of the presence of the custom at Adrianople was not achieved until the reign of George I. The reputed age of Thomas Parr was not a "hundred and sixty," but about a hundred and fifty-two. The Duke of Hamilton could not have proposed and become engaged to Beatrix Esmond, since he had a wife living at the time, who survived him, and whose grief at the Duke's death was excessive. The Duke, moreover, was not raised to the highest rank in the peerage at the date mentioned by Thackeray, when his father was still living.

After "Esmond," let us investigate the case of a novel which, published less than five-and-twenty years ago, has yet clearly proved by its wide and unabating popularity that (unlike nine-tenths of the fiction of these times) it has come to stay, a work upon which, if rumour be true, its author expended more labour and research in laying the historical foundations and general plan than have ever been bestowed hitherto upon an individual romance by any other

English novelist. The very history of the preparation and production by Mr. Shorthouse of "John Inglesant" would alone make up into a most interesting tale. The writer's pains have met with their reward, for "John Inglesant" stands in a class almost by itself. It may have, if it has not already had, imitators, but it is unlikely to encounter a formidable rival. Of the many historical characters introduced into the plot, all have been delineated with the most laudable care and skill. Mary Collet, Nicholas Ferrar, Hugh Paulin Serenus Cressy, Archbishop Laud, King Charles I., and Lord Biron, are described as we may well imagine them to have existed in the flesh: the ascetic, high-souled nun, wedded to the Church, yet a woman after all in her love for Inglesant; the saintly Ferrar, confident (according to the author) that the "real presence" is to be found as surely upon the altars of the Church of England as upon those of Rome; the fervent and enraptured scholar, who gave up all he held most dear at home to wear the black habit of a Benedictine monk; the murdered Primate, not represented here as the buffoon of Lord Macaulay's essay; the subtle, lying, selfish King; the courtly, gallant, trusting cavalier. But John Inglesant, the most unreal, is the best portrait in the book. Since King Charles's day there have been, and are, many Inglesants, not destined, indeed, to lead so romantic and spiritual an existence, but to hover constantly, as he hovered, upon the brink of Romanism, much perplexed as to whether to forsake, or not, the creed of their childhood for that of a Sancta Clara, who, but for his being described as a Jesuit, might well have passed for Father Christopher Davenport, a Franciscan friar and a famous controversialist. The following words, put into Sancta Clara's mouth by the author as to the failure of himself and his friends with regard to a *modus operandi* of reconciliation between Canterbury and Rome, might well have been spoken by Father Davenport himself (who was, nevertheless, in real life by no means a friend of the Jesuits): "You see, Johnny," continued St. Clare, with a smile, "all our plans have failed. The English Church is destroyed, and those Catholics who always opposed it are thought much of at Rome now, and carry all before them. I have not altered my opinion, however, and I shall die in the same." Father Davenport's "plans failed" when his celebrated book ("*Paraphrastica Expositio Articulorum Confessionis Anglicæ*"), which was compiled with the aim of proving how greatly indebted the Anglican Church was for its Book of Common Prayer to the Latin Mass, was condemned at Rome and placed on the "Index Expurgatorius."

Lastly, in mentioning the principal historical novels of Bulwer Lytton, a list which should comprise "The Last Days of Pompeii," "Eugene Aram," "Harold," "Rienzi," and "The Last of the Barons," we can conclude that the task of writing all these books was originally commenced by the author with the avowed object of adhering as closely as possible to historical truth in the construction of his plots, to attain which object he ever displayed the utmost energy and earnestness. That he was, however, always successful cannot be admitted; but his lapses were, as a rule, the results of ignorance rather than design; although why, in one of the most interesting of his romances, he should have produced the celebrated Friar Bungay, or Bungey, alive on the battlefield of Barnet it is not easy to comprehend, for he has, I presume, confounded this charlatan with his more learned namesake of the thirteenth century. But whether or no Bulwer has absolutely given us the real Warwick the King-Maker, or the real Harold the Saxon, or the real Eugene Aram the scholar; there can be no doubt but that he strove his best to that end, and none of our historical novelists has laboured more diligently to amalgamate truly and reasonably together solid history and entrancing fiction in one happy and prosperous union.

After all, one of the first requirements of the historical novel is that it should induce people, and especially young people, to love the study of history. Often the fascination of a great romance forms a golden bridge to some young reader, who thereby is enabled to enter upon a branch of learning which, but for his having devoured at school some standard novel, he would otherwise have avoided. English history, therefore, is deeply indebted to romance in more ways than we are inclined to reckon, and many a learned historian might well have sound reason to pause and reflect, in the course of his researches, whether the foundations of his study were not originally laid in the pleasant task of perusing the pages of some such popular piece of fiction as "Ivanhoe," "Quentin Durward," "The Tower of London," or "The Last of the Barons."

PHILIP SIDNEY.

*ABRAHAM COWLEY.*

THE blemishes which occur in some of this learned and amiable writer's productions have been so often exposed by his critics, while they have said so little in praise of his good qualities, that the general reader has been led to believe that his works are unworthy of attention. To the most famous of his critics, Dr. Samuel Johnson, this result is in a great measure due. By interpolating in the life of Cowley his famous disquisition on the metaphysical school of poetry, and collecting therein so many absurdities from Donne and others, he, I believe, unwittingly did grievous harm to the reputation of an author for whom he entertained no little affection. Most people formed their opinions on the grotesque or ridiculous specimens given; and thus was brought about that "unmerited neglect" which was deplored by Sir James Mackintosh<sup>1</sup> in the early part of the last century and has been continued even to our days. It is certainly a strange freak of fortune that a poet who in his own time was so highly extolled that he is declared by Clarendon to have "made a flight beyond all men";<sup>2</sup> who was admired, and more than once imitated, by Milton; who was "the darling" of Dryden's youth; whose genius Addison confessed; from whom Pope borrowed one of his most brilliant passages, and to whom Gray was not a little indebted—should now be read only in anthologies and books of a similar character. Now, great though his faults may be, and indeed are, we must not be blind to his merits, which are many. "There is much in Cowley that will stand," says Thomas Campbell in his "Essay on English Poetry"; and he adds, "He teems, in many places, with the imagery, the feeling, the grace and gaiety of a poet." And, as a proof of the excellent judgment of this critic, I have been astonished to find how numerous and varied are the specimens of Cowley's muse given in such of the above-mentioned compilations as I have examined. As his imperfections have been so frequently described, and perhaps

<sup>1</sup> *Miscellaneous Works*, vol. I., p. 319.

<sup>2</sup> *Life of Edward Earl of Clarendon*, vol. I., p. 30. Oxford, 1759.



exaggerated, it will be my aim to show forth his good qualities in the following pages, so far as space will permit.

For a notice of his Latin poems, which have received considerable praise, I refer the reader to Dr. Johnson's life of the writer, as much more interest was taken in such exotics in his days than in ours. My concern is with his English writings, and only with those he considered his best, with one exception. His comedy, "*The Guardian*," which he did not include in the first edition of his works, has an interesting history. It was first performed at Cambridge about the beginning of the Civil War, and printed during his absence from England, but, imperfect as he considered it to be, it seems to have been somewhat popular. He, however, remodelled it later on, and it was produced on the stage with the title of "*Cutter of Coleman Street*," where it was treated "with great severity, and was afterwards censured as a satire on the King's party," says Johnson. But an old playgoer, whose evidence was not available in the critic's time, tells another story. Pepys writes as follows: "December 16, 1661. After dinner to the opera, where there was a new play ('*Cutter of Coleman Street*') made in the year 1658, with reflections much upon the late times; and it being the first time, the pay was doubled, and so, to save money, my wife and I went into the gallery, and there sat and saw very well; and a very good play it is. It seems of Cowley's making." Judging from this account, one would infer that the representation was a great success. There is another entry in the diary, some years afterwards, which is interesting. Pepys writes on August 5, 1668: "To the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw '*The Guardian*'; formerly the same, I find, that was called '*Cutter of Coleman Street*,' a silly play." Though the accounts are somewhat discordant, we have at least the testimony of a spectator to the reception, if not to the merits, of the plays on these particular occasions.

We now come to Cowley's most important works, contained in the folio published by himself in 1656, when he was only thirty-eight years of age. This, as we learn from his preface, consisted of four parts: (1) "*The Miscellanies*"; (2) "*The Mistress, or Love-Verses*"; (3) "*The Pindaric Odes*"; and (4) "*The Davideis*." Why he was induced to print his works at so early a period of his life will be gathered from his own words, which may be thought to savour of vanity, though I believe that failing was alien to his character. "From this which has happened to myself," he says in reference to "*The Guardian*," "I began to reflect on the fortune of almost all writers, and especially poets, whose works

(commonly printed after their deaths) we find stuffed out, either with counterfeit pieces, like false money put in to fill up the bag, though it add nothing to the sum ; or with such which, though of their own coin, they would have called in themselves, for the baseness of the alloy : whether this proceed from the indiscretion of their friends, who think a vast heap of stones or rubbish a better monument than a little tomb of marble, or by the unworthy avarice of some stationers, who are content to diminish the value of the author, so they may increase the price of the book ; and like vintners with sophisticate mixtures, spoil the whole vessel of wine, to make it yield more profit. This hath been the case with Shakespeare, Fletcher, Jonson, and many others ; part of whose poems I should take the boldness to prune and lop away, if the care of replanting them in print did belong to me ; neither would I make any scruple to cut off from some the unnecessary young suckers, and from others the old withered branches ; for a great wit is no more tied to live in a vast volume than in a gigantic body ; on the contrary, it is commonly more vigorous the less space it animates, and as Statius says of little Tydeus,—

Totos infusa per artus  
Major in exiguo regnabat corpore virtus.

I am not ignorant that, by saying this of others, I expose myself to some raillery, for not using the same severe discretion in my own case, where it concerns me nearer. But though I publish here more than in strict wisdom I ought to have done, yet I have suppressed and cast away more than I publish ; and for the ease of myself and others, have lost, I believe too, more than both. And upon these considerations I have been persuaded to overcome all the just repugnances of my own modesty, and to produce these poems to the light and view of the world ; not as a thing that I approved of in itself, but as a less evil, which I chose rather than to stay till it were done for me by somebody else, either surreptitiously before, or avowedly after my death ; and this will be more excusable, when the reader shall know in what respects he may look upon me as a dead, or at least a dying person, and upon my muse in this action, as appearing, like the Emperor Charles the Fifth, and assisting at her own funeral." In all probability, it was when under the influence of such feelings as these that he wrote his short Latin poem, which bears the quaint title of "*Epitaphium Vivi Auctoris*," and has been Englished by Dr. Hurd and Prof. Henry Morley. Though apparently bidding adieu to poetry in the above most interesting passage, Cowley was attempting more than he could accomplish, for

he continued writing until the end of his short life. Thus was the truth of his own language shown when he said, "It is, I confess, but seldom seen that the Poet dies before the Man ; for when we once fall in love with that bewitching art, we do not use to court it as a mistress, but marry it as a wife, and take it for better or worse, as an inseparable companion of our whole life." At all events, though perhaps not so demonstrative of his affection as in the heyday of his youth, he was faithful to his beloved unto death, and some of his most touching lines were written during the last decade of his life. To this period we are also indebted for his prose works, which are so justly admired by all who have read them for the simplicity and unaffected grace of their style.

After Cowley's death in 1667, Dr. Sprat, his friend and biographer, set about the preparation of a new edition of his works, which was published in the following year. It was at the request of the poet that he undertook the task, as he informs us in his introduction, which is almost the sole authority we have for the history of Cowley's life. "Mr. Cowley," he says, "in his will recommended to my care the revision of all his works that were formerly printed, and the collecting of those papers which he had designed for the press. And he did it with this obligation, that I should be sure to let nothing pass that might seem the least offence to religion, or good manners. A caution which you will judge to have been altogether needless. For certainly, in all ancient or modern times, there can scarce any author be found that has handled so many different matters in such various sorts of style, who less wants the correction of his friends, or has less reason to fear the severity of strangers." The editor further says, "I have now set forth his Latin and English writings, each in a volume apart ; and to that which was before extant in both languages, I have added all that I could find in his closet, which he had brought to any manner of perfection." With the Latin poems I do not intend to deal, for the reason already given. To the four parts published by Cowley, Dr. Sprat has added two more, the one containing "Verses written on several occasions," the other his prose writings, viz., "A Proposition for the Advancement of Experimental Philosophy," "A Discourse by way of Vision concerning the Government of Oliver Cromwell," and last, "Several Discourses by way of Essays in Verse and Prose," the whole forming a supplement of 148 pages to the volume edited by the author himself. Dr. Sprat, of whom Johnson gives a brief memoir in the best of his works, was excellently qualified for his task, which was evidently a labour of love. His "Account of the Life and Writings of Mr.

Abraham Cowley," prefixed to the folio edition of 1668, is admirably written and has received much praise from the great critic, who, however, considers it to be "a funeral oration rather than a history." The author's name is indissolubly connected with that of his friend, for whom he entertained the sincerest affection. The two are celebrated by Addison in his "Account of the Greatest English Poets," written in 1694, in lines which, one must confess, are more remarkable for their truth than their poetry.

Blest man ! whose spotless life and charming lays  
Employed the tuneful prelate in thy praise !  
Blest man ! who now shalt be for ever known  
In Sprat's successful labours and thy own.

It is the fourth edition, dated 1674, of the folio edited by Dr. Sprat, that I make use of in these pages. The copy I possess is of unique interest as it is enriched with many *marginalia* written by Dr. Richard Hurd for his edition of "Cowley's Select Works, printed in 1772," to use his own words. Dr. Johnson was at one time meditating the publication of the poet's works and was angry at being forestalled by the bishop, to whose edition he applied the term "mutilated." But two years later he was in a more indulgent mood, for, as Boswell reports, he said: "I was angry with Hurd about Cowley, for having published a selection of his works: but, upon better consideration, I think there is no impropriety in a man's publishing as much as he chooses of any author, if he does not put the rest out of the way. A man, for instance, may print the Odes of Horace alone." From the "critical notes" of this editor, Johnson would seem to have derived considerable assistance when composing his life of Cowley.

I now proceed to furnish a brief notice of the various parts of this volume, which are separately paginated. The "Miscellanies," including the "Anacreontics," fill forty-one pages, and contain some of the poet's most finished productions, among which may be mentioned the ode "Of Wit," "To the Lord Falkland," "On the Death of Sir Henry Wotton"; his touching lines "On the Death of Mr. Jordan," who was once his master; his noble elegy "On the Death of Mr. William Hervey," which, as Hurd truly says, "came from the author's heart"; and, lastly, the memorable verses "On the Death of Mr. Crashaw," in which he celebrates a brother poet and a friend. From this last, and, as some think, the best of his elegies, I make the following quotation, which, apart from the excellence of the lines, will show whence Pope derived some of his inspiration for, to say the least, he is much indebted to it



Pardon, my Mother Church, if I consent  
 That Angels led him when from thee he went,  
 For even in error sure no danger is  
 When joined with so much piety as his.  
 Ah, mighty God, with shame I speak't, and grief,  
 Ah, that our greatest faults were in belief!  
 And our weak reason were e'en weaker yet,  
 Rather than thus our wills too strong for it.  
 His faith perhaps in some nice tenets might  
 Be wrong ; his life, I'm sure, was in the right.  
 And I myself a Catholic will be  
 So far at least, great Saint, to pray to thee.  
 Hail, Bard triumphant ! and some care bestow  
 On us, the poets militant below,  
 Opposed by our old enemy, adverse chance,  
 Attacked by envy, and by ignorance,  
 Enchained by beauty, tortured by desires,  
 Exposed by tyrant-love to savage beasts and fires !  
 Thou from low earth to nobler flames didst rise,  
 And, like Elijah, mount alive the skies.  
 Elijah-like, but with a wish much less,  
 More fit thy greatness, and my littleness,  
 Lo ! here I beg (I whom thou once didst prove  
 So humble to esteem, so good to love),  
 Not that thy spirit might on me doubled be,  
 I ask but half thy mighty spirit for me,  
 And when my muse soars with so strong a wing,  
 'Twill learn of things divine, and first of thee to sing.

In the margin of the fifth couplet, Dr. Hurd writes : " Hence the famous lines of Mr. Pope, which have given such scandal to some and triumph to others, only because both parties have been more in haste to apply than understand them :

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight ;  
 He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.

But Pope's indebtedness to Cowley does not end here. His splendid lines, at the end of the first part of the " Essay on Criticism," beginning—

Still green with bays each ancient altar stands,  
 would seem to have been suggested by the above poem. The intensity of feeling is the same, and there is the same nervous power in the verse.

Hail ! Bards triumphant ! born in happier days,  
 could scarcely have occurred to Pope, had he not been acquainted with Cowley ; and the lines—

Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,  
 And worlds applaud that must not yet be found,

are certainly but an echo of the following couplet near the end of the second book of the "Davideis":

Round the whole earth his dreaded name shall sound,  
And reach to worlds that must not yet be found.

Excellent as both pieces are, Cowley's is undoubtedly the more original, and, moreover, is not marred by any such anticlimax as that which exists at the end of Pope's.

Who now reads Cowley? if he pleases yet,  
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit;  
Forgot his epic, nay, Pindaric art,  
But still I love the language of his heart.

So writes Pope in his "Imitations of Horace." But enough has been said to show that he not only read Cowley, but loved his language so much that he did not scruple at times to make it his own. The fact is that our poet's works have been a rich mine from which much precious ore has been taken by other bards, who, trusting to the comparative oblivion into which he had fallen, thought that their pilferings would remain undiscovered.

As an admirable example of Cowley's lighter vein, I will quote his sparkling ballad "The Chronicle," which in its way has never been surpassed. "Nothing," says Dr. Hurd, "is more famous, even in our days, than Cowley's *Mistresses*," by which name it was known. Even the austere Johnson is rapturous in its praise. "The 'Chronicle,' he declares, is a composition unrivalled and alone: such gaiety of fancy, such facility of expression, such varied similitude, such a succession of images, such a dance of words, it is in vain to expect except from Cowley." That this glowing eulogy is not overcharged, let the reader judge for himself.

#### THE CHRONICLE: A BALLAD.

Margarita first possest,  
If I remember well, my breast,  
Margarita first of all;  
But when a while the wanton maid  
With my restless heart had played,  
Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon did it resign  
To the beauteous Catharine.  
Beauteous Catharine gave place  
(Though loth and angry she to part  
With the possession of my heart)  
To Eliza's conquering face.

Eliza till this hour might reign,  
Had she not evil counsels ta'en ;  
Fundamental laws she broke,  
And still new favourites she chose,  
Till up in arms my passions rose,  
And cast away her yoke.

Mary then, and gentle Anne,  
Both to reign at once began.  
Alternately they swayed,  
And sometimes Mary was the fair,  
And sometimes Anne the crown did wear,  
And sometimes both I obeyed.

Another Mary then arose,  
And did rigorous laws impose.  
A mighty tyrant she !  
Long, alas ! should I have been  
Under that iron-sceptered queen,  
Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free,  
'Twas then a golden time with me.  
But soon those pleasures fled ;  
For the gracious princess died,  
In her youth and beauty's pride,  
And Judith reigned in her stead.

One month, three days, and half an hour,  
Judith held the sovereign power.  
Wondrous beautiful her face,  
But so weak and small her wit,  
That she to govern was unfit,  
And so Susanna took her place.

But when Isabella came,  
Armed with a resistless flame,  
And the artillery of her eye ;  
Whilst she proudly marched about  
Greater conquests to find out,  
She beat out Susan by-the-by.

But in her place I then obeyed  
Black-eyed Bess, her viceroy-maid,  
To whom ensued a vacancy.  
Thousand worse passions then possess  
The interregnum of my breast :  
Bless me from such an anarchy !

Gentle Henrietta then,  
And a third Mary next began ;  
Then Joan, and Jane, and Audria ;

And then a pretty Thomasine,  
 And then another Catharine,  
 And then a long *et cetera*.

But should I now to you relate  
 The strength and riches of their state ;  
     The powder, patches, and the pins,  
 The ribbons, jewels, and the rings,  
 The lace, the paint, and warlike things  
     That make up all their magazines :—

If I should tell the politic arts  
 To take and keep men's hearts ;  
     The letters, embassies, and spies,  
 The frowns, and smiles, and flatteries,  
 The quarrels, tears, and perjuries—  
     Numberless, nameless mysteries !—

And all the little lime-twigs laid  
 By Matchavil the waiting-maid :<sup>1</sup>  
     I more voluminous should grow  
 (Chiefly if I like them should tell  
 All change of weathers that befell)  
     Than Holinshed or Stow.

But I will briefer with them be,  
 Since few of them were long with me.  
     A higher and a nobler strain  
 My present emperess does claim,  
 Heleonora, first of the name ;  
     Whom God grant long to reign.

At the end of the "Miscellanies," the "Anacreontics, or, some copies of verses translated paraphrastically out of Anacreon," are printed. They are eleven in number, to which is appended an "Elegy upon Anacreon, who was choked by a grape-stone." They are very pleasing compositions, and serve to show, as Dr. Hurd truly says, "that our author wanted neither ease of expression, nor the grace of numbers, when he followed the bent of his own taste and genius." The best, I think, are "The Grasshopper" and "The Swallow," which are much superior to what the amorous old Greek wrote. Cowley, it may be here mentioned, is invariably happy in his translations, or, rather, adaptations from the ancients. They are full of grace and beauty, and make us wish that he had left us more of them.

<sup>1</sup> Matchavil is a happy name for a cunning, unscrupulous maid. Dr. Aikin, knowing whence it is derived, substitutes *Machiavel* and thereby spoils the effect. For "Machiavelli," W. Habington writes "Machavill" (Arber's reprint, p. 96).



The second part of the folio comprises eighty pages, and is occupied with the poems that bear the title of "The Mistress, or Love Verses." The reason that impelled him to write them is given in his preface : " For so it is, that poets are scarce thought Free-men of their Company, without paying some duties, and obliging themselves to be true to love. Sooner or later, they must all pass through this trial, like some Mahometan Monks, that are bound by their Order, once at least in their life, to make a pilgrimage to Mecca." Cowley, therefore, was not urged to the composition of these love-ditties by the promptings of deep and overpowering affection ; he was simply following the fashion. Hence his " Mistress " is a pure figment and bears no name that we can add to Petrarch's Laura, Surrey's Geraldine, or Habington's Castara, which, in some respects, is the most genuine of the three, though all are tedious reading. The tale of true love is better told in one short poem, like Coleridge's " Genevieve " or Tennyson's " Gardener's Daughter," than, to take the first instance, in a series of upwards of three hundred sonnets, though written in the choicest Italian, full " of linked sweetness long drawn out." There is something unreal in such productions, and Cowley's is no exception to the rule. It is therefore unreasonable for Dr. Johnson to complain that the poet's " Mistress has no power of seduction," and that the verses in which she is celebrated are so frigid that they " might have been written for penance by a hermit, or for hire by a philosophical rhymers who had only heard of another sex." But the general conviction will be that Cowley's nameless lady-love, no doubt young and beautiful, possessed greater charms than a Laura, who was a married woman, the mother of eleven children, and " died of the plague, on the sixth of April, 1348," as we learn from Sismondi.

To these compositions the writer devoted three of his lustiest and freshest years, as we gather from the closing poem. It must have been after this period, one would fancy, that he fell in love for the first and last time in his life. His suit was unsuccessful, and he died unmarried. What sort of lady she was may perhaps be described in the following passage from his essay " Of Greatness " : " I confess I love littleness almost in all things. A little convenient estate, a little cheerful house, a little company, and a very little feast, and if I were ever to fall in love again (which is a great passion, and, therefore, I hope I have done with it), it would be, I think, with prettiness rather than with majestic beauty. I would neither wish that my mistress, nor my fortune, should be a Bona Roba, nor as Homer uses to describe his beauties, like a daughter of great Jupiter

for the stateliness and largeness of her person, but as Lucretius says,

Parvula, pumilio, *Χαίρων μία*, tota merum sal."

We may very well conclude from these words that the fair maiden of whom he became enamoured was of high estate and Junonian figure. Had fortune favoured him, it is quite possible that he would have accomplished much more than he promised, when he wrote, with a compliment to a contemporary poet :

I'll fix thy title next in fame  
To Sacharissa's well-sung name.

But in the poem entitled "Her Name," which I should like to give complete, we are told that this "sacred name" shall be concealed "till the happy nuptial muse be seen" :

Then all the fields and woods shall with it ring ;  
Then echo's burthen it shall be ;  
Then all the birds in several notes shall sing,  
And all the rivers murmur thee ;  
Then every wind the sound shall upwards bear,  
And softly whisper 't to some angel's ear.

Then shall thy name through all my verse be spread,  
Thick as the flowers in meadows lie,  
And when in future times they shall be read  
(As sure, I think, they will not die),  
If any critic doubt that they be mine,  
Men by that stamp shall quickly know the coin.

Dr. Johnson tells us that "one of the severe theologians of the time censured him as having published a book of profane and lascivious verses," for which accusation there is not the slightest foundation. If there be one or two slight lapses from propriety, it must be remembered that Cowley wished them to be expunged, but Dr. Sprat informs us that he could not carry out the poet's request because "those that had the right of the other edition" would not consent to the suppression of a word. The same prelate's judgment on the series of poems, with the above reservation, may be accepted : "But of all the rest I dare boldly pronounce that never yet so much was written on a subject so delicate that can less offend the severest rules of morality." A little before this he had the courage to say : "I am not, therefore, ashamed to commend Cowley's 'Mistress.'" Dr. Hurd, however, has not a single marginal note on any of the eighty pages, and did not reprint one of the poems in his selections.

He might well have given "The Wish," which is one of the best, and shows that the poet's hankering after a country life was of early origin. I subjoin the first two of the five stanzas :

Well then ; I now do plainly see,  
 This busy world and I shall ne'er agree ;  
 The very honey of all earthly joy  
 Does of all meats the soonest cloy,  
 And they, methinks, deserve my pity,  
 Who for it can endure the stings,  
 The crowd, and buzz, and murmurings  
 Of this great hive, the city.

Ah, yet, ere I descend to the grave,  
 May I a small house and large garden have !  
 And a few friends, and many books, both true,  
 Both wise, and both delightful too !  
 And since Love ne'er will from me flee,  
 A mistress moderately fair,  
 And good as guardian angels are,  
 Only beloved, and loving me !

Of all Cowley's works the "Mistress" is the one that most abounds in conceits, which would seem inseparable from this class of poetry since the days of Petrarch, who, in an evil hour, first brought it into fashion. A crowd of imitators arose, who surpassed the extravagances of their master ; such was Marini in Italy, Góngora in Spain, and Cowley in England, who, though preceded by Donne, is rightly considered to be the best representative of what may be called the fantastic school of poetry in our language, and fortunately, as Johnson says, "almost the last of that race." Though he indulges in "false wit," to use the expression of William Walsh, the friend of Pope, or "mixed wit," as Addison terms it, we must give our poet the credit of doing no violence to his mother-tongue, for, if his language be at times careless, it is never distorted from its true meaning ; neither does he disfigure it by words of his own making, nor does he run after those that are obsolete.

The "Pindaric Odes, written in imitation of the style and manner of the Odes of Pindar," fill seventy pages, with the notes. It is a class of poetry in irregular metres, first introduced by Cowley, but "to which his style was ill suited," as Hurd observes. His genius, moreover, being of a contemplative cast, was unable to treat subjects of a lofty and sublime character with adequate force. He well knew his own limitations, as we may see from the fourth stanza of his poem in praise of Pindar, which, though founded on Horace's ode (Carm. iv. 2), is most applicable to his own muse :

Lo ! how the obsequious wind, and swelling air,  
 The Theban swan does upwards bear  
 Into the walks of clouds, where he does play,  
 And with extended wings opens his liquid way.  
 Whilst, alas ! my timorous muse  
 Unambitious tracks pursues ;  
 Does with weak unballast wings,  
 About the mossy brooks and springs,  
 About the trees' new-blossomed heads,  
 About the gardens' painted beds,  
 About the fields and flowery meads,  
 And all inferior beauteous things,  
 Like the laborious bee,  
 For little drops of honey flee,  
 And there with humble sweets contents her industry.

But whatever opinion may be held regarding this style of poetry, it cannot be denied that Cowley's odes are worthy of attentive consideration. Even those who look upon them as a failure will grant that they served as a model which was improved by Dryden, Pope, and Gray, and brought to perfection by Wordsworth in his magnificent "Ode on Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood," wherein we find that plenitude of "judgment, style, and harmony" which Gray denied to Cowley, "who had his merit," as the same writer adds. Though he failed to catch the spirit of the Theban bard, there are excellent things in the "Pindarics," which Dryden ranks infinitely above the "Mistress," wherein the poet has copied Donne's "metaphysics" to a fault.<sup>1</sup> The first two odes, which are directly inspired by the Greek poet, have met with considerable praise, but they are paraphrases, not translations, according to the author's own words in his preface : "It does not at all trouble me," he says, "that the grammarians perhaps will not suffer this libertine way of rendering foreign authors to be called translation ; for I am not so much enamoured of the name translator as not to wish rather to be something better, though it want yet a name. . . . Upon this ground I have, in these two odes of Pindar, taken, left out, and added what I please ; nor make it so much my aim to let the reader know precisely what he spoke, as what was his manner of speaking ; which has not been yet (that I know of) introduced into English, though it be the noblest and highest kind of writing in verse." Like the French poet Ronsard, who took Pindar for his model, Cowley disregarded the form of the

<sup>1</sup> "Discourse on Satire." From this reference it will be seen that the origin of the phrase "metaphysical school" should be attributed to Dryden, rather than to Pope or Dr. Johnson.



ancient ode and did not divide it into strophes, antistrophes, and epodes, as Gray afterwards did in his "Progress of Poesy" and "The Bard," which are more remarkable for the turgidity, than Cowley's are for the homeliness, of the diction. These patchwork compositions, in which we are continually reminded of the close alliance that subsists between the sublime and the ridiculous, "show," we are told, "how scrupulously faithful that learned lyrist was in his discipleship of Pindar."<sup>1</sup> But the chief resemblance to his master is to be seen in his copying one particular fault, thus described by Longinus in his treatise "On the Sublime": "But in Pindar and Sophocles, who carry fire along with them through the violence of their motion, that very fire is many times unseasonably quenched, and then they drop most unfortunately down." Gray's "Elegy," one may safely say, is of infinitely more value than all the so-called "Pindaric" odes ever composed in our language, his own included, and those that may be written in honour of the coronation of his present Majesty.

There is scarcely anything more amusing in our literature than the genesis of this "Pindaric madness," as it has been well named. During his years of exile at Paris, Cowley took up the study of the Theban bard, and resolved to give an imitation of his manner and see how it "would look in an English habit." He cast aside the strophe, antistrophe, and epode as useless incumbrances, and, observing that no two of Pindar's odes possess the same metrical structure, he invented measures of his own, and gave the result to the world. The "Pindaric Odes" were received with great applause and were at once imitated by both young and old, no doubt to their author's amazement, for he had said: "And though the liberty of them may incline a man to believe them easy to be composed, yet the undertaker will find it otherwise." But the explanation is to be seen in the words of a great Victorian poet:

Most can raise the flowers now,  
For all have got the seed.  
And some are pretty enough,  
And some are poor indeed.

For close on fifty years these Pindaric flowers were cultivated with more or less success, until a certain gardener, angry at the sight of the ugly specimens he had produced, resolved to show that all were weeds. In other words, Congreve,<sup>2</sup> having composed some

<sup>1</sup> Mr. E. Gosse's "Congreve," p. 159.

<sup>2</sup> It has been asserted from the days of Dr. Samuel Johnson to those of Mr. Edmund Gosse that Congreve was the first to show in English what a real

odes in the prevailing fashion, which were a failure, and unwilling to lay the blame on his own lack of power, tried to prove that his model was at fault. He accordingly procured a copy of Pindar's works, which had been strangely neglected all these years, and succeeded in demonstrating that the English poet had not adhered to the Greek form of the ode with its triple division, and that Pindar did not write doggerel. Wonderful discovery ! But our poet had never attempted to emulate the Theban's style, as his own language shows : " They (the Pindaric Odes) either are, or at least were meant to be, of that kind of style which Dionysius Halicarnassus (*sic*) calls *μεγαλοφυνὲς καὶ ἥδὺ μετὰ δεινότητος*, and which he attributes to Alcæus. The digressions are many and sudden, and sometimes long, according to the fashion of all lyrics, and of Pindar above all men living. The figures are unusual and bold, even to temerity, and such as I durst not have to do withal in any other kind of poetry. The numbers are various and irregular, and sometimes (especially some of the long ones) seem harsh and uncouth, if the just measures and cadences be not observed in the pronunciation. So that almost all their sweetness and numerosity (which is to be found, if I mistake not, in the roughest, if rightly repeated) lies in a manner wholly at the mercy of the reader."

It may be added that Congreve wrote several odes in strict conformity to the ancient model, but, as he possessed neither the genius of a Cowley nor that of a Pindar, they were, both regular as well as irregular, alike failures. However, we must give him his due, for, as Johnson says : " He first taught the English writers that Pindar's odes were regular ; and though certainly he had not the fire requisite for the higher species of lyric poetry, he has shown us that enthusiasm has its rules, and that in mere confusion there is neither grace nor greatness." But it was not from Cowley himself, but from his "mimickers," to use Gilbert West's expression, that we were delivered. The frigid and artificial form of the ode which Congreve introduced under the name of regular has not been a success, and Pindaric ode was, "with its strophe, antistrophe, and epode." But, if we look into the works of an author who had much Latin and no inconsiderable Greek, we shall find that Ben Jonson is entitled to that honour. The poem, "To the immortal Memory and Friendship of that noble Pair, Sir Lucius Cary and Sir Henry Morison," in "Underwoods," is, as Robert Bell says, "a perfect example of the Pindaric Ode," though Jonson himself did not give it that name. And, *horribile dictu*, he omitted the magic words, Strophe, Antistrophe, and Epode, which he replaced by their vulgar equivalents, The Turn, The Counter-Turn, and The Stand, whereby he exhibited his ignorance of the spirit of the Theban bard ! The only thing that may be urged in his excuse is, that though very learned, he was not pedantic. O rare Ben Jonson !

no examples are worthy of a moment's comparison with the best of those which are styled irregular, of which class of poetry Cowley was the founder.

Dr. Hurd singles out, as the best of his productions in this part of his works, "The Praise of Pindar," "To Mr. Hobbes," and "Brutus"; but I consider the most powerful of all to be the last, entitled "The Plagues of Egypt," which, with all its shortcomings, is a truly wonderful poem, and makes us think that, if Cowley had enjoyed leisure, his name would have ranked among the first in our literature.

Next comes the "Davideis, a Sacred Poem of the Troubles of David," which, with the notes, occupies 154 pages. To Cowley belongs the honour of having first attempted epic poetry in the English language. The four books of the "Davideis" were for the most part composed in the author's youth, and are but a third of what the poem was meant to contain. If he had been able to carry out his plan, he might not indeed have been the author of an epic comparable with those that bear the name, but he would certainly have produced a work of uncommon interest, if we may judge by what he has given us. But the troubles of the time were against him and he was forced to leave his country. In his preface he says: "A warlike, various, and a tragical age is best to *write of*, but worst to *write in*." We may therefore attribute much of his want of finish to this cause, as Dryden has well explained in his "Discourse on Epic Poetry": "On the other side, without being injurious to the memory of our English Pindar, I will presume to say that his metaphors are sometimes too violent, and his language is not always pure. But at the same time I must excuse him, for through the iniquity of the times he was forced to travel at an age when, instead of learning foreign languages, he should have studied the beauties of his mother tongue, which, like all other speeches, is to be cultivated early, or we shall never write it with any kind of elegance. Thus by gaining abroad he lost at home, like the painter in the 'Arcadia,' who, going to see a skirmish, had his arms lopped off, and returned, says Sir Philip Sidney, 'well instructed how to draw a battle, but without a hand to perform his work.'" But things were not quite so bad as here described, for the same writer tells us that his last writings were his best. As Cowley has himself given an outline of the "Davideis," as he meant it to be, I will quote the passage: "I come now to the last part, which is Davideis, or an heroical poem of the troubles of David; which I designed into twelve books; not for the Tribes' sake, but after the Pattern of our Master Virgil;

and intended to close all with that most poetical and excellent elegy of David's on the death of Saul and Jonathan. For I had no mind to carry him quite on to his Anointing at Hebron, because it is the custom of heroic poets (as we see by the examples of Homer and Virgil, whom we should do ill to forsake to imitate others) never to come to the full end of their story, but only so near that everyone may see it ; as men commonly play not out the game, when it is evident that they can win it, but lay down their cards, and take up what they have won. This, I say, was the whole design, in which there are many noble and fertile arguments behind ; as the barbarous cruelty of Saul to the priests at Nob, the several flights and escapes of David, with the manner of his living in the Wilderness, the funeral of Samuel, the love of Abigail, the sacking of Ziklag, the loss and recovery of David's wives from the Amalekites, the Witch of Endor, the war with the Philistines, and the battle of Gilboa ; all which I meant to interweave upon several occasions, with most of the illustrious stories of the Old Testament, and to embellish with the most remarkable antiquities of the Jews, and of other nations before or at that age. But I have had neither leisure hitherto, nor have appetite at present to finish the work, or so much as to revise that part which is done with that care which I resolved to bestow upon it, and which the dignity of the matter well deserves." Of his own attempt he speaks in modest terms : " I am far from assuming to myself to have fulfilled the duty of this weighty undertaking ; but sure I am that there is nothing yet in our language (nor perhaps in any) that is in any degree answerable to the idea that I conceive of it." Dr. Hurd's comment on these words is very interesting and runs thus : " This idea of our author seems now to be answered, and the work successfully performed by our Milton." It may very well be doubted whether Cowley would have agreed that "*Paradise Lost*" was the complete realisation of such a poem as he had contemplated. Be that, however, as it may, there can be no doubt that Milton derived no little benefit from the "*Davideis*," which contains many splendid lines, and not a few passages of rare descriptive power. As the four books average about 1,000 lines each and the poem is incomplete, a detailed criticism of the work is unnecessary, which is extraordinary both in its strength and its weakness. That Cowley was not destitute of the qualities required for the composition of an epic we may learn from Rymer, who says : " That a more happy genius for heroic poetry appears in Cowley ; that he understood the purity, the perspicuity, the majesty of the style and the virtue of numbers ; that he could discern what was beautiful and pleasant in



nature, and could express his thoughts without the least difficulty or constraint ; that he understood to dispose of the matters, and to manage digressions ; and, lastly, that he understood Homer and Virgil, and as prudently made his advantage of them." I quote this from the preface to a translation of Bossu's "Treatise of the Epick Poem," London, 1719, the writer of which continues : "Yet, after all these high commendations, he laments his not carrying on the work so far as he had designed, and his not living to revise what he did leave behind him ; and blames him for his ill choice of the subject of his poem, in that like Lucan he made choice of history, and a history where he was so strictly tied up to the truth. He likewise blames him for inserting the lyric measure in the very body of his poem." In the first book and again in the third, Cowley has introduced an ode, which are both excellent specimens of his muse. He thus refers to the matter in his notes : "For this liberty of inserting an ode into an heroic poem, I have no authority or example, and therefore, like men who venture upon a new coast, I must run the hazard of it. We must sometimes be bold to innovate." If Homer had given us the lay celebrating the exploits of the heroes,<sup>1</sup> which the warrior Achilles was chanting to the music of his lyre when the envoys, Ajax and Ulysses, came to his tent, who would have blamed him ? Cowley, it must be allowed, was not less daring in his epic than in his lyrical poetry.

Despite its imperfections, the "Davideis" exhibits many of the marks of genius and well deserves attentive perusal. Every reader will regret that its author was unable to complete it according to the plan he has described. At the end of each book will be found a series of notes, written in admirable style and full of the most various learning. It may be mentioned that Dr. Hurd has not annotated a single page in this division of the folio.

We now come to what Dr. Sprat added to the edition published by Cowley himself in 1656. This part comprises 148 pages and contains "his later compositions, which are undoubtedly the best of his poems and the most correct," according to Dryden. The opening ode on "Christ's Passion" shows almost Miltonic power, and is but little, if at all, disfigured by the author's failings. The one entitled "Mr. Cowley's Book presenting itself to the University Library of Oxford" is of much interest and may be called autobiographical. Among those that Dr. Hurd commends is "Acme and Septimius out of Catullus." He praises our author's good taste and morals for having converted "a loose love-poem into a sober epithalamium," and adds : "We have all the grace, and what is more,

<sup>1</sup> Κλέα ἀνδρῶν, *Ilias* ix. 189.

all the warmth of Catullus, without his indecency." The longest ode, numbering nineteen stanzas, is "Upon his Majesty's Restoration and Return." But his celebration of that event brought Cowley, who had been among the most faithful to the royal cause, no recompense for his services. This neglect of one who had done so much, and whose modest desires could have been so easily satisfied, is most pathetically described in "The Complaint," on which Dr. Hurd has this excellent note: "The plan of this poem is highly poetical, and though the numbers be not the most pleasing, the expression is almost everywhere natural and beautiful. But its principal charm is that air of melancholy thrown over the whole, so expressive of the poet's character. The address of the writer is seen in conveying his just reproaches on the Court, under a pretended vindication of it against the Muse." The "Hymn to the Light" is not without beauty, as the following quotation will show :

A crimson garment in the rose thou wear'st ;  
 A crown of studded gold thou bear'st.  
 The virgin lilies in their white  
 Are clad but with the lawn of almost naked light.  
 The violet, spring's little infant, stands  
 Girt in thy purple swaddling-bands ;  
 On the fair tulip thou dost dote ;  
 Thou cloth'st it in a gay and parti-coloured coat.

The ode addressed "To the Royal Society," and composed at the request of Dr. Sprat and John Evelyn, was much admired by Lord Macaulay, who thus speaks of it in the longest of his essays : "Cowley, who was among the most ardent, and not among the least discerning followers of the new philosophy, has, in one of his finest poems, compared Bacon to Moses standing on Mount Pisgah." The lines, which attracted his attention and also that of Sir James Mackintosh occur in the fifth stanza, which runs thus :

From these and all long errors of the way,  
 In which our wandering predecessors went,  
 And, like the old Hebrews, many years did stray  
 In deserts but of small extent,  
 Bacon, like Moses, led us forth at last,  
 The barren wilderness he past,  
 Did on the very border stand  
 Of the blest promised land,  
 And from the mountain's top of his exalted wit,  
 Saw it himself, and showed us it.  
 But life did never to one man allow  
 Time to discover worlds, and conquer too ;

Nor can so short a line sufficient be  
To fathom the vast depth of nature's sea :  
The work he did we ought to admire,  
And were unjust, if we should more require  
From his few years, divided 'twixt the excess  
Of low affliction and high happiness.  
For who on things remote can fix his sight,  
That's always in a triumph or a fight ?

Coming now to his prose works, which, with two exceptions, are the best known of his compositions and are worthy of all the praise they have received, I shall say very little for that reason. On the paper entitled "*A Proposition for the Advancement of Experimental Philosophy*," Dr. Hurd comments as follows : "Ingenious men delight in dreams of reformation. In comparing the following proposition of Cowley with that of Milton, addressed to Mr. Hartlib, we find that these great poets had amused themselves with some exalted and, in the main, congenial fancies on the subject of education : that, of the two plans proposed, this of Mr. Cowley was better digested, and is the less fanciful ; if a preference, in this respect, can be given to either when both are manifestly Utopian : and that our Universities, in their present form, are well enough calculated to answer all the reasonable ends of such Institutions ; provided we allow for the unavoidable defects of them, when drawn out into practice."

The longest of Cowley's prose writings is "*A Discourse by way of Vision, concerning the Government of Oliver Cromwell*," from which I cannot but think that Addison derived not a little of the beautiful style which charms us in "*The Vision of Mirza*." Of this most admirable production, Dr. Hurd writes thus : "There is something very noble and poetical in the plan of this Vision ; and a warm vein of eloquence runs quite through it. This is the best of our author's prose works. The subject, which he had much at heart, raised his genius." He furthermore informs us that "Mr. Hume has inserted this character of Cromwell, but altered, as he says, in some particulars from the original, in his '*History of Great Britain*.' I know not why he should think any alterations necessary. They are chiefly in the style, which surely wanted no improvement. Or, if it did, posterity would be more pleased to have this curious fragment transmitted to them in the author's own words than in the choicest phrase of the historian." In this discourse the writer has inserted four poems, which are not unworthy of his muse. Let these lines serve as a specimen :

So Athaliah, when she saw her son,  
 And with his life her dearer greatness gone,  
 With a majestic fury slaughtered all  
 Whom high birth might to high pretences call :  
 Since he was dead who all her power sustained,  
 Resolved to reign alone ; resolved and reigned.

Opposite the last line, Dr. Hurd quotes the following from "Paradise Regained" :

"Tempt not the Lord thy God." He said, and stood.

If Milton here imitated Cowley, it is certainly a better instance than the one furnished by Dr. Johnson, who seems to think, with good reason, that the spear of Satan in "Paradise Lost" is made of the same timber as Goliath's in the "Davideis"; but that either of the poets is entitled to claim the invention of such a weapon cannot be allowed, as it had been described in one of the old romances long before they were born. Yet whose words are more vivid than Cowley's?

His spear the trunk was of a lofty tree,  
 Which nature meant some tall ship's mast should be ;  
 The huge iron head six hundred shekels weighed,  
 And of whole bodies but one wound it made,  
 Able death's worst command to overdo.  
 Destroying life at once and carcass too.

No one, surely, will deny that the language is worthy of the weapon!

After these two interesting papers, which have not been reprinted for many years, so far as I am aware,<sup>1</sup> we have the "Several Discourses by way of Essays in Verse and Prose," which are without doubt the most enjoyable of all his writings, because Cowley, like Montaigne and Robert Burton, talks to us as friends but with such unpretentious wisdom and simple candour that we are inspired with something akin to love for his character. "In these discourses," says Dr. Hurd, "as in everything, indeed, which Mr. Cowley wrote in prose, we have a great deal of good sense, embellished by a lively but very natural expression. The sentiments flow from the heart, and generally in a vein of pure and proper English." Coleridge must have had these essays in mind when he said that Cowley's prose "is characteristic of him as a first-rate gentleman," for such, indeed, he was.

Thanks to the late Mr. Henry Morley, these discourses of Cowley, written during the last seven years of his life, are easily

<sup>1</sup> The *Vision of Cromwell* is in the fifth volume of the *Harleian Miscellany*, 1808. Of course, I do not forget Dr. Grosart's complete edition of Cowley's works ; but that, being published by subscription, is in a different category.



accessible, and therefore need not be mentioned in detail. But I should like to call the reader's attention especially to the one that bears the title "Of my Self," in which he tells us with such charming simplicity how the spirit of poesy was infused into his boyish heart. "I believe," he says, "I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head first with such chimes of verse as have never since left ringing there ; for I remember when I began to read, and take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lie in my mother's parlour (I know not by what accident, for she herself never in her life read any book but of devotion), but there was wont to lie Spenser's works ; this I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the stories of the knights, and giants, and monsters, and brave houses, which I found everywhere there : (though my understanding had little to do with all this) and, by degrees, with the tinkling of the rhyme and dance of the numbers, so that I think I had read him all over before I was twelve years old, and was thus made a poet as immediately as a child is made an eunuch. With these affections of mind, and my heart wholly set upon letters, I went to the University ; but was soon torn from thence by that violent public storm which would suffer nothing to stand where it did, but rooted up every plant, even from the princely cedars, to me, the hyssop."

The last I will mention is "The Garden," on account of its connection with John Evelyn, for whose little book, entitled "Kalendarium Hortense ; or, The Gardener's Almanac," it was written, but not on its first publication. It consists of a short introduction in prose and a poem of eleven stanzas in praise of gardens, trees, and flowers, in which our author took great delight. To his new edition Evelyn prefixed a dedicatory letter to his friend, in which he says : "This Hortulan Kalendar is yours, mindful of the honour once conferred on it, when you were pleased to suspend your nobler raptures, and think it worthy your transcribing." From this very striking poem I will quote a few lines in which the wonders of grafting are described "in the best manner of Shakespeare," as Dr. Hurd thinks :

He bids the ill-natured crab produce  
The gentle apple's winy juice ;  
The golden fruit that worthy is  
Of Galatea's purple kiss ;  
He does the savage hawthorn teach  
To bear the medlar and the pear ;  
He bids the rustic plum to rear  
A noble trunk, and be a peach ;

Even Daphne's coyness he does mock,  
 And weds the cherry to her stock,  
 Though she refused Apollo's suit ;  
 Even she, that chaste and virgin-tree,  
 Now wonders at herself to see  
 That she's a mother made, and blushes in her fruit.

The poem, of which this is a specimen, must have given exquisite pleasure to Evelyn, for, writing in the year 1690 to Lady Sunderland, he attributes the success of his little book to "my dear (and while he lived) worthy friend Mr. Cowley ; upon his reputation only it has survived seven impressions, and is now entering on the eighth." The ninth edition, from which I have quoted, was printed in 1699, and from it I learn that our poet's verses are dated "Chertsea, 1666," so they have a pathetic interest, for they must have been nearly the last he composed, as he died in the following year. His faithful friend visited him during his illness, and thus chronicles the end in his diary: "1 August. I received the sad news of Abraham Cowley's death, that incomparable poet and virtuous man, my very dear friend, and was greatly deplored. [August] 3. Went to Mr. Cowley's funeral, whose corpse lay at Wallingford House, and was thence conveyed to Westminster Abbey in a hearse with six horses and all funeral decency, near a hundred coaches of noblemen and persons of quality following ; among these all the wits of the town, divers bishops and clergymen. He was interred next Geoffrey Chaucer and near to Spenser. A goodly monument has been since erected to his memory."

Such was the end of this amiable and accomplished writer, whose works, once so famous, have been so long and so unduly neglected. His noble, yet simple, character is seen on every page he penned. He was, says Leigh Hunt in "The Town," "one of the kindest, wisest, and truest gentlemen that ever graced humanity. He has been pronounced by one, competent to judge, to have been 'if not a great poet, a great man.' But his poetry is what every other man's poetry is, the flower of what was in him ; and it is so far good poetry as it is the quintessence of amiable and deep reflection, not without a more festive strain, the result of his sociality." Dr. Vicesimus Knox gives him even higher praise : "Possessed of genius and spirit, he stands forth an avowed and powerful champion of moral and religious reformation ; and while he admonishes with all the rigour of censorial discipline, he charms with the luminous language and vivid colouring of descriptive poetry."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Winter Evenings : or, Lucubrations on Life and Letters*, vol. iii. p. 173.

His delight was in a country life, in good books, and in the society of a few chosen friends. He does not seem to have had an enemy, and his nature was such that he could not harbour an unkind thought even against those who kept back the reward due to his fidelity in the royal cause for which he had sacrificed so much. It has not been my business to speak of his literary shortcomings, which have been more than enough exposed by others. My aim has been to show his merits as far as was possible in the compass of an article ; and I think it will be allowed that he was no common man, but a genius of a high order, whose misfortune it was to live in an age of vitiated taste. His description is given so kindly and so admirably by Addison in the following lines that they may well form the conclusion of this paper :

Great Cowley then (a mighty genius) wrote,  
O'errun with wit, and lavish of his thought :  
His turns too closely on the reader press ;  
He more had pleased us, had he pleased us less.  
One glittering thought no sooner strikes our eyes  
With silent wonder, but new wonders rise.  
As in the milky way a shining white  
O'erflows the heavens with one continued light ;  
That not a single star can show his rays,  
Whilst jointly all promote the common blaze.  
Pardon, great poet, that I dare to name  
The unnumbered beauties of thy verse with blame ;  
Thy fault is only wit in its excess,  
But wit like thine in any shape will please.  
What muse but thine can equal hints inspire,  
And fit the deep-mouthed Pindar to thy lyre ;  
Pindar, whom others, in a laboured strain  
And forced expression, imitate in vain ?  
Well-pleased in thee he soars with new delight,  
And plays in more unbounded verse, and takes a nobler flight.

These lines are quoted from "An Account of the Greatest English Poets," dated 1694. It is a compliment to Cowley that the best thing in them is borrowed from his ode "Of Wit," which Johnson says "is almost without a rival." The idea is thus expressed in the fifth stanza :

Several lights will not be seen,  
If there be nothing else between.  
Men doubt, because they stand so thick in the sky,  
If those be stars which paint the galaxy.

JOHN T. CURRY.

## *AMONG WARWICKSHIRE PEA-PICKERS.*

WE drove from the Garrick Inn at Stratford-on-Avon, one bright, breezy morning in August, bent on seeking fresh experience among the world's workers. We had passed the previous day partly at Shuttery, where Anne Hathaway lived, and partly at Wilmcote, the home of Mary Arden and, as some have supposed, the village known so well to Christopher Sly, who was wont to drink deeply at the house of Marian Hacket, "the fat ale-wife of Wincot." Having concluded our investigations among Shakespearean relics and traditions, we had decided, on the principle that change of study is the best form of recreation, to spend a few hours among the pea-pickers, to watch them at their work and talk with them face to face. So we drove briskly out of the famous little town, and, passing near the village of Clifford Chambers, whose beautiful old vicarage was inhabited by one John Shakespeare, we came into an open, smiling country, where we saw the marbled white butterfly in considerable numbers, and presently entered a high-lying district where peas are largely cultivated.

It is nearly thirty years since William Winter, a learned and gossipy American, came on a pilgrimage of love into this central district of dear old England, and wrote about it charmingly afterwards in the pages of "Harper's Magazine." "Between the low green hills that roll away on either side, the Avon flows downward to the Severn. The country in its neighbourhood is under perfect cultivation, and for many miles around presents the appearance of a superbly appointed park. Portions of the land are devoted to crops and pasture; other portions are thickly wooded with oak, elm, willow, and chestnut; the meadows are intersected by hedges of the fragrant hawthorn, and the whole region smiles with flowers." Much as England has changed since Winter wrote, this passage might have been penned yesterday.

Our adventures began when we crossed the railroad at the swing



gates and found our trap promptly surrounded by a dozen hungry-looking, half-clad wayfarers, as destitute in appearance as those hunger-bitten peasants seen in sunny France by Arthur Young. They were pea-pickers, men, women, and children, and were eager to learn from my friend, who had bought the standing crop thereabouts, when and where they should next go picking. They were worthy of study. I have rambled in many counties and seen strange types of men, but remember none so destitute, so vagabond in appearance, as the Warwickshire pea-picker. I noticed particularly one dark-eyed girl, perhaps twenty years of age, who seemed strangely anxious lest we should drive on before fully satisfying her associates. Tall and spare, her clothes hung loosely about her; her features, regular enough, were deeply browned by exposure to sun, rain, and wind. She was now at our pony's head and now at his tail, like Wordsworth's "Idiot Boy"; she regarded the writer with very evident suspicion as a stranger and a spy from a far country. I noticed, too, a man whose face was like the face of Théophile Gautier as I have seen it in a print—a fat, sensual face, the lower part thickly covered by a dark, scrubby beard; a thick nose, prominent eyebrows, and retreating forehead. He bore down upon us like a man not to be denied, and clearly deemed himself master of us all. He seemed, indeed, like one fallen upon evil days, who condescended to pick peas in lack of more lucrative employment. His nose told unmistakably that he had recently fought and received punishment; his complexion forbade me to imagine that his drink was often from the limpid stream. His whole demeanour and appearance brought to mind the story of Porson at the London Institution, where Hazlitt saw him talking with an air of suavity bordering on condescension, with a patch of brown paper on his nose and cobwebs on his coat-tails. He argued a point with my friend in very forcible vernacular, and accompanied his remarks with many dramatic gestures.

After much talk we freed ourselves from this importunate group, and drove on to where the wooded hills stretched farther and higher on either hand, overlooking the valley of the Stour. The music of many larks floated down to us almost uninterruptedly; wrens watched us impertinently as we passed; "meadow-browns" and large "heaths" flitted hither and thither in the bright sunshine. Presently we turned our trap into a large field in the centre of this high-lying district, and, tying the reins to the splash-board, we left the pony to browse at will among the herbage near the footpath. In this field, very early in the morning—too early, as we subsequently found—

about sixty pickers had been busy among the peas. The pea-picker follows an ancient employment. De Candolle tells us that the pea was probably known to the Aryans ; it is mentioned by Theophrastus ; it has been found among the débris of the lacustrine dwellings of the Bronze Period. The exquisite flavour of this fruit was doubtless early discovered by man, and so nutritious a food would soon be extensively cultivated. Every gardener knows how well the pea repays any care bestowed upon it ; the crop, even when grown in the open field, is sometimes surprisingly uniform in its yield per acre. But much depends upon the cleanness with which the picking is done, and the extent of the thefts committed by the birds. The work can be performed swiftly by willing hands ; the stalks, useless save as loose litter, require no careful handling. When we reached the field it was already afternoon, and several scores of pots (*i.e.* bushels) had been gathered and now lay in bags, ready to be carted to the nearest railway station, *en route* for London. The pick afforded a good average sample, large in pod and sound in fruit

This district in leafy Warwickshire produces many of the peas sold by the London greengrocer, peas which some purchasers suppose to have been grown in gardens. Their culture differs little from that of the common pea used for "feeding" ; they grow without sticks, and are sold to the speculative purchaser by the acre as they stand. They hardly attain a large average size ; but when soil, rain, and sunshine are alike favourable, the gross yield and the individual pod would not disgrace a carefully tended market garden. As I write, I have before me a pod six inches in length.

We had come to pay these toilers of the field ; and after a few inquiries as to the condition of the peas and their fitness for transit, we extemporised a table and our work commenced. Much of the picking is done so early in the day that the hands must perforce wait some time for their money. The paymaster, during the harvest, usually stays at some town from which he can visit the whole of his crop, an area which may comprise many square miles. If possible, he pays all his employees personally, driving from field to field as speedily as may be. To day we had been expected an hour earlier, and the pickers had waited very impatiently. Our approach was known when we were yet afar off, for some of the men had wandered here and there across the fields, and we had heard the tidings passed from man to man as we rounded a corner or climbed a hill. They now swarmed in upon us from all sides, all clamorous, each eager to be first.

On such occasions and in such rough company it is necessary to keep a cool head and refuse to be hustled or flurried, unless, indeed, like the legendary Cæsar, you can do several things at a time. So we insisted that the pickers should pass before us one by one; as they came forward they placed their checks upon the table, receiving money in exchange. The system of payment is admirably simple. The pickers bring their gatherings to a given centre, and the foreman gives to each a metal check showing the amount of his or her earnings. Wages vary greatly; at the time of my visit they were fairly high, sixpence being paid for every pot gathered. It takes an hour or two to pick one pot, according to the nimbleness and industry of the picker and the abundance and condition of the crop. As I have mentioned, we found that the harvest before us had been gathered too early in the morning. Unless picked when dry the pods "sweat" upon the journey, and an entire consignment may prove almost worthless, for the price paid by the London dealer is based upon condition on arrival. Readers will readily understand that a small reduction in market value may absorb the profit on the harvest of a day.

I should like to sketch that group of Warwickshire pea-pickers and the scene of their gathering. But it would take the pen of Thomas Hardy or the brush of Millet to do justice to the subject. The noonday sun shone fiercely down upon those bronzed faces, making the desperate man look still more desperate and the drawn, haggard, weary woman still more woebegone. Such scenes help us at least to realise how strange a life is led by many of our fellow-countrymen. Without permanent employment, and therefore with no fixed home, they drift from village to village, from county to county; they live veritably from hand to mouth; their care is wholly for the passing hour. Conspicuous in the foreground was a woman sitting on an upturned basket busily sorting some inferior pods. Her face resembled that of a Redskin; a hawk-like profile, keen crafty eyes, and deeply tanned skin. A tiny child toddled among the litter of pea-straw and useless pods; several women gossipped together with their arms akimbo; one big fellow, of desperate aspect, pushed roughly forward to forestall his mates. I saw boys wearing coats strongly suggestive of that worn by the Artful Dodger; others wore no coat at all; a little string often did duty for braces.

The check system of payment is perhaps the best that can be devised; but it is often abused, and thereby hangs a tale. The foreman on this occasion had exhausted his stock of checks, and, as customary under such circumstances, he had distributed instead some small pieces of paper, on each of which was written in pencil



the number of pots which it represented. These papers are called "scrip." One such scrip was handed in for payment by an old man of pitiable appearance. As he came forward he called "two" loudly, and was in a great hurry to get his shilling. His demeanour aroused suspicion; the paymaster, examining the scrip closely, saw that "1" had evidently been altered into "2," the alteration being clumsily effected with a fainter pencil than that originally used. The picker angrily denied the charge, but the foreman was appealed to, and the case was given against him. "Sir," said the picker, "I ain't no scholar, and couldn't alter no figures even if I was to try." To my surprise, however, even his mates testified that he had gathered but one pot. "My man," said the paymaster, "it's a very serious matter to alter these scrips. I've a mind to prosecute you. I'll give you till to-morrow morning to own up. If you'll say you altered the figure I'll perhaps overlook it, but if you don't I'll have you locked up, for I can prove you deserve it." I was many miles from Stratford on the following day, and do not know how the matter ended; but the old man kept a bold face throughout the dispute, and as he walked away we heard him mutter that he would have his rights.

The pickers had scattered themselves over so wide an area during the morning that many were ignorant of our arrival, and fresh heads appeared in distant fields from time to time. These belated stragglers came up one by one, and we found it difficult to get quit of our task. Even at the last moment, as we started for our return drive, we were frantically hailed from the hillside, and were compelled to honour several checks from the tail-board. The delay occasioned me a disappointment, for my friend had promised to return by way of Welford, one of the prettiest villages in Warwickshire; but our leisure was frittered away by these loiterers, and I was finally obliged to take the train at Milcote. I was surprised by an incident that occurred as we drove along the narrow, winding road. We were nearing the station when a man put his head over the hedge to ask about the morrow's pick. It seemed as though every person by the wayside, every loiterer in the villages, every boy who stared at us from a doorway or whittled a switch as he sat upon a gate was personally interested in the pea-picking. As a matter of fact, this is of course only one of several local occupations; but were it the sole work of the district it could hardly elicit more wide-spread interest.

I followed up my excursion by a few inquiries as to the habits and character of the Warwickshire pea-picker. I learned—*inter*



*alia*—that, mixed with such waifs and strays as I have described, there is a more respectable minority, worthy of every consideration. This minority is drawn from men and women living honestly enough in villages and hamlets of the district—folk who enjoy local habitation and can be found when wanted. Glad to earn an honest penny, they turn their hands to such tasks as the seasons bring in their turn: they hoe among the turnips, they split fire-wood, they dub hedges, they rake the hay. Many are well known to their employers, for whom they pick season after season; they could, indeed, monopolise this employment were they sufficiently numerous. Fortunately, however, such respectable working folk are often otherwise occupied when the peas are ready to be harvested, and the buyer of the crop is obliged to utilise such vagrant labour as may be available. The two classes may be described as the “regulars” and “casuals” of the pea-picking season. The regular would by most folk be regarded as a more desirable acquaintance than the casual; but those who like not only to “see life steadily” but also to “see it whole” should welcome every opportunity of watching the vagrant wayfarer as he engages in the gathering of life’s daily bread.

The adversity of the casual pea-picker can hardly be said, in the words of the old adage, to make him acquainted with strange bed-fellows, for only too frequently he sleeps in no bed at all. In this matter he is neither better nor worse than many of his fellows; and persons more orthodox in their manners would be surprised to know how many men and women sleep actually *sous la belle étoile*. When nights are short and hot they sleep under hedges or in the shelter of ricks, except when they are so fortunate as to find an open barn or shed; and if fresh air be the first consideration their digestion should be sound and their sleep balmy indeed. Sometimes, however, Necessity proves the mother of Invention, and an effort is made to provide a rough shelter, if only for the women and children. As we drove towards the fields we saw several of their rude tents, consisting, so far as I observed, of some rough canvas supported upon sticks. In the morning they are abroad betimes, and whether engaged in idleness or business their hours are passed mostly in the open air. Such a life has surely its romantic and picturesque side, had its followers but the wit to perceive it. As yet the genuine tramp has not turned his attention to literature: there is much writing *about* him, but it is not from his own pen. Presently this want will be supplied, for many a “casual” can write sufficiently well to record his experiences. There is still room for originality of style and fresh-

ness of outlook, and I will welcome the memoirs of a tramp in two volumes—if only I can feel sure that a tramp wrote them. The reader may smile at the bare suggestion. But he need not suppose the thing impossible. A tinker has dreamed dreams that have become immortal, and a prophet was among the herdsmen of Tekoa.

One last word. I was sorry to learn that the casuals, as a class, benefit but little by the harvesting of peas. Having exchanged their checks for coin, they seek the nearest inn and exchange their coin for beer. As John Ploughman puts it, they have a hole beneath their nose, into which they pour that little wealth which is their all.

HERBERT W. TOMPKINS.

## *THE REAL FRANÇOIS VILLON.*

A RECENT play, perhaps unusually successful, has drawn attention to one of the most pathetic figures in this poor world's history, a figure at once droll and grim, picturesque and sordid, beautiful in certain aspects, but in others quaintly horrible. François Villon, although he struts it merrily upon the stage, and strutted as merrily, indeed, at times, in the streets of mediæval Paris, is but a pitiful hero. His part in the great deeds of which he sometimes sings is but that of the singer ; no thought of his was ever translated into action, and when his presence fades into that obscurity which surrounds his latter days it leaves nought but the memory of a genius gone astray.

The poet—for Villon was the first true poet France produced—was a creature in everything of his time and country. He was born in 1431 of parents who appear to have come to Paris from Montcorbier, in the Bourbonnais. Little is known of his father, sometimes called *dés Loges*, sometimes *de Montcorbier* ; but he died early, leaving Villon a child of tender years, and his mother, a woman of Angers, his sole near relative. He had an uncle, it is true, a monk of Angers ; but the latter, having saved a little money, appears to have treated his nephew with that half-fearful contempt which is so often the portion of the poor relation, and Villon nourished against him a fervent hostility, which at a later date contributed towards his own undoing. Another and more distant kinsman also, more kind than kin, perhaps, the very fairy godfather of the poet's childhood, appears in *Maitre Guillaume Villon*, chaplain of the collegiate church of Saint-Benoît, hard by the Sorbonne. This man, whom some have called the poet's uncle, lived in a house within the cloisters of the church, at the sign of the *Porte Rouge*, which afterwards sheltered Villon himself when he took upon him his benefactor's name.

In 1431 Paris was still at the feet of its conquerors. The Regent Bedford was quartered at the Louvre. The English soldiery held in stern subjection the lower orders of the people, who alone supported the exiled king ; the middle classes, seeking nothing but gain,



favoured in general the English occupation, and the University itself, the plaything of its rulers, had just condemned Jeanne La Pucelle, the Maid of Domremi, to the punishment of witchcraft. France was torn in pieces by rival factions. Burgundians and Armagnacs fought and struggled more often with each other than with the common foe; and when at last the latter withdrew, defeated, and France reclaimed her own, the wretched Parisians found civil dissensions as little to their taste as foreign rule. Disbanded troops, free companions, and *écorceurs* ravaged the country to the very gates of Paris, and sometimes forced their way and wreaked their will even within the walls. To the horrors of battle and murder were added the miseries of plague, pestilence and famine. In one year, if the ancient record is to be believed, fifty thousand persons died of the plague alone. The town was in a state of siege, and all food was intercepted and stolen before it could reach the gates. The darkness was filled with the wailing of women and children calling upon the Virgin and the Saints for bread. Wolves entered the town and carried off the children from the streets, while without the walls none dare venture save at the risk of losing purse and skin.

Amid such surroundings was Villon born, and among such he spent the first twelve years of his life. In 1445, when order was finally established, he was already an inmate of the house of Maître Guillaume, and for two years had been entered at the University of Paris in the Faculty of Arts, where he took his Bachelor's degree in 1449, and three years later proceeded to the degree of Master.

It was usual at the time for a student having taken his degree to proceed to a further course of study in theology or law, and Villon chose the latter; but with the attainment of his Mastership his studies, if indeed they were ever very serious, altogether ceased to occupy his mind. His verse had already made him popular in the University, and thenceforth until the end he spent his time when not in straiter quarters among the boon companions of the tavern.

The mediæval university included many varieties of scholars, and some who were not scholars at all. Through its gates lay the only paths which led any save those of noble blood to distinction or power. Its *alumni* might rise to be rulers of kings, or in a secluded cloister content themselves with ruling self alone; but for the most part they drifted with the stream, and for many their scholastic learning, such as it was, provided but a neck-verse to give them benefit of clergy and cheat the gallows of its rightful prey. Villon himself tells us how often he played truant in his college days, and among the companions of his latter amusements two at least, Regnier



de Montigny and Colin des Cayeux, and perhaps also Gui Tabarie, appear to have been his comrades at the University.

This University of Paris, so far as its scholars were concerned, was not unlike some of the universities of to-day. Its several churches, cloisters and colleges occupied the greater part of the south bank of the Seine, and its scholars, living around them in the hostels or private garrets of what is now the Quartier Latin, passed their days and nights cheek by jowl with every form of depravity and vice. The scholars themselves were a reckless band, indulging in every sort of license, and hesitating little at crime, and they were supported in most cases by the ecclesiastical authorities, ever intent on upholding their privileges of jurisdiction over all clerks against the hostile arms of the city or the Court.

Villon himself tells us of many of these escapades with an unblushing face, and hints at many more. His truant wanderings took him often beyond the walls; and the ducks of Paris Moat, carried home in safety beneath the students' cloaks, appear to have been common objects of the raids of himself and his companions. One of his biographers pictures him evading the guard upon the bridge, strolling at will among the narrow streets of the old city, and in the Cemetery "des Innocents," the home of Paris junketings, gazing upon those bursting charnel-houses upon the walls, and the vast picture of the Dance of Death which provided materials for so many of his rhymes. The students were ever ready for mischief. They paraded the streets of Paris by night, raiding shops, wrenching signboards from their hinges, burning benches, and often fighting with the guards. On one occasion they seized upon what appears to have been the last stone of an ancient cromlech, a noted relic of the past, which was the property of a private citizen and stood before his door. They conveyed it to their own quarter, and when in turn it was seized by the guard, and for safety's sake carried to the Court, they invaded the very precincts of the Court itself, and held high carnival around their plaything, decking it with flowers, circling around it in a mad dance, and making it the centre of fantastic rites. This same stone became the central theme of one of the earliest of Villon's lost romances. At another time they raided the house of a well-known citizen, but were caught by the guard, who pursued them home, wounding several and taking several prisoners. These latter might well have been hanged out of hand, but Mother Church stepped in and claimed her children, and the Church being supported by the Court, the offending officer and his men were forced to sue for pardon.

In spite of these riotous adventures Villon appears to have made many acquaintances even in high quarters. From his references it is sometimes difficult to understand what the relations between them really were. Against some he certainly nursed a grudge ; but others appear to have been his friends, gained either by his reputation as a poet or his services in other and perhaps less creditable ways. One of his friends was Robert d'Estouteville, the Provost of Paris, into whose presence many of his freaks must have brought him. The Provost won his wife, Ambroise de Loré, a celebrated beauty, by force of arms at a tournament held at Saumur by René d'Anjou, and it is likely that Villon had been in some way of use to him on that occasion. He certainly wrote for the Provost a set of verses addressed to the lady who became his wife. Others were well-known courtiers and burgesses of Paris, canons of Notre Dame and councillors of the city ; while in different circles he was familiar enough with men of the city guard, officers of justice, and the whole riotous crew of students, clerks, loose women and professional rogues who formed the Coquillards, or the Brotherhood of the Shell. His favourite haunts were the Paris taverns, the Pomme-de-Pin, kept by Robin Turgis in the Rue de la Juiverie, the Mule or the Trumelières ; and here met the more notorious of the gang, such as Regnier de Montigny, Colin des Cayeux, Gui Tabarie, Casin Cholet and Jean le Loup, most of whom ended their lives upon the gallows of Montfaucon.

His women friends, too, were not remarkable either for honesty or virtue. With the exception of his poor old mother, Catherine de Vausselles, and certain ladies of Poitou who appear to have shown him unexpected kindness in the later years that were to come, they were taken from the very dregs of Paris, fit associates of the house-breakers and pickpockets who formed the Brotherhood of the Shell. Catherine de Vausselles, with whom he fell in love at an early stage of his career, has been identified by one writer as a near relative of one of the canons of Saint-Benoît. If this be so, she may have dwelt near Maître Guillaume and had many chances of meeting with his adopted son. Villon tells us that she gave him some encouragement ; but if, indeed, we are to believe this, discouragement followed hard upon its heels, for with her concurrence the poet was one day set upon and beaten by another admirer, one Noë le Joly, and in after years, with bones still aching at the remembrance, he heaped upon her fierce reproaches which were more like insults.

The most notorious of the ladies of the gang was the Abbess of Pourras, the Port Royal of a later day. Her name was Huguette du



Hamel, and her reputation was the reverse of respectable—no very uncommon thing in those days even with ladies of the Church. Her nunnery was one of the scandals of the time, and we are told that she went a-fairing at village festivals with the riff-raff of the garrison, while her dealings with Villon and his gang included several shady transactions which may have assisted some of them to the “questioning” which was a general prelude to the gallows.

Villon's first fall with justice was tried in 1455, and was the result of what was in itself no unpardonable offence. One summer evening he had left his cloister and was sitting upon a stone bench in the Rue St. Jaques, opposite Saint-Benoît, in company with a woman of the band and one Gilles, a priest. There enters to them a second ecclesiastic, Phillippe Sermois by name, who salutes Villon with threatening abuse for some reason not disclosed, and, drawing a dagger from beneath his robe, strikes the poet in the face. Priest and girl have fled, but Villon, drawing in his turn, wounds Sermois in the groin, and, finding his enemy reinforced by the arrival of a friend, flees to the cloister, whither he is pursued by his two opponents. In the event Sermois is stretched senseless by a stone torn from the pavement, and dies on the following day in the Hôtel Dieu, whither he is carried, having first forgiven his slayer “for certain reasons known to him.”

Villon, in the meantime, having sought healing for a damaged lip at the shop of a barber-surgeon in the neighbourhood, and being asked, according to the Provost's regulations, for the names of himself and his opponent, gives out that he is one Michel Mouton, and then, fearing the consequences, flies from Paris. He is accused, condemned in default, and banished from the town.

Whether this was indeed his only offence seems doubtful. The *alias* smacks of an accusing conscience, and the *lettres de rémission*, or pardons, which his friends procured for him a year later certainly hint at other faults. Two of these pardons seem to have been found necessary, one in the name of des Loges or de Villon, the other in that of Montcorbier. The one recites that he has merely “absented” himself from the town, the other that he has suffered banishment for contumacy. Altogether, one may assume that if never before in the hands of the law, his various peccadilloes were like to lead him there.

His pardon granted he returned to town, but in no long time found himself at the end of his resources, and he determined to seek help from his uncle of Angers, hoping, perhaps, to rid himself at once of his old associates and their ways of life. If this be so he was hardly blessed by fate. Even as he determined on departure came

Colin with Gui Tabarie and another plan of campaign. That evening they supped together at the Mule with Petit-Jean, a picker of locks, and Nicholas, a priest, whose genius lay in the same direction. Then and there it was resolved to make an attempt on the College of Navarre, where the Faculty of Theology had its treasure-house. That very night, from a garden contiguous to the college, they entered the court, and finally the treasure-house itself. Gui Tabarie was left without as keeper of the cloaks, but the others secured a booty of some five hundred crowns, and all got clean away, divided the proceeds, and next day dined well together at the Pomme-de-Pin.

Villon was now fairly embarked upon a career of crime, and other attempts, some of them successful, followed the first. He remembered hearing that one of the monks of Angers, perhaps the uncle himself, had a store of crowns laid by against a rainy day, and proposed that on the pretence of a visit he should spy out the land, and if the project seemed feasible should return to Paris and arrange for the appropriation of the poor monk's savings. Luckily for the poet his proposal was joyfully accepted, for during his absence slumbering justice awoke. Too confiding Tabarie prattled in his cups to a chance tavern friend, introduced him as a proposed accomplice to others of the gang, and boasted in his presence of their former exploits and the great things they purposed in the future. The stranger turned out to be the Prior of Paray-le-Monial and a friend of one of their victims. Leaving Tabarie, he straightway gave information to the authorities, and the band was scattered to the four winds in hurried flight. Their gain, however, was a mere respite. Tabarie was laid by the heels a year later and confessed all under the gentle pressure of the rack. Regnier de Montigny swung at Montfaucon, chiefly for the murder of Thevenin Pensete, though many voices were raised in attempts to save him; while Colin des Cayeux followed him to the gallows after a few years spent in dodging justice.

Villon himself appears to have been summoned to answer the charge against him and condemned in default to banishment from France; but although an exile in name he did not leave the country. Paris, indeed, was closed to him, but he wandered round the provinces, with varying fortunes, sighing heavily for the town, but at times living well enough with the favour of some temporary patron. In 1457 he was at the Court of Blois, where Charles of Orleans held his rhyming tournaments and attempted to revive the Courts of Love and Poesy of Old Provence. While there Villon



appears to have held at first some office in the household of Charles himself; but the news of his banishment seems to have followed him from Paris, and a few months later found him fettered in the prison of his protector, addressing to him and to his daughter in impassioned verse the most woeful prayers for mercy and release. Later still he passed to Roussillon, where in one poem he thanks Duke John I. of Bourbon for a six-crown loan, and asks for further supplies from this new patron. In turn he visited Berry, Saint-Satur and Bourges, and, returning to the Orléanais, he found refuge for a short but quiet time with some kind-hearted ladies of Poitou. His wanderings ended abruptly in course of time, for we find him in 1461 at Meun-sur-Loire, a prisoner of the Bishop of Orleans, Thibaut d'Aussigny. Here he lay at the bottom of a deep and evil-smelling pit, mostly in darkness, never breathing the clean air of heaven, and uttering in one breath curses against the Bishop and pitiful entreaties for release. He appears to have remained a prisoner of the pit for some time, for he tells us that when he emerged, although but thirty years of age, he might have been taken for an old man. His teeth were the teeth of a rake, he was as bald as a bat and nearly a skeleton. Never aught but thin, he is now "noir et sec comme écouvillon," and that vigorous health which at one time he had thought worth selling to a usurer for gold is utterly gone, leaving him even weaker in body than in purse.

His prayers for liberty remained unanswered until October 1461, when, on Louis II., the new king of France, making his "joyous entry" into Meun, he obtained a *lettre de rémission* and was free to return to Paris and resume his old occupations and amusements. There he remained but a short time, retiring to some obscure corner of the country to write the "Larger Testament," the best known of his works, and the one by means of which we know most of himself and his companions. He was back again, however, in 1462, for in November of that year we find him shut up in the Châtelet Prison under an accusation of theft. Astonishing to relate the accusation was not supported, and he would have escaped had it not been for his old friends of the Faculty of Theology. The theft of the five hundred crowns from the College of Navarre was purged by the pardon which released him from the Château of Meun; but while the crime was forgiven the civil offence remained. He was detained in prison on the suit of the Faculty, and only released on his signing an undertaking to repay his share of the plunder by yearly instalments. It can hardly have been expected that a man of Villon's position should ever pay some hundred and twenty crowns, even by

the smallest instalments, and it would seem likely that his friends, perhaps Maître Guillaume himself, had again come to his assistance and acted as his securities.

His career in Paris was now, however, fast drawing to a close. On the very evening on which he obtained his release from the Châtelet he supped with one Robin d'Ogis, who lived at the sign of the Chariot in the Rue de Parcheminins. Others of his friends joined them, and they proceeded to visit Villon's old rooms in the cloisters of Saint-Benoît. On their way was passed the office of Ferrebone, a servant of the Bishop of Paris, and one of the party, an enemy of his, began to chaff the clerks within the lighted windows of the office. The clerks, with Ferrebone at their head, sallied out, and a brawl arose which ended with the death of that official. All the rufflers were arrested; d'Ogis confessed; several were hung, and Villon himself condemned, first to endure the question by water, and finally to those gallows of Montfaucon which had witnessed the end of so many of his comrades. His good luck had not, however, deserted him. He appealed to the Parliament of Paris, and the sentence was annulled as excessive, but he was banished the town for a period of ten years.

Little more is known of Villon's life. The last we see of him is in his petition in verse for three days' respite to replenish his purse and say farewell to his friends. Legend describes him as living in his retirement in Poitou, possibly with his earlier friends, but one story alone is all the proof of this that now exists. Weakened as he was it is improbable that he outlived his sentence, and it is certain that he never reappeared in Paris.

Of the poet himself little remains to be said. He was a true Parisian, unhappy always save when among the bricks and mortar of his native town. Plenty of good Beaune wine, the creams and pastries of the cook-shop, and the "maison et couche molle" of the comfortable burgess formed in general the summit of his ambitions; but at times he was capable of better things. His love for his poor old mother, "qui pour moi eut douleur amère," has produced one of his finest poems in a prayer to the Virgin for her use. His gratitude to Maître Guillaume, too, his "more than father," to whom in his testament he bequeaths his "renoun," is not unpleasing; and he was capable at least of sympathy with human misery and of a certain sort of patriotism, a feeling which few of that age experienced in France. He sings the praises of "Jeanne, la bonne Lorraine, qu'Anglois bruslerent à Rouen," and calls down curses upon the heads of any who shall wish "evil to the realm of France."

In most things he was a child, with a child's impulsiveness and a child's inconsequent gaiety. "Je ris en pleurs" he cries, and in the black hole at Meun he wonderingly asks when he shall leave his childhood in the rear and become "un homme de valeur." The variableness of childhood is exhibited in all his work. At one moment, in sombre sadness, he pictures, as in "Les Pendus," the bitter fate of the dead at Montfaucon, and the next, with gruesome glee, he derides the very men who hang in chains; at one moment he bewails his poverty, and the next he sings a song of brawl and wassail. Now in light-hearted irony he bequeaths to Colin a lengthy cloak beneath which to hide his stolen ducks, and now he sings the beautiful "Ballade des Dames du Temps jadis," with its refrain, "Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?" by which his fame will ever be secured.

Critics of all nations have combined to praise his verse. To them he is the first of the modern poets of his land. The stilted songs of the past, the gay or stately rhymes of the Jongleurs, and the conventional verses of the poetasters of the day, treated only of the ideal. Great lord and beauteous lady passed through their pages, the shadowy figures of a dream; but Villon was the first to sing the things he saw, the thoughts he thought, the feelings of his inmost heart; and though much that he wrote was gross enough, gross as the times in which he lived, yet his verses live, and his friends and enemies live in them even unto the present day. He lived, thought, felt and wrote with a vividness which few of his or any earlier age have equalled, and he has bequeathed not only to old Guillaume, but to all posterity, his "measure of renown."

H. SHEFFIELD CLAPHAM.

## TABLE TALK.

## THE ORIGINS OF BIBLIOGRAPHY.

ONE of the most remarkable trade developments of modern days has been that of the catalogues of second-hand book-sellers. I have more than once drawn attention to branches of this subject, which is too large and comprehensive to be handled as a whole. For the first time, I have found a volume devoted to the theme, and some of the statements concerning this are worth bringing before the public, the more so since the work in question is issued in a limited and costly edition, published in America, and is consequently not generally accessible. It is entitled *Three Centuries of English Book Trade, &c.*, by A. Growoll . . . also *A List of the Catalogues, &c., published for the English Book Trade from 1595 to 1902*, by Wilberforce Eames ; and it is published in New York for the Dibdin Club.<sup>1</sup> Much of the information it contains is new to me, and will be so to the majority of my readers. According to its statements, book-trade catalogues can claim a respectable antiquity. In Germany, the first home of printing, we should naturally look for the beginnings of trade bibliography. These Mr. Growoll finds in the hand lists or posters that were fastened to the doorposts of churches, the doors of the universities, the students' lodging-houses, the tavern, the stall of the itinerant bookseller, or wherever the eye of the student or the scholar was likely to be attracted. These, first seen in folio, but subsequently in reduced sizes for insertion in books, are almost coeval with the invention of printing, the earliest to be traced being one of Johann Mentel [or Mentelin] of Argentoratum (Strasburg), the date of which is 1469. I have not seen the list in question, but its existence seems to support the assertion, sometimes disputed, that it was here that in 1465 or 1466 Mentelin printed his first edition of the German Bible.

## THE FIRST BOOK CATALOGUES.

IN the following century book catalogues appear to have been first printed as guides to purchasers in the great book-fairs of

<sup>1</sup> London : Sampson Low, Marston & Co.



Augsburg and Frankfort-on-the-Main. Mr. Growoll has found a reference to one in a letter dated April 20, 1544, and addressed to Stephan Roth, entitled *Register der bucher so iczundt neu gedruckt vnd ausgegangen vnd iczige messe zu Frankfort gewest*. The first known catalogue was, however, issued twenty years later (in 1564) by Georg Willer of Augsburg, described as "the best-known bookseller of his time," a man who kept in stock not only German books but those of all the principal European printers, and supplied not only private buyers but what is now called "the trade." Later came Johann Portenbach and Tobias Lutz, who also printed catalogues in order to attract book-hunting pilgrims to the Frankfort fairs. Willer was, however, the first to trade by means of catalogues. The title-page of the first catalogue, which is in Latin, is reprinted in facsimile. In it Willer is described as "ciuis & Bibliopolæ Augustani:" that is, of Augusta Vindelicorum, or Augsburg. A facsimile is also given of a book advertisement of Peter Schöffer at Mayence, 1469-1470. The catalogue of Willer was a quarto of nineteen pages, and recorded the titles of 256 books, arranged in classes. Prices were not mentioned, and the catalogues were continued by Willer's sons, Elias and Georg, until 1627. A collection of those issued from 1564 to 1592 was published in three quarto volumes and formed, says Mr. Growoll, "an important reference work for the booksellers of that day."

#### EARLIEST ENGLISH BOOK CATALOGUE.

THE speculation of Willer formed the basis of the German *Messkataloge* which were published at Frankfort from 1564 to 1749 and at Leipzig 1594 to 1860. In these we find early references to English printers, the first to be mentioned being Thomas Vautrollier or Woltweller, a French Protestant who settled in England "about the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth," and was "admitted a brother of the Stationers' Company October 2, 1564." In 1595 was printed by John Windet for Andrew Maunsell, "dwelling in Lothburie," the first part of the *Catalogue of English printed Bookes . . . Gathered into Alphabet, and such method as it is by Andrew Maunsell, Bookeseller*. This consisted wholly of "Divinitie" and such books, original or translated, as "have bin published to the glory of God, and edification of the Church of Christ in England." Books, it must be remembered, were then sold in London and at the fairs held in the North Hundred of Oxford, at Stourbridge, the famous market town of Worcestershire, at St. Giles and elsewhere, or by personally peddling them throughout the country. Interesting as is to me, and perhaps to others,

the subject, I may not trespass further on the patience of the general reader or draw further matter from Mr. Growoll's valuable pages. A strong temptation is, however, offered to trace the development of the bibliographical aspects of cataloguing until the time when we reach, which we do late in the eighteenth century, the beginnings of what is now known as the *London Catalogue of Books*. The volume to which I draw attention has, in addition to its other illustrations, portraits of Willer and of some representative publishers or booksellers of to-day.

#### THE SECOND-HAND BOOK CATALOGUE.

BY the side of Mr. Growoll's volume, the student will, of course, attend to Professor Arber's reprint of the *Registers of the Stationers' Company*, a book that only needs a full index to count as the most valuable in its class, and to other works. I have, however, travelled far from the catalogue of second-hand books with which I started. It is in these that the recent development of which I spoke is most manifest. In the last century these were much prized. Bohn's *Guinea-pig*, so-called on account of its price and its bulk, once ranked high in public estimation. Longman's *Bibliotheca Anglo-Poetica* is still esteemed, though its prices, once held fantastically high, are now as fantastically low. Mr. Quaritch's catalogues have long had value and authority, and almost any collection of the catalogues of half a century ago is now esteemed. Meantime, the cheapening of methods of production enables the leading booksellers to reproduce in facsimile title-pages and illustrations, until a work such as the last great catalogue of Messrs. Pickering and Chatto, or those of other great booksellers of Piccadilly or Bond Street, becomes in itself a work of art and a desirable possession. Meanwhile, the character and the price of the books advertised mounts so rapidly that a single catalogue often contains a list of works "worth a king's ransom." This is of happy augury. Already the almost total absence of books from a middle-class house which I once bewailed is a thing of the past, and the public is beginning to realise that, apart from the delight they administer, books constitute one of the handsomest of decorations and a form of art within reach of others beside the millionaire.

SYLVANUS URBAN.







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